THE

WIT AND OPINIONS

OF

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

BY HIS SON,

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

LONDON:

W. KENT & CO. (LATE D. BOGUE), 86, FLEET STREET,

AND PATERNOSTER ROW.

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AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD," ETC.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE endeavoured to collect the scattered witticisms which, during the last twenty years, have been coupled with the name of Douglas Jerrold. The collection is very incomplete: it cannot include one-twentieth part of the brilliant repartees, the sparks of wisdom, the flashes of burning fire, which fell from the eloquent tongue that is now mute for ever. Charles Kemble said that in one of Douglas Jerrold's plays there was wit sufficient for three comedies by any other writer; but if it were possible to collect completely the thousands of "good things" that, in the daily intercourse of life—over the study-fire at Putney, at picnics in the Pas de Calais, at the table of "Our Club," in the genial circle of the Old Mulberries, and at the family dinner-table—fell from the lips of one of the kindest among men; the present spare volume would swell to the proportions of an encyclopædia, and the reputation of the author of "Bubbles of the Day" would increase tenfold. "*Disjecta membra* are all we find of any poet or of any man."* A complete collection of Douglas Jerrold's wit is now impossible. From far and near,

* Carlyle.

however—from old friends long separated, from club associates, and fireside companions, I have gleaned the few ears of golden grain which Time had left within the reach of their memory. Not one friend who has afforded me a single grain has failed to assure me of his sorrow over the treachery of his memory. The ghosts of a hundred good things appeared to him, but he could not reach them. Only the recollection of the time and circumstance which had given birth to each, could bring them back to definite shape. The humble editor of the present volume can, for his own part, call to mind many evenings when his father kept the company about his table till a late hour, flashing upon them quaint turns of thought and bright shafts of wit, each of which was worth the trouble of a note-book; and the son has left, determined, henceforth, to bear in mind all his father's sayings, and to commit them, from the dangerous keeping of the memory, to these safer media, ink and paper. But this determination was never acted upon; and the culprit who fell from it, and now presents this poor skeleton of a splendid presence, regrets his sin of omission keenly, and will regret it always. Still the present volume makes, in the humble opinion of its compiler, no ordinary list of wise things said by one man. Let the reader be pleased to note also, that if, here and there, the arrow stings with a malignant poison upon its barb, the wound is for the strong that have oppressed the weak — the ignoble who have warred against the noble. There is consuming fire in many of the

sayings; but the victim, in every case, deserves to die. On the other hand, there are touches of infinite tenderness in every page. The eye that flashed fire over a wrong done by the strong to the weak; the lip that curled with scorn at the meannesses of life, softened to sweet pity over a story of sorrow. It has been the persevering endeavour of many men who have smarted under the keen lash of Douglas Jerrold's wit, to prove to the world that the man who wrote "Clovernook" and the "Story of a Feather" was a savage misanthrope, who had small belief in the goodness, but infinite faith in the rottenness, of human nature. The present volume will, it is believed, go far to dispel this error, and to confound its authors.

The editor of "Douglas Jerrold's Wit" has sought for material, not only in his father's known and acknowledged works, but also among his early pages —now forgotten. Even "More Frightened than Hurt," written in the author's fourteenth year, has furnished matter to the present volume. Nor have dramas, as completely forgotten as "Fifteen Years in a Drunkard's Life," been neglected. Papers contributed by Douglas Jerrold to the *New Monthly Magazine*, more than twenty years ago, under the *nom-de-plume* of *Henry Brotherrigg*, including "Papers of a Gentleman-at-Arms," have been carefully examined, that the present volume might be made worthier of the author's reputation. But the book includes, after all, only a scanty proportion of the witticisms which belong to Douglas Jerrold, and

which find their way to every place where the English language is spoken. This is the more to be regretted since it is indisputable that Douglas Jerrold did not write his best jokes; he cast them forth, in the course of conversation, and forgot them as soon as they were launched. Often when reminded, on the morrow of a party, of some good thing he had said, he would turn, in surprise, upon his informant, and ask, "Did I really say that?"

With these few and feeble words of introduction, the son concludes his humble part of the present work. It has afforded him some weeks of pleasant labour; and it will, he trusts, be accepted as a tribute dutifully offered to his father's memory.

There are many sharp sayings in the present volume which were pointed at dear and old friends; but they were pointed in purest frolic. The best evidence of this is, that although Douglas Jerrold often said bitter things, even of his friends, this bitterness never lost him a friend; for to all men who knew him personally, he was valued as a kind and hearty man: he sprang ever eagerly to the side, even of a passing acquaintance, who needed a kindness. He might possibly speak something keenly barbed on a grave occasion; but his help would be substantial, and his sympathy not the less hearty. For with him, a witty view of men and things forced itself upon his mind so continually and irresistibly, and with a vividness and power so intense, that sarcasm flashed from his lips, even when he was deeply moved. He knew that this subjection to the dominant faculty

of his mind had given him a reputation in the world for ill-nature; and he writhed under this imputation; for he felt how little he deserved it—he, who could never resist a kind word, even when spoken by a man who had deeply injured him! There are many still living who have stung him with unfair shafts of satirical criticism, and who might bear witness to the heartiness of his grasp, when he met them afterwards in friendship. A keen and even fierce antagonist while at open war with a foe, he set his lance to rest with the perfect courtesy of a true knight, the war at an end.

If in these pages, then, there be words to wound, let those to whom they apply, remember the gentle heart that beat behind them;—be certain that they were intended in merest playfulness, or were uttered in obedience to an irresistible force, that put fire upon the tongue, but left the soul human and tender.

B. J.

June, 1859

JERROLD'S WIT.

A Handsome Contribution.

A GENTLEMAN waited upon Jerrold one morning to enlist his sympathies in behalf of a mutual friend, who was in want of a round sum of money. But this mutual friend had already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. ——'s hat was becoming an institution; and the friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the occasion to which we now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by Jerrold with evident dissatisfaction.

"Well," said Jerrold, "how much does —— want this time?"

"Why just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight," the bearer of the hat replied.

Jerrold.—"Well, put me down for one of the noughts."

A Rule of Life.

"My dear father on his death-bed," said Lord Skindeep,—"ha! what a father he was!—my dear father said, 'Barnaby, my dear Barnaby, never while you live refuse an honest man your hand; but, my beloved boy, be sure of one thing: when you give your hand, oh! never, never have a pen in it.'"

Statesmanship.

"Sir, there is but one path to substantial greatness—the path of statesmanship. For, though you set out in a

threadbare coat and a hole in either shoe, if you walk with a cautious eye to the sides, you'll one day find yourself in velvet and gold, with music in your name and money in your pocket."

A Philanthropist.

As for the member for Muffborough, he is one of those wise philanthropists who, in a time of famine, would vote for nothing but a supply of toothpicks.

A Blue.

She's a travelling college, and civilizes wherever she goes. Send her among the Hottentots, and in a week she'd write 'em into top-boots. She spent only three days with the Esquimaux Indians, wrote a book upon their manners, and, by the very force of her satire, shamed 'em out of whale-oil into soda-water.

The Law.

Study—study the law! How invitingly yon row of sages smile upon me! With what a dulcet note doth Wisdom, clad in sober calf, invoke me to her banquet and her shows! There may he who feeds, grow great on dead men's brains; there may he trace a web of hubbub words which craft may turn into a net of steel; there learn, when Justice weighs poor bleeding Truth, to make her mount by flaw and doubt; and see recorded, ay, ten thousand times, how Quibble, with his varnished cheek, hath laughed defrauded Justice out of court!

A Money-lender.

The best fellow in the world, sir, to get money of; for as he sends you half cash, half wine, why, if you can't take up his bill, you've always poison at hand for a remedy.

A Golden Rule.

Fix yourself upon the wealthy. In a word, take this for a golden rule through life—never, never have a friend that's poorer than yourself.

Men's Hearts.

Men's hearts! Do what you will, the things won't break. I doubt if even they'll chip.

Description of a Scoundrel.

Jerrold.—"That scoundrel, sir! Why, he'd sharpen a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother!"

Translation and Original Writing.

Jerrold was walking along the Strand one day, when he met C—— S——, exquisitely gloved. Jerrold had a pair of modest Berlin gloves on. He glanced first at his own unassuming hands, and said, "Tut!—original writing!" Then, pointing to S——'s faultless yellow kid, added, "Translation!"

Moral Principle.

This is what the world calls principle: he has owed me half a crown for seven years, and wears lavender-water!

Maids and Wives.

Women are all alike. When they're maids they're mild as milk: once make 'em wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates, and defy you.

Truth.

I've heard people say, truth lives in a well; if so, I'd advise you to take an early dip in the bucket.

Money.

Certainly man's wicked angel is in money. I often catch myself with something bold as a lion bouncing from my heart, when the shilling rattles, and the lion as small as any weasel slinks back again.

The Way to a Woman's Heart.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.

Bred on the Boards.

When Morris had the Haymarket Theatre, Jerrold, on a certain occasion, had reason to find fault with the strength, or, rather, the want of strength, of the company. Morris expostulated, and said, "Why, there's V——, he was bred on these boards!"

Jerrold.—"He looks as though he'd been cut out of them."

The Philanthropist.

Jerrold hated the cant of philanthropy, and writhed whenever he was called a philanthropist in print. On one occasion, when he found himself so described, he exclaimed, "Zounds, it tempts a man to kill a child, to get rid of the reputation."

Character.

Character's like money: when you've a great deal, you may risk some; for, if you lose it, folks still believe you've plenty to spare.

Ancestry.

"As for ancestry," says Smoke, "truth to speak, I am one of those who may take the cuckoo for their crest, and for their motto—'Nothing.'"

Grapes v. Raisins.

Poor Mrs. Quarto! Even if there had been a boyish passion, now 'twould be absurd. A man may be very fond of grapes who sha'n't abide the fruit when dried into raisins.

Women and Warriors.

With women as with warriors, there's no robbery—all's conquest.

A Difference.

Jerrold one day met a Scotch gentleman, whose name was Leitch, and who explained that he was not the popular caricaturist, John Leech.

Jerrold.—"I'm aware of that—you're the Scotchman with the i-t-c-h in your name."

Physic to the Dogs.

One day Mr. Tilbury entered a room where Jerrold was talking with some friends. Macready was about to produce "Macbeth" at Covent Garden: Tilbury complained that he had been cast for the *Physician*, having previously been intrusted with the more genial part of *Witch*.

Jerrold.—"Made you the *Physician!* Humph—that is throwing physic to the dogs with a vengeance!"

A Cautious Lover.

"When I courted her," said Spreadweasel, "I took lawyer's advice, and signed every letter to my love,—'Yours, without prejudice!'"

The Temple of Fame.

Some people were praising the writings of a certain Scot. *Jerrold.*—"I quite agree with you that he should have an itch in the Temple of Fame."

Damped Ardour.

Jerrold and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece. Jerrold, telling the story many years after, said, "But a shower of rain came on and washed all the Greece out of us."

A Lover's Aspiration.

The sky 's blue again,—blue as your precious eyes, and the rain-drops hang upon the leaves as bright as the diamonds I wish I was rich enough to give you.

An Actor's Wine.

"Do you know," said a friend to Jerrold, "that Jones has left the stage and turned wine-merchant?"—"Oh, yes," Jerrold replied; "and I'm told that his wine off the stage is better than his whine on it."

Love.

They say love 's like the measles—all the worse when it comes late in life.

A Knowledge of Guano.

A literary gentleman once said pretentiously to Jerrold, "My dear Jerrold, you know, of course, what guano is?"—"No," Jerrold replied; "but I can understand your knowledge, you've had so much thrown at you in your time."

The Changes of the Heart.

"When we last met, ma'am, my heart was like a summer walnut,—green and tender; now, I can tell you, it's plaguy hard in the shell."

Jerrold's Luggage.

When Jerrold was once returning from the continent, a Folkstone custom-house officer seized his carpet-bag—a very small one—and said, "I cannot let that pass—you must tell me what's in it."—"In this reticule!" Jerrold replied—"well, you shall see it; but I can assure you that it's only a very small hippopotamus."

Woman's Love.

Strange is the love of woman: it's like one's beard—the closer one cuts it the stronger it grows—and both a plague.

An Ugly Dog.

Jerrold had a favourite dog, that followed him everywhere. One day, in the country, a lady who was passing, turned round, and said, audibly, "What an ugly little brute!" whereupon, Jerrold, addressing the lady, replied, "Oh, madam! I wonder what he thinks about us at this moment!"

A Professor.

Indeed, there are few things, from Chinese to backgammon, of which I am not professor. I dabble, too, a good deal in bar and pulpit eloquence. Ha, sir! the barristers I've fitted for the woolsack—the heads I've patted into shape for mitres! Even the stuttering parish clerk of Tithepig-cum-Tottlepot, he took only three lessons, and nobody knew his "Amen" for the same thing. And then I've a great name for knife-and-fork eloquence. Yes—I teach people after-dinner thanks. I don't brag; but, show me the man who, like me, can bring in the happiest moment of a gentleman's life at only a crown a lesson.

The Effects of Trunk-making.

Some years ago he lined his trunks with Roman History, and he's believed himself Cato ever since.

Mr. Pepper's Party.

Jerrold went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host, on entering the room, "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!"

Treason.

Treason is like diamonds; there's nothing to be made of it by the small trader.

The Time for Patriotism.

When a man has nothing in the world to lose, he is then in the best condition to sacrifice for the public good everything that is his.

Contentment is the poor man's bank.

A Confession.

In Verona, I ruined a lawyer—no, that comes by-and-by among my good acts.

A Covering for Knavery.

I always thought his knavery so great, nothing, save a cowl, could cover it.

The Time for Mourning.

When rich rogues are merry, honest folks may go into mourning.

A Very Rogue.

Had he to cut his neighbour's throat, he'd first sharpen his knife on the church marble.

The Sweetest Plum.

In all the wedding-cake, hope is the sweetest of the plums.

Love.

Love 's like the flies, and, drawing-room or garrets, goes all over the house.

The Clearest of all Laws.

Self-defence is the clearest of all laws; and for this reason—the lawyers didn't make it.

Extinct old Virtues

are, like extinct volcanoes, with a strong memory of brimstone and fire. The sun itself isn't the same sun that illuminated the darling middle ages; but a twinkling end of sun—the sun upon a save-all. And the moon—the moon that shone on Cœur-de-Lion's battleaxe—ha! that was a moon. Now our moon at the brightest, what is it? A dim, dull, counterfeit moon—a pewter shilling.

Second Marriages.

I've heard say wedlock 's like wine—not to be properly judged of till the second glass.

Body and Mind.

His body is weak, but his mind tremendous. Yes, a sword—a Damascus blade in a brown paper scabbard.

Damp Sheets.

To think that two or three yards of damp flax should so knock down the majesty of man!

Permanently Enlarged.

Some years ago London was covered with announcements of the permanent enlargement of the *Morning*

Herald. One day Jerrold called at the office, and on seeing the portly figure of Mr. Rodin, the publisher, said, "What! Rodin, you too seem to be permanently enlarged!"

The Daisy.

The daisy is Death's forget-me-not.

An Attempt to return to the Middle Ages

is trying to make John Bull grow little again into John Calf.

The Diner-out at Home.

A gentleman who enjoyed the reputation of dining out continually, and of breaking bread with the refinement of a *gourmet*, once joined a party, which included Jerrold, late in the evening. The diner-out threw himself into a chair, and exclaimed with disgust, "Tut! I had nothing but a d—d mutton-chop for dinner!" *Jerrold.*—"Ah! I see, you dined at home."

Twopenny Times.

We live in twopenny times, when chivalry goes to church in the family coach, and the god of marriage bargains for his wedding-breakfast.

An Attorney's Last Hope.

A certain sharp attorney was said to be in bad circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said, "Have you heard about poor R——? His business is going to the devil." *Jerrold.*—"That's all right—then he is sure to get it back again."

A Tax upon Toadies.

Brown was said by all his friends to be the toady of Jones. The appearance of Jones in a room was the proof

that Brown was in the passage. When Jones had the influenza, Brown dutifully caught a cold in the head. Jerrold met Brown one day, and holding him by the buttonhole, said, "Have you heard the rumour that's flying about town?"—"No." "Well, they say Jones pays the dog-tax for you."

A Model Beggar.

Jerrold was showing off the accomplishments of a favourite terrier. "Does he beg?" asked a visitor. "Beg!" replied Jerrold, "ay, like a prince of the blood!"

Town and Country.

Compared to London, the country seems to me the world without its clothes on.

A Motto.

Conscious virtue and cold mutton.

Extremes Meet.

A *gourmet* joined a social club to which Jerrold belonged, and opened a conversation on dining. "Now nobody," said the London Savarin, "can guess what I had for dinner to-day!" The company declined to speculate, whereupon the *gourmet* said, with an air, "Why, calf's-tail soup!" *Jerrold.*—"Extremes meet!"

Wishes.

Wishes at least are the easy pleasures of the poor.

Gold.

He who has guineas for his subjects, is the king of men!

Society.

Like a tailor's pattern-book, society is of all colours;

and yet, make up the colours as you will, they all cover the same kind of Adam.

Jewels.

Jewels! It's my belief that when woman was made, jewels were invented only to make her the more mischievous.

A Safe Government.

That government is still the safest that makes treason laughable.

Addressed to a Diplomatist.

Daylight 's wasted upon a man who can see so much better in the dark.

Wit and Waggery.

Wit I have heard called a merchant prince trading with the whole world, whilst waggery is a greengrocer, making up small penn'orths for the local vulgar.

Treason.

To fan treason into full blaze, always fan with a petticoat.

St. Cupid.

Since Cupid has so many of his old friends in the calendar, 'tis right, at last, he's canonized himself.

Time.

To the true teacher, time's hour-glass should still run gold dust.

The Pine-Apple.

The nobleman of the garden.

The Pride of Sickness.

With high folks, whenever a sickness shows itself in a

family, it is treated with so much pomp and ceremony, it can't make up its mind to leave.

A Comic Author.

Jerrold was talking about a well-known comic lecturer, and of his tendency to reduce any subject to the absurd. He presently exclaimed, "Egad, sir! that fellow would vulgarize the day of judgment!"

Conscience.

Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on our death-bed.

A Sailor's Education.

I was always fond of learning, even when a child. Well, Tom Cipher, he was once what they call a usher at a school in Yorkshire; he was captain of the top, and there he used to give me my education, making me spell the names of the merchantmen as they passed by us. I larnt my letters through a telescope.

Woman's Love of Dress.

Ask a woman to a tea-party in the Garden of Eden, and she'd be sure to draw up her eyelids and scream, "I can't go without a new gown."

The Anglo-French Alliance.

Jerrold was in France, and with a Frenchman who was enthusiastic on the subject of the Anglo-French alliance. He said that he was proud to see the English and French such good friends at last. *Jerrold.*—"Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea."

The Husbandman's Life.

What a new life of happiness and honour—the life of

the husbandman, a life fed by the bounty of earth, and sweetened by the airs of heaven.

Meeting Troubles Half-way.

Some people are so fond of ill-luck that they run half-way to meet it.

Othello set to Music.

Davenant is about to cut down, and put music to "Othello." He takes away the golden wires of Apollo and puts in their place his own cat-gut.

A Land of Plenty.

Earth is here so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest.

A Broken Character.

The character that needs law to mend it is hardly worth the tinkering.

A Charitable Lesson.

It would be uncharitable too severely to condemn for faults, without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them.

Books.

A blessed companion is a book! A book that, fitly chosen, is a life-long friend. A book—the unfailing Damon to his loving Pythias. A book that, at a touch, pours its heart into our own.

Ugly Trades.

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.

Implements of Husbandry.

Every tool seemed to me at once the weapon and the ornament of independence. With such magnificent arms a true man may go forth and conquer the wilderness, making the earth smile with the noblest of victories.

A Taste of Marriage.

A gentleman described to Jerrold the bride of a mutual friend. "Why he is six foot high, and she is the shortest woman I ever saw. What taste, eh?"

"Ay," Jerrold replied, "and only a taste!"

Wholesale and Retail.

Wholesales don't mix with retails. Raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny ball of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound, and pig iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails.

Charity.

Charity is such a lonely creature, my blood comes up when I see a set of rascals—and there's a pretty knot in this town—trying to impose upon her.

Forced Knowledge.

It's odd how folks will force disagreeable knowledge upon us,—crab-apples that we must eat and defy the stomach-ache.

A Wedding-Gown.

After all, there is something about a wedding-gown prettier than in any other gown in the world.

The Genius of Money.

If at times it brings trouble upon men, as men are too apt in their excess of sincerity to declare, it must be allowed

that the trouble it saves them is to the full as great as the perplexity it inflicts.

The Choice of a Profession.

The bar's too full—the bench can't be lengthened to hold a thousandth part of us, and we mus'n't sit in each other's laps. So many—nine-tenths—must die like spiders with nothing to spin. And as to the army, that's "going, going," soon to be "gone." Laurels are fast sinking from the camp to the kitchen. In a very little while the cook will rob Cæsar of his wreath to flavour a custard.

The Influence of Wealth.

Everybody has imagination when money is the thought—the theme. The common brain will bubble to a golden wand.

Money is like the air you breathe: if you have it not, you die.

Cold Mutton.

Cold mutton's like a cold friend, the less to be stomached for having once been hot.

The City Gentleman.

What a picture to the imagination, the City Gentleman! Calm, plain, self-assured in the might of his wealth. All the bullion of the Bank of England makes back-ground details; the India House dawns in the distance, and a hundred pennants from masts in India Docks tremble in the far-off sky.

Two-thirds of the Truth.

Albert Smith once wrote an article in *Blackwood*, signed "A. S." "Tut," said Jerrold, on reading the initials, "what a pity Smith will tell only two-thirds of the truth."

A Coxcomb.

A poor vain fellow, who would play at cup-and-ball with the hearts of the whole sex.

Fairy Worth.

In the old poetic time the same fairy that would lead men astray for the sake of the mischief, would, by way of recompense, churn the butter and trim up the house, while the household snored. Now money is the prose fairy of our mechanical generation.

A Charitable Man.

He was so good he would pour rose-water over a toad.

Gambling Houses.

Many a house in this town is a swan house, all white and fair outside; but only think of the black legs that are working out of sight!

The Great Secret.

Poverty is the great secret, kept at any pains by one-half the world from the other half; the mystery of mysteries, guarded at any cost by neighbour Brown from next door neighbour Green.

Titles.

Titles are straws that tickle women.

True Wisdom.

The only lasting good; all else is hollow. Glory—'tis but a bubble blown from blood! law—a spider's wisdom; and politics—the statesman ponders and plans, winning nothing certain but ingratitude and indigestion; whilst for woman, we hunt a wild-fire, and vow it is a star.

The Law.

The law's a pretty bird, and has charming wings. 'Twould be quite a bird of paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.

True Worth.

Don't think that money can do anything and everything —it can't. There must be inward worth. The gold candlestick—if I may be so bold as to use a figure—may be prized, I grant; but its magnificence is only subservient to its use; the gold is very well, but after all, it's the light we look to.

Advice to a Jacobite.

Take my advice, leave plots, go into the country, love your queen, and—but if you still have a hankering for the sweets of rebellion—why take a wife.

Mercy.

There be few of us, I fear, would be worse for a little more of it.

The Petticoat.

Live in a palace without a petticoat—'tis but a place to shiver in. Whereas, take off the house-top, break every window, make the doors creak, the chimneys smoke, give free entry to sun, wind, and rain—still will a petticoat make the hovel habitable; nay, bring the little household gods crowding about the fire-place.

Friendship in Adversity.

Friendship in ill-luck turns to mere acquaintance. The wine of life—as I've heard it called—goes into vinegar; and folks that hugged the bottle, shirk the cruet.

An Old Bachelor.

He spends all his life discovering flaws and blots, whilst another woos and weds; and looking only with his natural eyes, sees, to the end of his days, nothing but light.

Young Ladies' Accomplishments.

Bless their little filagree hearts! before they marry they ought to perform quarantine in cotton, and serve seven years to pies and puddings.

The Test of Friendship.

There's nothing like a prison pavement to ring our old friends upon.

Love in Prison.

Has not the magic of the passion hung prison walls with garlands, and, like the sun of old, drawn hidden harmonies from out the very flint?

Debt.

To get appearance upon debt is, no doubt, every bit as comfortable as to get height upon the rack. The figure may be expanded; but how the muscle of the heart, how all the joints are made to crack for it!

Tall and Short.

At an evening party, Jerrold was looking at the dancers. Seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a remarkably short lady, he said to a friend at hand, "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the mile-stone."

A Solemn Warning.

At a rehearsal, one day, a lady, whom Jerrold was in the habit of rallying, gave him a cake. Whereupon, he took his watch from his pocket, held up the present,

and addressing those around him, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is now half-past twelve o'clock, and I am about to eat this cake. *Remember the hour!*"

A Careless Housemaid.

That girl would break the Bank of England if she put her hand upon it.

Human Devils.

If men do seem devils, it is when, made drunk and callous by the bounty of heaven, they mock and mortify their fellow-men.

Wishes.

Foolish and wicked wishes do not fly upwards; but, there is no doubt of it, descend below; where, though they are but bodiless syllables, they are often fashioned by the imps into pins and needles, and straightway returned to the world to torment their begetter.

What's Going On?

A very prosy gentleman was in the habit of waylaying Jerrold, whenever he met him, to have a chat in the street. Jerrold disliked very naturally to be held by the button-hole in a crowded thoroughfare. One day Prosy met his victim, and, planting himself in the way, said, "Well, Jerrold, what is going on to-day?"

Jerrold (sharply, darting past the inquirer).—"I am!"

A Good World.

We are poor fools, and make sad mistakes; but there is goodness hived, like wild honey, in strange nooks and corners of the world.

The World.

The world is as a cocoa-nut; there is the vulgar outside

fibre, to be made into door-mats and ropes; the hard shell good for beer-cups; and the white delicate kernel, the real worth, food for the gods.

Shaksperian Grog.

As for the brandy, "nothing extenuate,"—and the water, "put nought in, in malice."

A very Thin Man.

At a bachelor party there was a gentleman remarkable for his thinness. Shall we call him Deedes? In the course of the evening a servant opened the door, and the cold air rushed into the apartment.

Jerrold.—"By heavens! quick! shut the door. This draught will blow Deedes up the chimney!"

Sudden Change of Fortune.

A man who has so long to fight against misfortune, wants strength to meet a sudden kindness.

A Noble Lord.

He was the lord of abundance—a man who had nothing to do with want and misery, but to exercise the noblest prerogative of happy humanity — namely, to destroy them wheresoever he found them preying upon his fellows.

Filial Love.

A tree planted by a parent gone, doth seem to have its roots within his grave: to strike the one, doth almost seem to violate the other.

True Humour.

A man of true humour may put a capital joke into an epitaph, and get a broad grin from a skeleton.

An Exemplary Schoolmaster.

It was his prejudice to prefer one slip of olive to a whole grove of birch.

The Tendency of the Time.

The great tendency of our time is to sink the serious and to save the droll. Folks who have an eagle in their coat-of-arms begin to be ashamed of it, and paint it out for the laughing goose. In a very little while we shall put a horse-collar round about the world, expressly for all the world to grin through it.

A Suspicious Man.

He'd search a pincushion for treason, and see daggers in a needle-case.

Hasty Marriages.

When young folks are for going to church, they never heed whether in a slow march or a gallop.

Nature.

Nature is a pattern maid-of-all-work, and does best when least meddled with.

A Bad Pen.

"God has written 'honest man' on his face," said a friend to Jerrold, speaking of a person in whom Jerrold's faith was not altogether blind.—"Humph!" Jerrold replied, "then the pen must have been a very bad one."

A Poor Sempstress.

A solitary pale young thing—one of the cloud of genteel phantoms that flit across our daily path—who compliment life by endeavouring to live by needle and thread.

Miscalled Pride.

There is a miscalled pride, so near akin to selfishness I cannot choose between. If the man I love refuse my aid, I needs must think 'tis that when my turn shall come I may expect no aid from him.

Love and Friendship.

Though love cannot dwell in a heart, friendship may. Friendship takes less room—it has no wings.

Bad Hearts.

Some people's hearts are shrunk in them like dried nuts. You can hear 'em rattle as they walk.

A Learned Professor.

He had studied mankind only as thieves study a house—to take advantage of the weakest parts of it. The true scholarship—for how rich it makes the best professors!

Jokes.

They are the luxury of beggars; men of substance can't afford 'em.

A Rustic Venus.

Talk of Venus rising from the sea! Were I to paint a Venus, she should be escaping from a cottage window; with a face now white, now red, as the roses nodding about it: an eye like her own star; lips sweetening the jasmine, as it clings to hold them; a face and form in which harmonious thoughts seem as vital breath! Nothing but should speak; her little hand should tell a love-tale; nay, her very foot, planted on the ladder, should utter eloquence enough to stop a hermit at his beads, and make him watchman while the lady fled.

Commentators.

Worthy folks who too often write on books, as men with diamonds write on glass—obscuring light with scratches.

Wicked Oaths.

An oath that binds a man to evil, is as an arrow shot into the sky, that, turning, falls and pierces the archer.

Children.

Children are earthly idols that hold us from the stars.

Self-Respect.

Self-respect! why it 's the ballast of the ship. Without it, let the craft be what she will, she 's but a fine sea-coffin at the best.

Gambling.

I never by chance hear the rattling of dice that it doesn't sound to me like the funeral bell of a whole family.

Condescension.

There are people who make even a million a very small matter, merely by the condescending way of speaking of it.

The Human Heart.

I learnt to reverence the human heart in some foul place, some very nest of misery,—there it would flourish in its best beauty, giving out even in such an atmosphere the sweets of love and charity and resignation.

Deep Affection.

What nature hath hung about our hearts passes our

surgery with skill to cut away. In our stoicism we think it done, but the wound keeps open, and the blood still runs.

Ingratitude.

We are too apt to bury our accounts along with our benefactors; to enjoy the triumphs of others as though they were the just property of ourselves.

Stolen Matches.

There are good dull folks who'd doubt of lasting love in paradise—seeing that the first match wanted the consent of aunts and grandfathers.

Hearts.

Every man talks of his neighbour's heart, as though it was his own watch,—a thing to be seen in all its works, and abused for irregular going.

Death in a Poor Man's Home.

The children of the poor have curious memories. Death comes not to their home a stately summoner, veiling its hideousness with robes and plumes, but stands and strikes upon the poor man's hearth—a naked, foul and cruel thing; but ever brings a blessing to the house prepared.

Conceit.

It is wonderful to think how near conceit is to insanity; and yet how many folks are suffered to go free, and foaming with it.

A Heartless Landlord.

If he had a tree, and but one squirrel lived in it, he'd take its nuts sooner than allow it lodging gratis.

Marriage.

The marriage of a loved child may seem to a parent a kind of death. Yet therein a father pays but a just debt. Wedlock gave him the good gift: to wedlock, then, he owes it.

A Sailor's Idea of the Law.

Beelzebub's ship. It is neither privateer, bombship, nor letter of marque. It is built of green timber, manned with loplolly boys and marines; provisioned with mouldy biscuit and bilge water, and fires nothing but red hot shot: there's no grappling with or boarding her: she always sails best in a storm, and founders in fair weather.

Man's Debts.

Man owes two solemn debts; one to society, and one to nature. It is only when he pays the second that he covers the first.

Spies.

He who turns spy for pleasure, wouldn't stickle to be hangman for business.

The Soft Sex.

A woman is like tar—only melt her, and she will take any form you please.

Lying.

Don't give your mind to lying. A lie may do very well for a time, but like a bad shilling, it's found out at last.

Platonic Love.

Plato was ever a good master of the ceremonies—just introducing people, and then politely making his bow.

Children's Beauty.

The beauty of children is a terror—a fearful loveliness.

A Cold Man.

Jerrold said of a cold comic writer: "He'd write an epigram upon his father's tombstone!"

Fair Trade.

You mustn't think because a man in fair trade loves a guinea, that his heart is all figures, like a ready reckoner.

A Nautical Man of Stone.

A fellow that would sit still at his grog at the cry of "a man overboard!"

Truth.

In this world truth can wait; she's used to it.

A Mean Man.

He grudges a canary his sugar, and counts out grains of barley to his horse by tens.

A Duellist.

Is only Cain in high life.

A Good Life.

How beautiful can time, with goodness, make an old man look!

Perfect Discontent.

An old lady was in the habit of talking to Jerrold in a gloomy depressing manner, presenting to him only the sad side of life. "Hang it!" said Jerrold, one day, after a long and sombre interview, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon."

Death.

The grave is the true purifier, and, in the charity of the living, takes away the blots and stains from the dead.

Intoxication.

Habitual intoxication is the epitome of every crime.

Your Bed.

Make your bed as a coffin, and your coffin will be as a bed.

Sailors.

Sailors can do anything. All they have to do with time is to beat it.

Coolness.

He would eat oysters while his neighbour's house was in flames—always provided that his own was insured. Coolness!—he's a piece of marble, carved into a broad grin.

Dogmatism

is puppyism come to its full growth.

A Jovial Broker.

He levies a distress as though he brought a card of invitation; giggles himself into possession; makes out the inventory with a chuckle; and carts off chairs and tables to "Begone dull care," or, "How merrily we live who shepherds be!"

Lucky Fellows.

Soldiers are lucky fellows; all hearts enlist for them—and recruit for them very often.

Virtue.

Virtue, attempting to gloss dishonesty, if it doesn't grow ashamed and break down in the oration, ceases to be virtue.

Titles.

Titles, to be the real thing, should be like potatoes, and turn up with a lot of land about 'em.

The Decencies of Matrimony.

To feel the chains, but take especial care the world shall not hear them clank. 'Tis a prudence that often passes for happiness.

Man's Strength.

A man never so beautifully shows his own strength as when he respects woman's softness.

A Reformed Drunkard.

I've heard him renounce wine a hundred times a day, but then it has been between as many glasses. He never takes an oath, but he settles it with a bumper.

A Matter-of-Fact Man.

Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of the steps.

An Inveterate Toper.

If I were made Doge of Venice, instead of wedding the ocean, faith, I'd drop a ring into a barrel of *eau-de-vie*.

The Power of Money.

What makes the elephant powerful? His trunk and tusks. What makes the lion dangerous? His teeth and

claws. And what tusks and teeth are to the lower creatures, money is to man.

Respectability.

If all the rascals who, under the semblance of a smug respectability, sow the world with dissensions and deceit, were fitted with a halter, rope would double its price, and the executioner set up his carriage.

A Dangerous Partner.

At a meeting of literary gentlemen, a proposition for the establishment of a newspaper arose. The shares of the various persons who were to be interested were in course of arrangement, when an unlucky printer suggested an absent *littérateur*, who was as remarkable for his imprudence as for his talent. "What!" exclaimed Jerrold, "share and risk with him! Why I wouldn't be partners with him in an acre of Paradise!"

Sneers Made Easy.

When we've lost all relish for wine, 'tis marvellously easy to sneer at the butler

A True Woman,

when a man has only half a meaning, supplies the other half. It is that which makes the full circle of the wedding-ring.

The Heroine of a Love Story.

A mere thing of goose-quill and foolscap; only born in a garret to be buried in a trunk.

A Model Gambler.

Take a skeleton from the box of an anatomist, give its head an immovable mask of flesh; clothe the skull, but

leave all besides dry bones; make it calculate, but not feel; give it motion but not life, and there's your model —there's your trading gamester.

Shakspere.

The great magician who has left immortal company for the spirit of man in its weary journey through this briary world—has bequeathed scenes of immortal loveliness for the human fancy to delight in—founts of eternal truth for the lip of man to drink, and drink—and for aye to be renovated with every draught.

Woman's Heart.

A woman's heart, like a singing bird in a cage, if neglected starves and dies; but for men's hearts, why they're free birds of prey—vultures and hawks—or thievish magpies at the best

Patriotism.

A man quarrelled with some French dragoons because he would insist that the best cocoa-nuts grew on Primrose-hill, and that birds of Paradise flew about St. James's. Whenever a Frenchman threw him down a lie, for the honour of England he always trumped it.

Speech Making.

We don't look for long speeches from men of wealth. We've plenty of speakers whose only bank is the English language, and tremendously they draw upon it.

How the Government is Kept Up.

Like an hour-glass, when one side's quite run out, we turn up the other, and go on again.

Ready Money.

Work for ready money. Take no bill upon posterity;

in the first place, there are many chances against its being paid; and in the next, if it be duly honoured, the cost may be laid out on some piece of bronze or marble of not the slightest value to the original.

Married Life and Single.

They who live single all their life, when they have sown their wild oats begin to sow nettles; whilst the married, from the first, plant orchards.

The Perfection of a Woman.

Beautiful—and can do everything but speak!

White Savages.

Do not imagine that they are the only savages whose skins are soot-colour, who wear rings through their noses, stick parrot's feathers in their woolly hair, and bow to Mumbo Jumbo as their only deity. They are to be found amongst the whitest, the most carefully dressed, and most pious of London.

A Money Lender's Face.

Don't call it a face—it's like a bank-note, every line in it means money.

Words.

In their intercourse with the world, people should not take words as so much genuine coin of standard metal, but merely as counters that people play with.

A Lawyer's Flight.

Witches fly upon broomsticks—a lawyer may come upon justice.

Sensibility.

A man who would thrive in the world has no such

enemy as what is known by the term Sensibility. It is to walk barefoot in a mob; at every step your toes are crushed by the iron-shod shoon of crowding vagabonds, who grin from ear to ear at the wry faces you make—at the cries that may escape you.

Wholesome Idleness.

Talk not of the idleness which is full of quiet thoughts. Is it idle to be up with the day—to feel the balmy coolness of a rich May dew—to watch the coming splendour of the sun—to see the young lambs leap—to hear singing, a mile above us, the strong-throated lark, the spirit of the scene—is this idle? Yet by some 'tis called so. The sluggard who wakes half the night to lay lime-twigs for poor honesty the next day; the varlet who acknowledges no villainy on the safe side of an act of parliament—he calls one a loiterer and a time-killer; be it so—it does not spoil the fishing. Idle! why, angling is in itself a system of morality!

The World and the Laws.

Consider the whole world an orchard guarded by the man-traps and spring-guns of laws; you have only to know *where* the laws are laid, that though you intrude upon them ever so closely, you are never caught or hit by them.

Pews.

What a sermon might we not preach upon these little boxes! small abiding-places of earthly satisfaction, sanctuaries for self-complacency—in God's own house the chosen chambers for man's self-glorification! What an instructive colloquy might not the bare deal bench of the poor church-goer hold with the soft-cushioned seat of the miserable sinners who chariot it to prayers, and with their souls arrayed in sackcloth and ashes yet kneel in silk and miniver.

Love in Black and White.

A man 's in no danger so long as he talks his love; but to write it is to impale himself on his own pot-hooks.

Fortune.

Fortune is called harlot every hour of the day, and that too by grave gentlemen who only abuse the wench before company because they have never known her private favours. But bad as she is, let sour-faced Seneca and all the other philosophers of the vinegar-cruet stalk with paper lanterns before her door, they will never bring the romping hoyden into ill-repute.

Black-Leg Philosophy.

I consider a hand of cards just an army of mercenaries; and when I play, believe myself no more than an Alexander, a Pompey, or a Julius Cæsar.

Lying.

The world, as at present constituted, could not go on without lying. It is only the conviction of this fact that enables so many worthy, excellent people to club their little modicum together for the benevolent purpose of keeping the world upon its axis.

A Dramatist's Golden Rule.

A good murder is now the very life of a drama. Thus, if a playwright would fill his purse, he should take a hint from the sugar-bakers, and always refine his commodity with blood.

Truth.

He who in this world resolves to speak only the truth, will speak only what is too good for the mass of mankind to understand, and will be persecuted accordingly.

How to be Somebody.

If you'd pass for somebody, you must sneer at a play, but idolize *Punch*. I know the most refined folks, who'd not budge a foot to hear Garrick, would give a guinea each—nay, mob for a whole morning—to see a Greenlander eat seal's flesh and swallow whale-oil.

Diffidence.

It is an acquaintance that hourly picks your pocket; that makes you hob and nob with fustian, when otherwise you might jostle it with court ruffles.

An Angler's Fly.

Make it thus:—Take a piece of honesty for the body; whip it round about with the strong thread of resolution; add thereto the wings of cheerfulness, the sky-blue crest of hope, the tail of meekness. Bind the fly to the silver hook of independence; then cast it into the stream of the world, and though many a hungry pike may snap at it, yet be assured, you will hook the golden fish, a good conscience.

Lending.

There are three things that no man but a fool lends, or, having lent, is not in the most hopeless state of mental crassitude if he ever hope to get back again. These three things are—Books, umbrellas, and money.

One Leg in the Grave.

People with one leg in the grave are so devilish long before they put in the other. They seem like birds, to repose better on one leg.

A Bad Name.

Having acquired a name for ill-nature, or, in reality,

having acquired a fatal reputation for using your eyes, it is in vain to deal in praise of anything. The people who profess to know you, will, like witches, read even your prayers backwards.

Sitting for your Portrait.

If there be a plague upon earth, it is the plague of sitting under a continual struggle to call into your face, and keep there, your very prettiest and most amiable look, until duly fastened by pigments upon wainscot or canvas.

Married Happiness.

Married happiness is a glass ball; folks play with it during the honeymoon, till falling, it is shivered to pieces; and the rest of life is a wrangle who broke it.

A Crotchety Man.

He is one of those fellows who dive into the well of truth, and croak only with the frogs at the bottom.

The Newgate Calendar.

A mine of gold from which philosophic novelists have cast pocket-heroes for heroes and mantel-piece ornaments for boarding-schools.

The Inventor of Gunpowder.

They say a parson first invented gunpowder, but one cannot believe it till one is married.

Patience.

Once upon a time Patience wanted a nightingale. Well, Patience waited, and the egg sang.

The Philosopher's Stone.

The true philosopher's stone is only intense impudence.

Humbug.

The cement of the social fabric—the golden cord tying together and making strong the sticks and twigs of the world. The dulcet bell, whose ravishing sound calls the great family of man to eat, drink, and be merry.

Real Fullers' Earth.

Grave-dust, that truest fullers' earth, surely takes out the negro stain.

The Gamester.

He is indeed a privileged person; a creature who merges all the petty wearying anxieties of life into one sublime passion. Become a gamester, and you are fortified, nay, exempt from the assaults of divers other feelings that distract and worry less happy men. Gaming is a moral Aaron's rod, and swallows up all meaner passions.

Stock-Jobbers.

The mere money-changers—the folks who carry their sullen souls in the corners of their pockets, and think the site of Eden is covered with the Mint.

Hunger's Welcome Guest.

When a man has nothing in his cupboard, fever is his best guest.

Readers.

Readers are of two sorts. There is a reader who carefully goes through a book; and there is a reader who as carefully lets the book go through him.

Gratis.

Gratis! It is the voice of Nature speaking from the fulness of her large heart. The word is written all over

the blue heaven; the health-giving air whispers it about us; it rides the sunbeam (save when statesmen put a pane 'twixt us and it); the lark trills it high up in its skyey dome; the little wayside flower breathes gratis from its pinky mouth; the bright brook murmurs it; it is written in the harvest moon. And yet how rarely do we seize the happiness, because, forsooth, it *is* a joy gratis!

Drunkenness.

Never get drunk—that is, in company—above the girdle. There is a thermometer of drunkenness which every wise young man who has to elbow his way through the world would do well to consider. A man may be knee-drunk, hip-drunk, shoulder-drunk, nay, chin-drunk; but the wine should be allowed to rise no higher.

A Doctor's Livery.

A very popular medical gentleman called on Jerrold one day. When the visitor was about to leave, Jerrold, looking from his library window, espied his friend's carriage, attended by servants in flaming liveries.

Jerrold.—"What! doctor, I see your livery is measles turned up with scarlet fever."

Flattery.

Whatever dirty-shirted philosophers may say to the contrary, flattery is a fine social thing; the beautiful handmaid of life, casting flowers and odoriferous herbs in the paths of men, who, crushing out the sweets, curl up their noses as they snuff the odour, and walk half an inch higher to heaven by what they tread upon.

Come In!

He has escaped somewhat of the smitings of this single-stick world who, when he hears knuckles at his postern,

can throw himself back in his chair like a king upon his throne, and without a qualm of the heart, cry, "Come in!"

Women's Fear of Jokes.

There are various ways of attaching the sex: but the surest is, not to attempt to shine and sparkle and go off in crackers of jokes before them. Women, somehow, have the same fear of witty men as of fireworks; and thus, how often do pretty, lively creatures link themselves to fools!

The Greatest Animal in Creation.

The animal that cooks.

Pig and Pork.

When my lady sees master pig munching and wallowing in a ditch, she curls her nose and lifts her shoulders at his nastiness. And lo! when the same pig's leg, fragrant with sage and patriarchal onions, smokes upon the board, the same lady sendeth her plate three times.

Public Opinion.

Public opinion is the terrible Inquisition of modern times; and those who, in a former age, were by their birth and office held the elect and chosen, are unceremoniously dragged forth, questioned, and doomed to an *auto da fé*.

Picking up Character.

Jerrold met Alfred Bunn one day in Jermyn-street. Bunn stopped Jerrold, and said, "What! I suppose you're strolling about, picking up character."

Jerrold.—"Well, not exactly; but there's plenty lost hereabouts."

Prosiness.

An old gentleman, whom we may call Prosy Very—

the "prosy" having been affixed to his name by his suffering listeners—was in the habit of meeting Jerrold, and pouring long pointless stories into his impatient ears. On one occasion Prosy related a long, limp account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information that the effect of the joke was so potent, "he really thought he should have died with laughter."

"I wish to heaven you had," was Jerrold's reply.

Dreams.

Happy is the man who may tell all his dreams.

The Cry of the Drapers' Assistants.

These men are clamouring for leisure—for time for self-improvement! What would they have? Are they not the chosen servitors of the fair? Do they not for nine, ten, eleven hours per diem, only six days in the week, live in the very atmosphere of beauty? What have they to do but to take down and put by, to smile, to speak softly, to protest—and, for the benefit of the "concern," to tell a lie with the grace of perfect gentlemen?

A Good Name when too Late.

How often does it happen that a man learns that he had a good name, only when he ceases to possess it! If a man would know what his friends thought of him, let it be given out that he is dead, or has unfortunately picked a pocket. Then mute opinion finds a tongue—"He was the best of fellows."

The Example of the Hangman.

Death would indeed be punishment, could it only be administered by the executioner; but as God has made it the draught for all men—the inevitable cup to be drained to the dregs by all who live—since there is not one man

privileged to pass it—is not that a strange punishment for the deepest wickedness of guilt, if the same evil must at the last foreclose the life of the nobly good?

Slander.

If slander be a snake, it is a winged one—it flies as well as creeps.

The First Music-seller.

The ballad-singer was the first music-seller in the land. Ye well-stocked, flourishing vendors of fashionable scores, deign to cast a look through plate-glass at your poor yet great original, barefooted and in rags, singing unabashed amidst London waggon-wheels: behold the true descendant of the primitive music-seller—of him who even two centuries ago, sold his lays without the help of other commendation than his own cracked yet honest voice.

Bottom's Descendants.

The immortal weaver of Athens hath a host of descendants; they are scattered throughout every country of the world; their moral likeness to their sage ancestor becoming stronger in the land of luxury and wealth. They are a race marked and distinguished by the characteristics of their first parent—omnivorous selfishness and invulnerable self-complacency. They wear the ass's head, yet know it not; and, heedless of the devotion, leave the Titania fortune still to round their temples "with coronets of fresh and fragrant flowers."

The Strolling Player.

He is the merry preacher of the noblest, grandest lessons of human thought. He is the poet's pilgrim, and, in the forlornest by-ways and abodes of men, calls forth new sympathies—sheds upon the cold, dull trade of real

life an hour of poetic glory, "making a sunshine in a shady place." He informs human clay with thoughts and throbbings that refine it; and for this he was for centuries "a rogue and a vagabond," and is, even now, a long, long day's march from the vantage-ground of respectability.

A Suggestive Present.

Jerrold and a company of literary friends were out in the country, rambling over commons and down lanes. In the course of their walk, they stopped to notice the gambols of an ass's foal. There was a very sentimental poet among the baby ass's admirers, who grew eloquent as Sterne over its shaggy coat. At last the poet vowed that he should like to send the little thing as a present to his mother. "Do," Jerrold replied, "and tie a piece of paper round its neck, bearing this motto—'When this you see, remember me.'"

Success.

No matter for his birthplace, his parentage—success has all-in-all in his name. Though he were born on the wayside, his mother a gipsy, and his father a clipper of coin—for his name, and name alone, men shall bow down and worship him. Desert weeps at the early grave of the broken-hearted; success eats ortolans with a quack-salver at threescore. We may certainly be brought to allow the possible existence of unrewarded desert; but for success, there can be no doubt of his vitality.

A Metaphysician.

He could take mind to pieces as easily as a watchmaker could take a chronometer to bits—knew every little spring of human actions, and, in a word, looked through the heads of the sons and daughters of Eve as easily as

though they were of glass, and the motives therein working, labouring bees.

The Postman's Budget.

A strange volume of real life is the daily packet of the postman! Eternal love, and instant payment! Dim visions of Hymen and the turnkey; the wedding ring and the prison bolt! Next to come upon the sinful secrets of the quiet, respectable man—the worthy soul, ever virtuous because never found out—to unearth the hypocrite from folded paper, and see all his iniquity blackening in white sheet! And to fall upon a piece of simple goodness—a letter gushing from the heart; a beautiful unstudied vindication of the worth and untiring sweetness of human nature—a record of the invulnerability of man, armed with high purpose, sanctified by truth.

The Death of a Swindler.

When the plodding, sober, thrifty man quits this noisy world—made noisy by the incessant rattling of pounds, shillings, and pence—it is ten to one that he makes what is generally called an irreparable gap in a very large circle of affectionate friends. How different the death of a swindler! He leaves no irreparable gap in society—not he! He agonizes neither man nor woman, nor child; not a tear is dropped at his grave—not a sigh rises at the earth rattling on his coffin!

Good and Ill Luck.

Shall not one varlet ruffle it in mobs, flounder through many dirty ways, struggle through a maze of briers, and still have his good name—we mean his superfine cloak—without a wrinkle in it, a spot upon it, a tear—yea, even the fracture of a thread in it? And yet, put the same cloak upon another, and, though he shall suffer from a

casual jostling, though he shall tread a muddy walk carefully as a cat, and only tarry a moment to gather a dog-rose from a bush at the wayside, and—phew!—what an unseemly rumpling of his garment—what splashes of foulest mud upon it!

The Intruder Rebuked.

Jerrold and some friends were dining in a private room at a tavern. After dinner, the landlord appeared, and having informed the company that the house was partly under repair, and that he was inconvenienced for want of room, requested that a stranger might be allowed to take a chop at a separate table in the apartment. The company assented, and the stranger, a person of commonplace appearance, was introduced. He ate his chop in silence; but, having finished his repast, he disposed himself for those forty winks which make the sweetest sleep of gourmets. But the stranger snored so loudly and inharmoniously that conversation was disturbed. Some gentlemen of the party now jarred glasses, or shuffled upon the floor, determined to arouse the obnoxious sleeper. Presently the stranger started from his sleep and to his legs, and shouted to Jerrold, "I know you, Mr. Jerrold; but you shall not make a butt of me!" "Then don't bring your hog's head in here," was the prompt reply.

The Inconveniences of Poverty.

What wrigglings, and strugglings, and heart-burnings, are every day acted and endured to stand well with the world; that is, to stand without a hole in our hat, or a damning rent in our smallclothes! The modern man is wonderfully spiritualized by this philosophy; so much so, that if he can secure to himself a display of the collar, he is almost wholly unconscious of the absence of the shirt.

The Uses of the Undertaker.

The undertaker is sometimes called upon to make up, by one great show—by the single pageant of an hour—for the neglect and misery shown and inflicted for years by the living to the dead. How many a poor relation has pined and died in a garret, disregarded by wealthy kindred, who profusely lavish upon clay what they denied to beating flesh and blood.

Accommodation Bills.

There is one objection to a bill—it puts another pair of wings to the back of Time.

Reputations.

Strange it is, but reputations, like beavers and cloaks, shall last some people twice the time of others; not that there shall be the slightest difference in the quality of the article—no, not a whit—the commodity shall be the same to a thread.

A London Hovel.

One of those abodes of dirt, and crime, and famine, that, within gunshot of the houses of luxury and affluence, serve as the constant theme for legislative philanthropy; places from which smug Theory, with weeping eyes and heaving breast, holds forth many a touching discourse; but where dogged Practice never shows his nose to decrease the abomination.

The Philosophy of Swindling.

All mankind may be divided into two classes: the swindlers according to custom and to law, and the swindlers according to the bent of their natural genius.

A True Swindler.

With your true swindler the brain must have played

the Aaron's rod to the heart—swallowing it whole; a miracle very often performed in the anatomy of great public men.

Showy Funerals.

The trappings of the defunct are but the outward dressings of the pride of the living: the undertaker, in all his melancholy pomp, his dingy bravery, waits upon the quick, and not the dead.

A Theatrical Manager.

A manager who really knows his business will make a most effulgent "star" out of nothing better than block-tin—nay, cut a whole constellation from so much foil-paper, as easily as a school-girl, with precocious contempt of Malthus, will cut out a population from an old copy-book.

Public Companies.

Take ten, twenty, thirty men—creatures of light—admirable, estimable, conscientious persons—by-words of excellence, proverbs of truth in their individual dealings; and yet, make of them a "board," a "committee," a "council," a "company," no matter what may be the collective name by which they may be known, and immediately every member will acknowledge the quickening of feeling—the sudden growth of an indomitable lust to swindle.

The Penalty of the Diner Out.

He must have a passionate love for children. He must so comport himself, that when his name shall be announced, every child in the mansion shall set up a yell—a scream of rapture—shall rush to him, pull his coat-tails, climb on his back, twist their fingers in his hair, snatch his watch from his pocket; and whilst they rend his

super-Saxony, load his shoulders, uncurl his wig, and threaten instant destruction to the repeater, he must stifle the agony at his heart and his pocket, and to the feebly-expressed fears of the mamma that the children are troublesome, must call into every corner of his face a look of the most seraphic delight.

High Blood.

High blood, like the finest wine, may be kept so long that it shall entirely lose its flavour. Hence, the last man of an old family may be like the last bottle of a famous vintage—a thing to talk of, not to use.

Light in Darkness.

Live in London! a butterfly in a dark lantern.

The Vagabond.

Your real, quick-blooded, genial vagabond, is the arabesque of life. Talk of cabinet dinners—give us vagabond suppers!

The Intemperance of the Poor.

We talk of the intemperance of the poor; why, when we philosophically consider the crushing miseries that beset them—the keen suffering of penury, and the mockery of luxury and profusion with which it is surrounded—my wonder is, not that there are so many who purchase temporary oblivion of their misery, but that there are so few.

The School Birch.

The school birch—dead twigs though it seem—buds and bears fruit. The child feels only the branches, but how often is the produce ashes in the mouth of manhood!

An Alternative.

A girl, proud of her father's wealth, and shrewdly

counting up the measure of its power, declared once to Jerrold, that she had made up her mind to marry a lord. But time wore on, and still no lord made even a nibble at the hook baited with bank-notes. The girl began to feel nervous: and still Time's hour-glass dribbled, in no way impeded by the poor girl's rapid progress towards thirty. At last, the soured woman became religious. "Ah," said Jerrold, "as the lord would not come to her, she has gone to the Lord."

A Peer in his Minority.

Nothing so succulent (to a money-lender) as a peer under age, to be eaten in due time, with *post obit* sauce.

First Impressions.

How was the girl smitten? As they kill partridges—at first sight.

A Fruitful Vicarage.

It is a fruitful nook, where there is an hourly struggle between the rector and his geese which shall be the fattest, man or birds.

A Son of Mars in a Shell-jacket.

A young recruit is an egg; he may become a household thing—on the contrary, he may stalk along the plain, a mighty victor! Never do we see a raw recruit that we do not think of an unboiled egg.

English Prisons Defended.

An English prisoner in France *loquitur*:—

The prison here is tolerably strong, but not to be spoken of after Newgate. As for their locks, they haven't one fit for a tea-caddy. The rats at nights come in regiments. We're allowed no candle; but we can feel

as they run over our faces that they must be contemptible in the eyes of Englishmen.

True Worth.

True worth, like the rose, will blush at its own sweetness.

Reading for Ladies.

When I was young, girls used to read "Pilgrim's Progress," Jeremy Taylor, and such books of innocence. Now, young ladies know the ways of Newgate as well as the turnkeys. Then, books gave girls hearty, healthy food; now, silly things! like larks in cages, they live upon hemp-seed.

Friendship.

Oh, friendship! thou divinest alchemist, that man should ever profane thee!

Maternal Instinct.

One of the most touching instances of the maternal instinct, as it has been called, in children, once came under my notice. A wretched woman with an infant in her arms—mother and child in very tatters—solicited the alms of a nursery-maid passing with a child clothed in the most luxurious manner, hugging a wax doll. The mother followed the girl, begging for relief, "to get bread for her child," whilst the child itself, gazing at the treasure in the arms of the baby of prosperity, cried, "Mammy, when will you buy *me* a doll?"

A French Cook Extinguished.

I pity you French. Talk of *consommé de grenouilles;* did you ever taste our *habeas corpus?* No! Ha!

Guy Fawkes.

Who was Guy Fawkes? Did he have a father and

mother? Was he ever a little boy, and did he fly a kite and play at marbles? If so, how could he have ever thought it worth his while to trouble himself with other matters? Guy Fawkes, a boy! a baby! now shaking a rattle—now murmuring as he fed, his mother smiling down upon him! No, no, it was impossible! Guy Fawkes was never born—he was from the first a man—he never could have been a baby. He is in our baby-thoughts a mysterious vision—one of the shadows of evil advancing on the path of childhood. We grow older, and the substances of evil come close upon us—we see their dark-lanterns and snuff the brimstone.

A Necessary Consequence.

A pretentious young gentleman, elaborately dressed for an evening party, and whose hair was of that inflammatory hue which is now generally regarded as undesirable, once thrust his head into the smoking-room of the Museum Club, and exclaimed, "Egad, I can't stay in this cloud." "I don't see," replied Jerrold, "how it can hurt *you*. Where there's fire, there *must* be smoke!" The inflammatory head was immediately withdrawn.

A Bacchanal Usurer.

He lends half in gold and half in poison: so many pounds sterling; and so much bad vinegar, that having been kept near port, must, as he conceives, have a vinous flavour.

A Child's Faith.

The child passively accepts a story of the future; he can bring his mind up to a thing promised, but wants faith in the past.

Beauty Unadorned.

Take a sailor's advice. Don't colour at all; where

nature has done so well, there's little need of paint or patches.

Sindbad and the Old Man of the Mountain.

That is a fine allegory, though not understood. The truth is, the Old Man drew a bill, and Sindbad—guileless tar!—accepted it.

The English Abroad.

The inn at which the cockney puts up—it is his boast—is kept by an Englishman; the dinners are English; the waiter is English; the chambermaid is English; the boots is English; and the barber who comes to shave him, if he be not English, has at least this recommendation—he has in his time lived five years in Saint Mary Axe, and is *almost* English.

Elegant Portrait-painting.

They painted me with a military cloak slipping off my shoulders, my hand, with ten rings upon it, supporting my head, my forehead an enormous piece of white paint, and my eyes fixed upon a star, poetically placed in the corner of the picture within an inch of the frame. I was seated on a rock, with a very handsome ink-stand beside me, and my right hand grasping, as if in a spasm of inspiration, an eagle's feather! Altogether I made a very pretty show.

A Walking Advertisement.

A certain philosopher of this time, who has played—and wisely—with many sciences, and has been jocund among the wits of the day, was discovered one day by Jerrold busy with crucibles, retorts, acids, and alkalies, making a mysterious experiment. The prudent philosopher had encased himself from head to foot in a suit of

black oil-cloth. "Why," said Jerrold, "you look like a walking advertisement of Warren's blacking!"

A Maiden's Voice.

Her voice—'twould coax a nail out of heart of oak.

A Free Man.

Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be biscuit and an onion, dines in "The Apollo."

A Word for Thieves.

When the full-grown thief is hanged, do we not sometimes forget that he was the child of misery and vice—born for the gallows—nursed for the halter? Did we legislate a little more for the cradle, might we not be spared some pains for the hulks?

Dog in the Manger.

Because he hadn't the heart to fall in love himself, he must spoil the little love of everybody else; just like the boy who blabbed about the stolen apples, only because he hadn't the courage to go into the orchard.

Authors and Scholars.

Can it be true that, since the days of Johnson and Savage, they have descended a story and live in third floors? Are they now, I will not say endured, but received into what is called good society? Does the moralist no longer dine behind a bookseller's screen, that he may hide his dilapidated shoes? Is the author, in these days of light, no longer considered an equivocal something between a pickpocket and a magician? Is the poet only a "little lower" in the household of the great than the under-butler? In a word, is it possible in the present state of the world, that a man can write an

epic, a play, a novel, a lyric, and at the same time be considered a gentleman? It is so! History, biography, satire cease to be cups and balls; poetry is no longer *hocus pocus!*

The Money-Lender.

He moves stealthily as an ague: as though haunted by the memory of a thousand acts that have written him down in the private memoranda of Lucifer. Had he lived in Spain, he would have made an excellent familiar of the Inquisition; he would with demoniacal complacency have applied the thumbscrew, the burning pincers, and the molten lead. Born in England, bred an attorney, and adding to his professional cares the anxieties of money-lender, he is yet enabled to satisfy his natural and acquired lust of evil, and he therefore gets up costs. He has never stood at the bar of a police office, and yet his hands are dyed with the blood of broken hearts.

Rewards of Authors.

However great the rewards and honours heaped upon the English author, they are as nothing to the wealth and distinction promised him by the philosophic legislator. The calamity now to be feared is, that in a few years authors will become too powerful and too rich—will be absolutely placed upon a level with tradesmen and merchants, and, like them, have the delightful privilege of disposing of their possessions at their death. As for the honours in store for literature, it may be safely predicted that in no less than half a century or so, *attachés*, or even small consuls, may be selected from English writers. Already two distinguished men have been promised the next vacancies as messengers.

Pictures of Female Loveliness.

There cannot be a more gratifying evidence of the

present passion for art in this country, of the ingenuity of its professors, and the liberality of its patrons, than the continued supply of female loveliness. No slave-market could ever boast such a stock of "beauties," such a string of attractive creatures, dressed or half-dressed at the sweet will and sweeter taste of the painter. And then they attach a simple man with such invincible names, and under such touching types, it is impossible to be safe from them.

Queer Partners.

Jerrold, at a party, noticed a doctor, in solemn black, waltzing with a young lady who was dressed in a silk of brilliant blue. *Jerrold.*—"As I live! there's a blue pill dancing with a black draught!"

The Shirt of Nessus.

The shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for.

A Man of Burthen.

An author may be likened to an elephant, seeing that he frequently has to carry a house upon his back filled with a numerous family.

The Fashionable Tradesman.

He is not to be taken by shabby appearance. He is a fish that bites only at the finest flies. It is, therefore, highly essential that the would-be debtor should appear before him bearing all the external advantages of Mammon.

An Usher's Duties and Reward.

Twenty boys are handed over to his keeping. Hence he is expected to see them all safe in bed; to have an eye upon them whilst dressing and washing; to take his meals with them; to never leave the school-room; and above

all, when the young gentlemen recreate themselves in the play-ground, or take a walk, or go to church, he is to accompany them, giving his most vigilant attention, his every thought, to their doings, and, indeed, at all times and in every respect studying the interest of his employer as if it were doubly his own. For he must remember that the salary is twenty pounds per annum! There are positively many footmen who do not get so much.

"Lions" of a Season.

This, our glorious metropolis, is a vast cemetery for "lions." They are whelped every season; and, frail and evanescent as buttercups, they every season die.

Duelling.

If men must fight, let them fight by deputy. Let us leave what is called "gentlemanly satisfaction" to be worked out for us by the lower animals. Your very high folks might settle their disputes with a couple of lions; whilst the vulgar might have their quarrels satisfactorily worked out by cocks and terriers. Indeed, how many a feud, that was tragically ended with a bullet, might have been settled by a maggot-race!

A Gentle Critic.

He would finish a new tragedy, comedy, and farce in less time than a Cyclops would head and point a pin. When, however, he intends to be very severe, he never mercilessly uses a club, but endeavours quickly to punch a mortal hole in his subject with a blunt epigram.

Worldly Honour.

There never was so miserable a mountebank as what is called Worldly Honour. It is this quack-salver that talks of washing wrongs out with blood, in the same way that

a jack-pudding at a fair needs powder of pool to take out every household blot and stain. Both these creatures are impostors—with this difference, that one is a zany with a death's-head.

The Real and the Counterfeit.

Such is the ardour of men in this incomparable London to acknowledge and reward merit, that even an imitation of talent shall often carry away the price of the true thing: hence it now and then happens to genius as to spoons, the plated article takes the place of the real metal.

Advice to Married Ladies.

Cultivate your nerves. You can't pet them too much. Something will always be happening in the house, and unless your husband be worse than a stone, every new fright will be as good as a new gown or a new trinket to you. There are some domestic wounds only to be healed by the jeweller.

The Legitimate Drama defined by a Manager.

I have ransacked the whole globe for attraction; I may say it, I have gone, as it were, into Noah's ark for actors. I have executed what meaner men would die blushing to think of—and the result of my experience, after much thinking, is this, that that drama is to all intents and purposes the most legitimate — that brings the most money.

Love of the Sea.

Love the sea? I dote upon it—from the beach.

The Bigotry of Virtue.

Virtue makes victims by her very bigotry.

Sharp to the Sharp.

As a man is known by his associates, so we think may the character of the creditor be known by his attorney: the sharp employ the sharp.

Obscurity.

You cannot but observe how thousands are doomed to a plodding obscurity; how thousands pass from birth to death with no one action of their lives to signalize themselves among their fellows; how, like corn, they grow, ripen, and are cut down, leaving behind them no mark of their past existence.

Red Tape and its Victims.

The bowstring is unknown in free and happy England; but be sure of it, innocent reader, *red tape* has its daily victims.

Advice to a Young Author.

Nothing so beneficial to a young author as the advice of a man whose judgment stands constitutionally at the freezing-point.

Happy England.

A tax in England? We haven't the word in our language. There are two or three duties, to be sure; but then with us duties are pleasures As for taxes, you'd make an Englishman stare only to mention such things.

Dignity Insulted on the Stage.

There is a drama which contains, I think, a piece of mischief that has escaped the unsuspecting licenser: a mayor is put in bodily fear by a conjurer, who declares that he can, "by his so potent art," transform a high civic authority into an ape! Mayors ought to look to this.

Paying by the Clock.

"You have charged me for a full-priced breakfast," said a complaining guest, looking at his bill; "and all I had was a cup of milk and a chip of toast!"

"You might have had coffee and eggs for the same money," replied the waiter.

"Ah!" cried the guest, "then it seems you charge according to the clock: and if a man was to have only eggs at dinner-time, I suppose he'd have to pay for full-grown turkeys."

The Laurel.

An accursed plant of fire and blood. Count up all the crowns of Cæsar, and for the honest healthful service of man, are they worth one summer cabbage?

The Miser's Money-Bag.

A monster—all throat! Could its owner have put the sun itself within this bag, the world for him had been in darkness—perpetual night had cast a pall upon creation—the fruits of earth had withered in the bud, and want and misery been universal; whilst he, the thrifty villain! snugly lived in bloom, and in his very baseness found felicity!

Glove-Stealing from Lions.

Let a "lion" of a party only unglove himself, and the

women—we have seen them do it—steal the kids. The pretty enthusiasts *will* have a relic of the wonderful creature, and thus commit a theft, which even the sufferer must, as we have observed, allow to be very complimentary. How courageous are women when they really admire! To seize a piece of kid from the very paws of a "lion!"

The Wings of Time.

The wings of Time are no other than two large bill-stamps, duly drawn and accepted. With these he brings his three, six, or nine months into as many weeks. He is continually wasting the sand from his glass, drying the wet ink of promissory notes.

Work and Pay

In this world it isn't him as breaks the horse as is always doomed to win the plate.

The World's Opinion.

Who, and what is this grim despot? Who is this execrable tyrant—this mixture of the mountebank and man-eater? We are pieces of him—little pieces, particles, if you will—of this same quack-salver and cannibal, christened and known as the World's Opinion.

Caliban's Looking-Glass.

A remarkably ugly and disagreeable man sat opposite Jerrold at a dinner-party. Before the cloth was removed Jerrold accidentally broke a glass. Whereupon the ugly gentleman, thinking to twit his opposite neighbour with great effect, said slily, "What already, Jerrold! Now, I never break a glass."—"I wonder at that," was

Jerrold's instant reply, "you ought whenever you look in one."

The Facilities of Credit.

How many young gentlemen, with nothing but their wits—poor destitute fellows!—have been forced into debt by the cordial manner, the gracious words of the man determined to be a creditor!

The Mind of Childhood.

Is not the mind of childhood the tenderest, holiest thing this side heaven? Is it not to be approached with gentleness, with love,—yes, with a heart-worship of the great God from whom, in almost angel-innocence, it has proceeded? A creature undefiled by the taint of the world—unvexed by its injustice—unwearied by its hollow pleasures. A being fresh from the source of light, with something of its universal lustre in it? If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that, in its onward growth, it shall be no other! To stand as a watcher at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter it.

A Stage Devil.

In the full glow of my admiration of his diabolic beauties, I have often scarcely suppressed a sigh to think how great an ambassador has been sacrificed in a play-house fiend. Indeed, nothing could be more truly diplomatic than his supernatural shifts. Had he acted in France in the days of Napoleon, he had been kidnapped from the stage, and, *nolens volens*, made a plenipotentiary.

The Church.

The Church, rightly ministered, is the vestibule to an immortal life.

The Duties of a Governess.

She has within her trust the greatest treasures that human life, with all its pride, can know: the hearts, and, indeed, the future souls of children. As her mission is a noble one, respect and courtesy are hers by right. To look upon her as a better-dressed drudge is, in very truth, not poorest insolence alone, but darkest error.

Literary Men.

With certain excellent and patriotic persons, literature, like a gipsy, to be picturesque, should be a little ragged.

An Unacknowledged Utility.

There appears to be a tacit compact in society to affect an ignorance of the very existence of the pawnbroker. His merits are never canvassed—no man has, or ever had, a personal knowledge of him. Men are prone to vaunt the rectitude, the talents of their tradesmen—"*My* wine-merchant." "*My* bootmaker," even "*My* attorney;" but who ever yet startled the delicacy of a company with "*My* pawnbroker"?

The Pawnbroker.

He is a sort of King Midas in a squalid neighbourhood; he is a potentate sought by the poor, who bear with his jests, his insolence, his brutality; who in tatters bow down to him; and with want in all their limbs, with empty bellies and despairing hearts, make court to him, that he will be pleased to let them eat. Terrible things have been written on dungeon walls; terrible sickening evidences of human misery and human vice; but if on the partitions of these boxes could be written the emotions of those who have waited near them, the writing would be no less fearful than that traced in the Bastille—graven in the Piombi.

The Cause of Freedom.

When men join for freedom, the cause itself does consecrate the act. To fall from it, or half-way halt in it, is treason to the dignity of human nature—is perjury to the first truth of man.

A Dishonest Servant.

A lady once took a servant with the finest character for honesty, and only a week afterwards detected her giving three cold potatoes to a little hurdy-gurdy foreigner with white mice!

The Creed of Honesty.

It is the creed of honesty always to hope goodness.

The Printer's Devil.

His looks are the looks of merriment: yet the pockets of his corduroy trousers may be charged with thunderbolts. He would not hurt a mouse, and in his jacket slumbers lightning to destroy a ministry. Perhaps for the whole Mint he could not compass a sum in addition; and yet it rests with his integrity whether to-morrow morning the nation shall be saved from bankruptcy; for, deposited in his cap is an elaborate essay addressed to the ingenious traders in the money-market; an essay that shall tranform beggared England into El Dorado.

Novel Fathers.

Fathers in novels are generally dragons in white wigs.

A Lady's Idea of a Servant.

She conceived that a servant ought to be a sort of nun, and from the moment she enters your house should take leave of all the world beside. Has she not her kitchen for willing hands always to do something? And

then for company, doesn't she see the butcher, the baker, the dustman—to say nothing of the sweeps?

An Empty Head.

Of a light, frivolous, flighty girl, whom Jerrold met frequently, he said, "That girl has no more head than a periwinkle."

Poor and Content.

My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; let thy mouth water at a last week's roll; think a thread-bare coat the "only wear;" and acknowledge a white-washed garret fittest housing-place for a gentleman. Do this and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff be confounded.

Catarrh.

"That cat has got a cold," said a friend to Jerrold, pointing to a domestic favourite. "Yes," Jerrold replied, "the poor thing is subject to cat-arrh."

Poverty rendered Palatable.

Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may, and sometimes with advantage, be gulped down. Though the drinker make wry faces, there may, after all, be a wholesome goodness in the cup.

A Sanitary Air.

The air of France! nothing to the air of England. That goes ten times as far—it must, for it's ten times as thick.

A Kitchen-Maid on Dress.

I don't insist on ringlets *in* the house, but when I go out, I'm my own mistress. I've given up two places for my bird-of-paradise feather—it looks quite alive in my

white chip!—and would give up twenty. After slaving among pots and pans for a month, it is so sweet to be sometimes taken for a lady on one's Sunday out.

Heartless Mistresses.

They think poor servants have no more flesh and blood than a porridge-skillet. They can have their comfortable courtings in their parlours and drawing-rooms, and then, with their very toes at the fire, they can abuse a poor servant for only whispering a bit of love, all among the snow, perhaps in the area.

Orders.

We are bigoted to orders. Men, like watches, must work the better upon jewels. Man is, at the best, a puppet, and is only put into dignified motion when pulled by Blue or Red Ribands.

Abuse of the World.

When I hear a man cry out, "It's a bad world," I must of course lump him with the aggregate iniquity; for how can he have the enormous vanity to select himself as the one pure Adam from naughty millions? No, be it my faith to think the best of the world.

Honour and Desert.

Desert may pant and moan without honour; but in the court of kings, where justice weighs with nicest balance, honour never with its smiles mocks imbecility, or gilds with outward lustre a concealed rottenness. Honour never gives alms, but awards justice.

Lies.

Lies are a sort of wooden pegs that keep the world together as if it were a box; nice little things, so let into

the work as never to be seen. Take out the pegs, and how would the box tumble to pieces!

The Lawyer's Gown.

The masquerading dress of common sense. There is a living instinct in its web: let golden villainy come under it, and with a thought it flows and spreads, and gives an ample shelter to the thing it covers; let poor knavery seek it, and it shrinks and curtains up, and leaves the trembling victim naked to the court.

A Favourite Air.

At a social club to which Jerrold belonged, the subject turned one evening upon music. The discussion was animated, and a certain song was cited as an exquisite composition. "That song," exclaimed an enthusiastic member, "always carries me away when I hear it."

Jerrold (looking eagerly round the table).—"Can anybody whistle it?"

The Ills of Debt.

Of what a hideous progeny of ill is debt the father! What lies, what meanness, what invasions on self-respect, what cares, what double dealing! How in due season it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles; how like a knife, it will stab the honest heart!

Dress.

The present age judges of the condition of men as we judge of the condition of cats—by the sleekness, the gloss of their coats. Hence, in even what is called a respectable walk of life, with men of shallow pockets and deep principles, it is of the first importance to their success, that if they would obtain three hundred per annum, they must at least look as if they were in the receipt of seven.

The Devil's Portrait Painting.

He was tolerably good looking; and now is his countenance but as a tavern sign, where numerous little imps, liberated by drawn corks, continue to give a daily touch and touch of red—proud of their work, as portrait painters to the devil himself.

A Shopkeeper's Idea of Truth.

Truth is very well in a story, or in a sampler, or in any matter of that sort; but the downright, naked, plain truth behind a counter—pooh! I should like to know how, by such means, we are to pay rent and taxes.

The Sword.

Ceremony sanctifies it. Some kingly words are spoken —a trumpet is blown; and straightway the sword becomes ennobled!

The Degeneracy of the Times.

There is now nothing picturesque in life. We have caught the wild Indian, deprived him of his beads, his feathers, and his cloak of skins; we have put him into a Quaker's suit without buttons—and behold, the once mighty chief is fallen into Mr. Respectable man! We have now no character at all: it may seem a paradox—but our respectability has destroyed it.

Better than None.

A friend—let us say Barlow—was describing to Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage. How his wife had been brought up in a convent, and was on the point of taking the veil, when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight. Jerrold listened to the end of the story, and by way of comment said, "Ah! she evidently thought Barlow better than nun."

Justice a Luxury.

To make justice cheap would doubtless make her contemptible; she is therefore dignified by expense—made glorious by the greatness of costs.

The Industrious Citizen.

In his business hours the cockney is worthy of the attention of any reflecting cart-horse. He is the genius of labour; the willing serf to those worse than Egyptian task-masters, £. s. d.

Mellow Hearts.

There are hearts all the better for keeping; they become mellower, and more worth a woman's acceptance than the crude unripe things too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them.

A Money-Grubber.

His very soul seems absorbed in the consideration of the coin of the realm; his mind hath no greater range than that of his shop; and his every thought, like every omnibus, runs to the Bank.

Reputation.

Reputation is to notoriety what real turtle is to mock.

The Bed of Glory.

What is it? A battle-field, with thousands blaspheming in agony about you! Your last moments sweetened, it may be, with the thought that somewhere on the field lies a bleeding piece of your handiwork—a poor wretch in the death-grasp of torture. Truly, that is a bed of greater glory which is surrounded by loving hearts—by hands uplifted in deep, yet cheerful prayer. There are

thoughts too—it is my belief—better, sweeter far than thoughts of recent slaying, to help the struggling soul from out its tenement.

The War-Fiend.

He is too often busy among us—one of the vilest and most mischievous demons of all the brood of wickedness. To be sure he visits men not in his own name, oh, no! he comes to them in the finest clothes and under the prettiest *alias*. He is clothed in gay colours—has yards of gold trimming about him—a fine feather in his cap—silken flags fluttering over him—music at his heels—and his lying, swindling name is—Glory.

Italian Boys.

I never see an Italian image-merchant with his Graces and Venuses and Apollos at sixpence a head, that I do not spiritually touch my hat to him. It is he who has carried refinement into the poor man's house; it is he who has accustomed the eyes of the multitude to the harmonious forms of beauty.

The Bottle.

The bottle is the devil's crucible, and melts all.

A Tailor's Lament.

Every day of his life a duke passes my door to parliament, in a pepper-and-salt, linsey-woolsey, duffle, flannel sort of thing, that his tailor, try as hard as he may, can't charge him more than two pounds for. And in this condition his grace goes to make laws in parliament! After this I should like to know how it's to be hoped that common folks are to respect the House of Lords? It's flying in the face of nature to expect it.

That Beautiful Dog.

A lady passing a dog that was following at Jerrold's heels, exclaimed, "What a beautiful dog!"

"Ay, madam," said Jerrold, turning sharply round, "he looks *very* beautiful now; but he ate two babies yesterday."

Civilized Cannibals.

How universal, how guileless is the man who never dreams that there are cannibals in London! Why, society is beset by anthropophagi. One cannot walk the streets without rubbing coats with man-eaters—cannibals duly entered—consumers of human flesh and blood according to the statutes.

State Salaries.

You would think senators were of the same consequence as singers, for they positively demand nearly as high salaries!

A Binding Promise.

He kissed her, and promised. Such beautiful lips! Man's usual fate—he was lost upon the coral reefs.

The Region of Law.

It is not a region of fairies to be searched for golden fruits and amaranthine flowers; nor is it a deep, gloomy mine, to be dug and dug with the safety lamp of patience lighting us through many a winding passage—a lamp which, do what we will, so frequently goes out, leaving us in darkness.

National Prejudices.

A man who hated national prejudices invited an uncle to a French restaurant, to "dine 'em out" of him. After

dinner he said to him, "What do you think of the French, *now*, uncle;"—"Not so bad," he replied, with a look of contrition, "not so bad, if they wouldn't eat frogs." "You recollect the third dish—delicious, wasn't it?" The old fellow smacked his lips, with recollections of delight. "In that dish there were two-and-thirty frogs." The uncle insisted upon falling ill immediately; was carried home, went to bed, scratched his nephew out of his will, and died. Would it be believed—a nurse was found to swear that in his last moments she heard 'em croak! See what comes of national prejudice.

The Force of Genius.

Here in this glorious city, in this magnificent abiding-place of mighty men, genius cannot be hidden. Though in its sensitive modesty it take refuge in a garret, a thousand benevolent spirits compel it to appear in the light of common day, and rejoice in its deservings.

Rouge.

Rouge is a darling little fib that sometimes lies like truth.

New Zealanders.

Very economical people; we only kill our enemies—they eat 'em. We hate our foes to the last; whilst there's no learning in the end how Zealanders are brought to relish 'em.

An Academical "Venus."

A lady, who had ordered a Venus to be painted for her, on hearing that the goddess was the wife of Vulcan, insisted upon her having a wedding-ring. The poor artist was in agony lest the goddess should be refused admittance at the Academy, in consequence of what he profanely

called a ridiculous superfluity—a wedding-ring, as he avowed, taking the subject entirely out of keeping.

Authors and Publishers.

Publishers look upon authors simply as a butcher looks upon Southdown mutton, with merely an eye to the number of pounds to be got out of them.

A Difficult Question.

Jerrold met a fop one day, who languidly offered him two fingers. Jerrold, not to be outdone, thrust forward a single finger, saying—"Well, who shall it be?"

Debtors by Nature.

There are some to whom debt seems their natural element; they appear to swim only in hot water. To owe and to live are to them terms synonymous; the ledger is their *libro d'oro;* the call of the sheriff no more than the call of a friend.

A Wonderful Theatre.

You have seen a whole service of plate shaken from a single cherry-stone. In like manner you have at the —— theatre all the tenants of Noah's ark, the pyramids, the entire of the Alps, two or three earthquakes, and every drop of the Bay of Biscay—each or all, as it may please the astounding manager—placed at one time before you.

The Best Bedfellow.

The sweetest bedfellow is—conscience, conscience. Ha! it's a charming thing to feel her at our heart—to hear her evening song and morning song!

Marriage Fallacies.

What is enough for one, it has been said, is enough for

two. But this is the ignorance of Cupid who never could learn figures. Now, Hymen is a better arithmetician, taught as he is by butcher and baker. Love in a cottage is pretty enough for boys and girls; but men and women like a larger mansion, with coach-house and stabling.

Respectability.

Turn where we will we see the evil of what is called "respectability;" we hate the very word, as Falstaff hated lime. It has carried its whitewash into every corner of the land—it has made weak and insipid the wine of life.

Woman's Tears.

What women would do if they could not cry nobody knows. They are treated badly enough as it is, but if they could not cry when they liked, how they would be put upon—what poor, defenceless creatures they would be!

Nature has been very kind to them. Next to the rhinoceros, there is nothing in the world armed like a woman. And she knows it.

The Comfort of Ugliness.

We cannot say—and in truth it is a ticklish question to ask of those who are best qualified to give an answer—if there really be not a comfort in substantial ugliness; in ugliness that, unchanged, will last a man his life; a good granite face in which there shall be no wear and tear. A man so appointed is saved many alarms, many spasms of pride. Time cannot wound his vanity through his features; he eats, drinks, and is merry, in despite of mirrors. No acquaintance starts at sudden alteration—hinting, in such surprise, decay and the final tomb. He grows older with no former intimates—churchyard voices—crying, "How you're altered!" How many a man

might have been a truer husband, a better father, firmer friend, more valuable citizen, had he, when arrived at legal maturity, cut off—say, an inch of his nose!

"The Eyes of the World."

Lady Montpelier is trembling on the brink of forty. Every day that agreeable truth-teller, her looking-glass, speaks of fading lilies and roses. How can her ladyship meet the Eyes of the World, if not as fair and blushing as when she first came out? Lady Montpelier makes to herself a new face from the cosmetics of the perfumer: she "paints inch thick," but purely out of respect for—the Eyes of the World!

Pretty Lydia Melrose! She had a nice little figure; straight as a hazel-twig: but—for the Eyes of the World—Lydia did not think herself slender enough. Hence she was laced and laced, and built about with steel sufficient to forge into a cuirass. She, moreover, eschewed the grossness of meat diet, and lived upon lemons, oranges, almonds, and raisins, and such acid light fare, and all this, that she might appear an inch less in the waist in—the Eyes of the World!

Jack Splashly was left five thousand pounds. In an evil hour he became acquainted with young Lord Fusball, who had not as many farthings. Jack played and played, and dressed and dressed, his money running wastefully from his purse like sand from a broken sand-glass. "My dear Jack," said an old acquaintance, "I'm sure you can't afford to ride a horse like that—no, nor to wear diamond studs; nor to—"

"My dear fellow," answered Jack, "I quite agree with what you say; but what am I to do? Were I to do otherwise, how the devil should I appear in—the Eyes of the World?"

We have only taken three instances; we might deal in

three thousand, illustrative of the foolish sacrifices daily made to the Eyes of the World; which, after all, watchful and intelligent as we deem them, are, nine times out of ten, as insensible of the offerings we make to them as are the stone and wooden idols of the heathen. The truth is, the Eyes of the World have other employment than to look on us and our doings; and even when they do condescend to give a single glance at us, the chances are that they either laugh in ridicule, or leer in contempt. Often when we think we have made them stare again with admiration, they only stare in pity and disgust.

A Hard Fate.

You will hear a good lowly creature sing the praises of pure water—call it the wine of Adam when he walked in Paradise—when, somehow, fate has bestowed upon the eulogist the finest Burgundy. He declares himself contented with a crust—although a beneficent fairy has hung a fat haunch or two in his larder.

Now is it not delightful to see these humble folk, who tune their tongues to the honour of dry bread and water, compelled, by the gentle force of fortune, to chew venison and swallow claret?

A Little Taste of the Jail.

If a man taste ever so little, he's poisoned for life.

A Very Villain.

He'd rob a captain of all that makes his commission worth a farthing—the profit and glory of other people's work.

No Accounting for Taste.

It was never meant to be accounted for, I suppose; else there's a lot of us would have a good deal to answer

about. Taste, in some things, I suppose, was given to us to do what we like with; but now and then we do certainly illuse the privilege.

The British Constitution.

The British constitution is like an eel; you may flay it, and chop it to bits; yet for all that, the pieces will twist and wriggle again. It is elastic—peculiarly elastic. That is why it gets mauled about so much. Just as boys don't mind what tricks they play upon cats—because, poor devils, somebody to spite them has said they've got nine lives.

To a Lady on Breaking her Watch.

It is the privilege of beauty to kill time.

A Quick Dresser.

The highest and most valuable of all the female virtues, a virtue that Eve herself was certainly not born with, is to be a quick dresser.

Lies.

Lord bless you! if you was to take away all the lies that go to make bread in this town, you'd bring a good many peck loaves down to crumbs,

How to Manage Women.

Never own a woman is right; do it once, and on the very conceit of it, she'll be always wrong for the rest of her life.

Sweet Magician, Love.

Mighty benevolence, Cupid, that takes away stains and blots—that gives the line of beauty to zig-zag, upturned noses—that smiles, a god of enchantment, in all eyes however green, blinking, or stone-like—that gives a pout-

ing prettiness even to a hare-lip, bending it like Love's own bow! Great juggler, Cupid, that from his wings shakes precious dust in mortal eyes, and lo! they see nor blight, nor deformity, nor stain—or see them turned to ornament; even, as it is said, the pearl of an oyster is only so much oyster disease.

Plutus has been called a grand decorator. He can but gild ugliness, passing off the thing for its brightness. But Love—Love can give to it the shape, and paint it with tints, of his own mother. Plutus may, after all, be only a maker of human pocket-pieces. He washes deformity with bright metal, and so puts it off upon the near-sighted; now Love is an alchemist, and will, at least to the eyes and ears of some *one*, turn the coarsest lump of clay to one piece of human gold.

The Slippery Path of Life.

How few there are who, starting in youth, animated by great motives, do not at thirty seem to have suffered a "second fall!" What angel purposes did they woo—and what hag-realities have they married! What Rachels have they thought to serve for—and what Leahs has the morning dawned upon!

A Wife at Forty.

"My notion of a wife at forty," said Jerrold, "is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties."

Philosophy in Rags.

There is to our mind more matter for sweet and bitter melancholy in the flaunting tawdry of a zany, than in the embroidered suit of a fine gentleman—more stuff pregnant with curious and touching contrast in the fantastic rags of your true vagabond, than in the sleek garments of the man of all proprieties.

It Might Have Been Worse.

"Would you believe it?" said Jones to Smith, "Webster has engaged Charles Kean for only twelve nights?"

"For only twelve nights?" said Smith.

"For only twelve nights!" repeated Jones.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Smith, with a look of great thanksgiving—"It might have been worse!"

A Philosophic Visionary.

He spent all his inheritance in preaching against the outward vanities of life—the paintings and the trappings, and the false, fleeting finery of sophistication. He brought himself to rags; but, in a lucky hour, hit upon an expedient that in some way restored him: for it was he who originated the custom of gilding gingerbread.

Temperance Spouters.

They are like bull-frogs in a pond. They only muddy where they stir; and their monotonous croak is of water.

A Posture-Master.

His principal feat was the snake trick, for he would cast himself upon the earth, and move along it in undulations as quickly and as lightly as the living reptile. We once knew a minister to throw him a guinea, in pure admiration of this peculiar motion. Whenever his other tricks failed he began to creep, and success was certain.

No Cause no Effect.

A rumour had been very general that a certain hard lugubrious actor was labouring under an inflammation of the brain. A friend having mentioned the report to

Jerrold, was reassured in the following words: "Depend upon it there is not the *least foundation* for the report."

A Respectable Man.

Mr. Chokepear is, to the finger-nails, a respectable man. The tax-gatherer was never known to call at his door a second time for the same rate; he takes the sacrament two or three times a year, and has in his cellar the oldest port in the parish. He has more than once subscribed to the fund for the conversion of the Jews; and, as a proof of his devotion to the interests of the Established Church, it was he who started the subscription to present the excellent Doctor Mannamouth with a virgin silver tea-pot, cream-jug, and spoons. He did this, as he has often proudly declared, to show to the infidel world that there were some men in the parish who were true Christians. He has acquired a profound respect for the bench, since an alderman's judgment upon "the starving villains who would fly in the face of their Maker;" and, having a very comfortable balance at his bankers', considers their despair very weak, very foolish, and very sinful. He, however, blesses himself that for such miscreants there is Newgate—and more, there are aldermen on the bench.

Our English Love of Dinners.

"If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow," said Jerrold, "the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event."

Church Bells.

There is something beautiful in the church bells—beautiful and hopeful; they talk to high and low, rich and poor in the same voice; there is a sound in them that should scare pride, and envy, and meanness of all sorts

from the heart of man; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. There is a preacher in every belfry, that cries, "Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your week-day craft, your heart-burnings! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. "Come away, come!" cries the church-bell, "and learn to be humble—learning that, however daubed and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay. Come, Dives, come and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of Heaven as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus! And ye, poor creatures, livid and faint—stinted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come," cries the bell, with the voice of an angel, "come and learn what is laid up for ye!—and learning, take heart, and walk among the wickedness, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions."

Church.

How many go there with no thought whatsoever, only that it is Sunday—church-going day? And so they put on what they think religion that day, just as I put on a clean shirt. Bless you, sometimes I've stood and watched the crowd, and I've said to myself, "Well, I should like to know how many of you will remember you're Christians till next week!"

When we see what some people do all the week—people who are staunch at church, remember—I can't help thinking there are a good many poor souls who are only Christians at morning and afternoon service.

Winter.

It was winter in its most savage mood. The tops of the forest trees were heaped with snow, the earth was hard as granite, and the wind howled like a wounded monster through the wood.

The Humane Society at an Evening Party.

At an evening party, a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Jerrold, who was looking on, and said—

"Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that very elderly lady?"

"One of the Humane Society, I should think," replied Jerrold.

A Gentleman's Library.

It is not so necessary to read a library: the great matter is to get it. With a good many folks, heaps of books are nothing more than heaps of acquaintance that they promise themselves to look in upon some day.

Epitaphs.

If the devil ever takes churchyard walks, how he must chuckle and rub his brimstone hands when he reads some of the tombstones—eh? How he must hold his sides at the "loving husbands," "affectionate fathers," "faithful friends," and "pious Christians," that he sees advertised there! For *he* knows better—*he* knows better.

A Man's Coat.

Whatever coat a man wears, never see a hole in it. Though it may be full of holes as a net, never see them; but take your hat off to the coat as if it was the best bit of broadcloth in the world, without a flaw or a thread dropt, and with the finest bits of gold lace on it.

A Lawyer's Smile.

Dirt cheap at six and eightpence.

Feature-Mongers.

Physiognomists and heralds are in certain cases equally courteous; first prove yourself a great man, and the feature-mongers will instantly award you eyes and mouth to match—become rich, and though you cannot swear to your own name, you shall have as great a choice of arms as Briareus.

An Error Corrected.

Jerrold was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that Jerrold had expressed his disappointment.

Friend (to Jerrold).—I hear you said —— was the worst book I ever wrote.

Jerrold.—No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote.

Spittoons for Two.

At a club, of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite, and a friend, as fierce, of the cause of William the Third, were arguing noisily, and disturbing less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table, and roared at his adversary:—

"I tell you what it is, sir, I spit upon your King William!"

The friend of the Prince of Orange was not to be outmastered by mere lungs. He rose, and roared back to the Jacobite:—

"And I, sir, spit upon your James the Second!"

Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, hereupon rung the bell, and shouted:—

"Waiter! spittoons for two!"

The Politics of the Heart.

There is not a babe lying in the public street on its mother's lap—the unconscious mendicant, to ripen into the criminal—that is not a reproach to the state; a scandal and a crying shame upon men who study all politics save the politics of the human heart.

Egotism.

An eccentric party, of which Jerrold was one, agreed to have a supper of sheep's heads. One gentleman present was particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish; and, as he threw down his knife and fork, exclaimed, "Well, sheep's heads for ever, say I!"

Jerrold.—"There's egotism!"

An Aristocracy of Rags.

There is an aristocracy of rags, as there is an aristocracy of stars and garters.

A Good Husband.

As regular at his fire-side as the tea-kettle.

Out of Banco.

When Macbeth was played, many years ago, at the Coburg Theatre, a certain actor was cast, to his great disgust, for Macduff. He told his bitter disappointment to Jerrold, who thus consoled him:—

"Never mind, my good fellow, there's one advantage in playing Macduff—it keeps you out of Banquo."

The Face of Nature.

We know the common story runs that Nature has peculiar visages for poets, philosophers, statesmen, warriors, and so forth; we do not believe it, we have seen a slack-wire dancer with the face of a great, pious bard—an

usurer with the legendary features of a Socrates—a passer of bad money very like a Chancellor of the Exchequer—and a carcass butcher at Whitechapel so resembling Napoleon that Prince Talleyrand, suddenly beholding him, burst into tears at the similitude.

An Eglinton Jester.

M'Ian, the artist, figured as one of the jesters at the celebrated Eglinton tournament. He was mounted upon an ass. Jerrold called him an "ass *centaur;*" and said, that it was impossible to discover where one animal began and the other ended.

Good and Evil.

Virtue reads prettily upon a tombstone, but 'tis a losing quality with bare walls and a quenched hearth. Virtue, honesty, benevolence—what are they? The counters with which the wise men of the world gull its fools and slaves.

Pure Folks.

Very pure folks won't be held up to the light and shown to be very dirty bottles, without paying back hard abuse for the impertinence.

Speaking your Mind.

It is an extravagance that has ruined many a man.

A Scolding Wife.

A Judge Jefferys in his wig is an abominable tyrant; yet may his victims sometimes smile to think what Judge Jefferys suffers in his night-cap

Marriage.

In marriage, as in war, it is permitted to take every advantage of the enemy.

The Wedding Ring.

Alack! like the ring of Saturn, for good or evil it circles a whole world.

Tobacco.

How little does a woman think, when she marries, that she gives herself up to be poisoned!

No Solitude.

The earth has no place of solitude. Not a rood of the wilderness that is not thronged and eloquent with crowds and voices communing with the spirit of man, endowed by such communion with a knowledge whose double fruit is divinest hope and meekest humanity.

Grumblers.

There are folks who would take their smallest wrongs with them into Paradise. Go where they will, they carry with them a travelling-case of injuries.

Manufactured Outcasts.

We make them outcasts, wretches; and then punish, in their wickedness, our own selfishness, our own neglect. We cry, "God help the babes," and hang the men.

After Ten Years of Marriage.

He is a fool who throws pearls to pigs and thinks the pork will eat the richer for the treasure. He is no less a fool who showers diamonds upon his wife when, knowing no better, paste will make her just as grateful.

Patient Suffering.

There is a sanctity in suffering, when strongly, meekly borne. Our duty, though set about by thorns, may still

be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and, like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.

Fault-Finders.

To discover the spots in the sun, is to some men greater than the discovery of the laws that govern the sun itself.

A Scolding Wife.

Like the owl, she hoots only at night. From eleven at night until seven in the morning there is no retreat for him—he must lie and listen. Minerva's bird, the very wisest thing in feathers, is silent all the day.

Wit.

Wit, like money, bears an extra value when rung down immediately it is wanted. Men pay severely who require credit.

Bacchus.

If Bacchus often leads men into quagmires deep as his vats, let us yet do him this justice—he sometimes leads them out. Ask your opponent to take another glass of wine.

Honesty.

Honesty without sharpness in this world is like a sword without edge or point—very well for show, but of no real use to the owner.

The Power of Cash.

Money, in this marketing world of ours, may buy much; but, flighty and frivolous and butterfly-like as the thing sometimes is, it can't always buy a woman's heart. However, this it *can* purchase; it can buy a cage to put the poor thing in; it can buy eyes to watch her

—hands to guard her; and so the pet-lamb may be kept safe from London wolves—safe as parchments in a strong box.

Magna Charta.

An evidence of the value of fine fiction upon a people. Because it ought to be true, they think it is.

A Tavern King.

A man who lives and moves only in a spittoon: a man who has a pipe in his mouth as constantly as his front teeth.

Hereditary Virtues.

Virtue, like vice, does not always descend in a right line, but often goes in zig-zag. It can't be willed away like the family spoons.

A Refreshing Cry.

There is nothing so refreshing as a good cry, when you know, after all, there is nothing to cry about. Tears were given us to enjoy ourselves with. They wash out the mind like a dirty teacup, and give a polish to the feelings.

A Model Policeman.

Medusa staring at him would have had the worst of it, and bashfully, hopelessly, let drop her eyelids. You might as well have frowned at Newgate stones, expecting to see them tumble, as think to move one nerve.

A Choice of Ruin.

To be ruined your own way is some comfort. When so many people would ruin us, it is a triumph over the villany of the world to be ruined after one's own pattern.

The Charm of Change.

What change of climate often is to a sick man, change of public-house is to a drunken one. He feels the stronger for the removal, and, therefore—drinks again.

Blow Hot—Blow Cold.

The wind came, sharp as Shylock's knife, from the Minories—it was called the east wind—cutting the shoulder-blades of old men of forty; but the boys, in their robust jollity—to whom the tax-gatherer was as yet a rarer animal than baby-hippopotamus—had the redder faces and nimbler blood for it.

Going to Taverns.

Lady (loquitur).—"What men, unless they have their wives with them, can find to talk about, I can't think—no good, of course."

How to Abolish Crime.

If we were to hang for everything, there would be an end of crime altogether.

"Good Night."

This is a simple, earnest wish, that, like the circle of the universe, holds within it all things.

Perennial Courtship.

There cannot be a woman ever so old, that, when she smells a sweetheart somewhere, does not snigger and grin as if her own courting-days were come again.

Ideas.

There are some ideas that seem, like rain-drops, to fall upon a man's head; the head itself having nothing to do with the matter

A Confession of Ignorance.

On the first night of Sir E. Lytton's "Sea Captain," when the hero came to that part of his *rôle* where he exclaims, "The sea—my mother sea," Jerrold who was present, said, "I have heard of Mother H., but never before of Mother C."

A Scolding Wife at the Sea-side.

Happily (says the husband, alluding to a conjugal lecture he had received) the wind got suddenly up—the waves bellowed—and, soothed by the sweet lullaby, I somehow sank to repose.

A Command Reversed.

"And God said, let us make man in our image."

What a fine creature is man, so long as he always has these words before his eyes, and so tries to do nothing but what shall be some way worthy of his likeness! To do this is to make the world a pleasant place, and to have everybody happy about us. "And God said, let us make man in our image!" This is beautiful: but it is sad—it is melancholy work, when man says, "Let us make God in *our* image."

"Once upon a Time."

How oft the old, old words, like silver bells, have rung us to a brief holiday—summoned the gravest of us to the hearth, to take from the lips of fable sweetest truth!

Self-Punishment.

Never, so long as you have a stitch about your anatomy, believe yourself alone. If thoughtless people could only know what their left-off clothes say about them, sure I am they would resolve upon one of two things—either to

reform their lives, or to go naked. Let no man harbour a black spot in his breast, and believe that his waistcoat is wholly ignorant of the stain. Let no man drop an ill-gotten guinea into his pocket, and think the pocket unconscious of the wrong. His very glove shall babble of the bribe that has burnt his hand; his cravat shall tighten about his throat, if that throat be seared with daily lies. Ignorance of man! to believe that what is borne upon the body has no intelligence with the moral good or evil dwelling in the soul.

But—But.

When the affairs of Italy were the subject of general conversation in England, Jerrold was very enthusiastic in favour of Mazzini and his party. He was talking hopefully and warmly on the subject one evening at a party, when a very cold and stiff and argumentative gentleman was present. This iced man interrupted Jerrold at every turn with a doubting "but." At last, Jerrold, fairly roused by the coolness of his opponent, turned sharply upon him, and said, "Sir, I'll thank you to throw no more of your cold water 'buts' at me."

Good in Everything.

There may be some Eden-like spots even in a coal-mine.

Marriage a la Mode.

Look at the bride, her colour comes and goes, and her lip shakes like a rose-leaf in the wind; tears blind her eyes; and as she steps from the carriage, the earth whirls about her. Is that the church-door? Surely it is the entrance of a tomb. She fights with closed lips—mutely fights against her swelling heart. She raises her eyes—she sees her father's stony face glittering with a smile, a statue in the sun—beholds her mother's simper, her

weight of great content; she turns—more horrible than all—and catches then the look of him, in some brief minutes to be made her owner; he smiles, and her heart dies at his Pan-like leer! They are married!

Slave-dealing in High Life.

I have heard something of the slave-markets of Cairo, of Alexandria; tales of snow-skinned Georgians and Circassians—of fairest victims vended by avarice to lust. The tales were touching—very, very touching. But hearing them, I have smiled at the wilful ignorance, the snug self-complacency of Britons—I have smiled and remembered me of the slave-markets of St. James's! I have seen blue eyes, pink cheeks, scarlet lips, sold—aye, as you would sell a nosegay—fathers and mothers having a bishop who shall bless the bargain. There is this difference between the Georgian and the British merchandize—a small circle of gold-wire about it—no more.

A Court Beauty.

She had some vague notion that there were human creatures; a white race, something higher in the scheme of the world than the mere Hottentot; but it was also part of her creed that, like horses and oxen, they were sent for no other purpose to this earth, save for that of ministering in any manner to the will and wish of herself, her friends, and her immediate acquaintance. The world, the habitable world, to her was composed of about an area of two miles, with St. James's Palace for the centre. Any part beyond that boundary was to her mysterious as the Great Mogul's country: she looked upon it with the intelligence that possessed the theological opponents of Columbus, when he talked of a new continent—allowing it to exist, and to be once reached, there were certain currents that rendered impossible any return from it.

Low Life above Stairs.

The Adelphi company once removed, temporarily, to the Haymarket Theatre. Jerrold was asked his opinion on the change. He replied: "The master and mistress are out; and the servants have got into the drawing-room."

Intellect.

Nonsense! a new-fangled thing, just come up, and the sooner it goes out the better.

Man's Account with Woman.

Look here; you must allow that woman ought, as much as in her lies, to make this world quite a paradise, seeing that she lost us the original garden. We talk as philosophers, and when all is said and done about what we owe to woman, you must allow that we have a swinging balance against her. There's that little matter of the apple still to be settled for.

Ladies in Waiting.

Here are women—doting wives and loving mothers—quitting the serene and holy circle of their own hearths—relinquishing for an appointed term the happiness and tenderness of home, to endure a glorifying servitude beneath the golden yoke of ceremony

Like Lead.

To an impertinent fellow, whom Jerrold avoided, and who attempted to intrude himself by saying a bright thing, Jerrold said, sharply turning upon the intruder, "You're like lead, sir, bright only when you're cut."

A Hard Truth.

How few let their passions, their resentments, die

before them! How few see their vices coffined, ere they fall themselves!

The World to Come.

Alas! what a place would this be, if the many-coloured creeds of this world did not, by Almighty goodness, make the white light of the world to come.

The Ostrich no Glutton.

The ostrich ought to be taken as the one emblem of temperance. He lives and flourishes in the desert; his choicest food a bitter spiky shrub, with a few stones—for how rarely can he find iron—how few the white days in which the poor ostrich can, in Arabia Petræa, have the luxury of a tenpenny nail, to season, as with salt, his vegetable diet. And yet a common-councilman, with face purple as the purple grape, will call the ostrich—glutton.

The Wreck and the Jolly-Boat.

"Have you seen the wife of poor Augustus?" a gentleman asked Jerrold, referring to a friend.

"No; what's the matter?" said Jerrold.

"Why, I can assure you, she's a complete wreck."

"Then, I suppose," replied Jerrold, "he'll be the jolly-boat to put off from her!"

A Wife's Conjugal Sentiment.

If a woman would be always cared for, she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church. We're all angels while you're courting us; but, once married, how soon you pull our wings off!

Freedom.

Despair of freedom, even at the worst, is atheism to the goddess Liberty.

Public Dinners defined by a Wife.

"They get a lord or a duke, if they can catch him—anything to make people say they've dined with nobility, that's it—yes, they get one of these people, with a star perhaps on his coat, to take the chair, and to talk all sorts of sugar-plum things about charity, and to make foolish men with wine in 'em, feel that they've no end of money; and then—shutting their eyes to their wives and families at home—all the while that their own faces are red and flushed like poppies, they put their hand to paper, and afterwards into their pockets."

The True History of the World.

The history of the world is made of battles, conquests, the accessions and the deaths of kings, the doings of statesmen, and the tricks of law. This makes the vulgar story of the external world. Its deeper history is of the hearts, even of its lowest dwellers—of the ennobling impulses that swell them—of the unconquerable spirit of meekness which looks calmly upon terror, and turns even agony to patience.

A Fairy Spot.

A small quiet nook of a place nestled among trees, and carpeted with green around. And there a brook should murmur with a voice of out-door happiness; and a little garden brimming over with flowers should mark the days and weeks, and months, with bud and blossom; and the worst injuries of time be fallen leaves. And then, health in balm should come about my path, and my mind be as a part of every fragrant thing that shone and grew around me.

A Royal Prince in the Cradle.

He sleeps, and ceremony with stinted breath waits at

the cradle. How glorious that young one's destinies! How moulded and marked—expressly fashioned for the high delights of earth—the chosen one of millions for millions' homage! The terrible beauty of a crown shall clasp those baby temples—that rose-bud mouth shall speak the iron law—that little pulpy hand shall hold the sceptre and the ball. But now, asleep in the sweet mystery of babyhood—the little brain already busy with the things that meet us at the vestibule of life—for even then we are not alone, but surely have about us the hum and echo of the coming world—but now thus, and now upon a giddying throne! What grandeur—what intensity of bliss—what an almighty heritage to be born to—to be sent upon the earth, accompanied by invisible angels, to take possession of!

Humour under Difficulties.

A critic one day talked to Jerrold about the humour of a celebrated novelist, dramatist, and poet, who was certainly no humourist.

"Humour!" exclaimed Jerrold, "why he sweats at a joke, like a Titan at a thunderbolt!"

Matrimony and Freemasonry.

"Man and wife one, indeed! (exclaimed an indignant lady whose husband had just been made a Mason) I should like to know how that can be when a man's a Mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha! you men make the laws, and so you take care to have all the best of 'em to yourselves."

Good-Nature.

It seems to be so easy to be good-natured, I wonder any body takes the trouble to be anything else.

Homely Beauty.

Patty would never have been beautiful; born in down, and fed upon the world's honey-dew, she would have passed for nothing handsome; but she had in her countenance that kind of plainness to my mind better than any beauty Heaven has yet fashioned. Her sweet gentle thin face trembled with sensibility that sent its riches to her eyes, glittering for a moment there beyond all worth of diamonds. From earliest childhood she was made to read the hardest words—want, poverty—in the iron book of daily life; and the early teaching had given to her face a look of years beyond her age. With her, daily misery had anticipated time.

A Handsome Compensation.

When "Black-Eyed Susan" was in rehearsal at the Surrey Theatre, an important person—in his own estimation—strutted upon the stage, and speaking of Elliston, the Bacchanalian manager, exclaimed in an angry voice,—

"How is this? I can see a duke or a prime minister any time in the morning, but I can never see Mr. Elliston."

"There's one comfort," Jerrold replied, "if Elliston is invisible in the morning, he'll do the handsome thing any afternoon, by seeing you twice—for at that time of day he invariably sees double."

"What's in a Name?"

"I don't like the name of Lazarus (said an anxious parent discussing the usual topic preliminary to a christening), it's low, and doesn't sound genteel—not at all respectable."

Truth and Falsehood.

Truth is never a babe, and never a hag. As at the first, so at the last—full blown yet young; her eyes

lustrous through ages, and her lip ruddy and fresh as with the dews of Eden; upon her brow sits an eternity of beauty. Now Falsehood is born a puling, roaring thing: its very infancy is anticipative of its old age, and stamped with the grossness of mortality. Day by day it waxes bigger and stronger; has increase of reputation, crowds of clients; until at length its unrighteous hoariness makes it worshipped by multitudes for no other reason save this—it has gray hairs. And so the wrinkled wizard keeps his court, and works his mischief-dealing, paralyzing spells, until Truth, at some time, turns her sapphire eyes full upon him, and as a bubble at a finger's touch, Falsehood is gone.

Will-o'-the-Wisp Wealth.

We harass our reason to the utmost to arrive at wealth —and then, when we think we have built our nest for life, when we have lined it with wool, and gilded the outside, and taxed our fancy for our best ease—why, what comes of it? Molly, the housemaid, drops a lighted candle-snuff among the shavings—a cat carries a live coal from under the fire among the linen—the watchman springs his rattle, and, after a considerable time, engines play upon our ruin.

The Expression of a Skull.

Apart from association, the expression of a bare skull has, to ourselves at least, little in it serious: nay, there has always seemed to us a quaint cheerfulness in it. The cheek-bones look still puckered with a smile, as though contracted when it flung aside the mask of life, and caught a glimpse of the on-coming glory.

Irresponsible Burglary.

There is no Old Bailey (at least in this world) for the mighty men of the bully burglar, Mars.

Joke-Haters.

The sex—blessings on their honied hearts!—will forgive wrong, outrage, perjury sworn ten times deep, anything against their quiet, but a jest. Break a woman's heart, and she'll fit the pieces together, and, with a smile, assure the penitent that no mischief is done—indeed, and indeed, she was never better. Break a joke, light as water-bubble, upon her constancy, her magnanimity—nay, upon her cookery,—and take good heed; she declares war—war to the scissors.

The Man of Business.

A sort of human lurcher.

Honour among Thieves.

If there be, as we wish to believe, honour among thieves, sure we are it is alloyed with envy: a man with a hand like a ham cannot complacently view the snaky palm of a more perfect brother.

The Jokes of Justice.

Assuredly there is no place in which the very smallest joke goes so far as in a court of justice. There, a farthing's worth of wit is often taken as though it were an ingot.

The Lesson of the Garden.

A garden is a beautiful book, writ by the finger of God; every flower and every leaf is a letter. You have only to learn them—and he is a poor dunce that cannot, if he will, do that—to learn them, and join them, and then to go on reading and reading, and you will find yourself carried away from the earth to the skies by the beautiful story you are going through. You do not know what beautiful thoughts—for they are nothing short—grow out of the

ground, and seem to talk to a man. And then there are some flowers, they always seem to me like over-dutiful children: tend them ever so little, and they come up and flourish, and show, as I may say, their bright and happy faces to you.

Masks and Faces.

Poverty and humbleness of station may sit upon the middle benches; but wealth, and what is mouthed for respectability, must have cribs apart for themselves; must be considered Christian jewels to be kept in velvet boxes, lest they should catch the disease of lowliness by contact with the vulgar. Surely there are other masquerades than masquerades in halls and play-houses. For are there not Sabbath maskings, with naked faces for masks? How many a man has himself rolled to church, as though, like Elijah, he would go even to heaven in a carriage!

Adam's Salad.

There is no whet to the appetite like early dew; nothing for the stomach like grass and wild flowers, taken with a fasting eye at five in the morning. It was Adam's own salad, and that is why he lived to nine hundred and thirty.

Quarrels.

It seems to me that this blessed world will never want something to quarrel about, so long as there are two straws upon it.

Modern Acting.

Jerrold was told that a certain well-known tragedian was going to act Cardinal Wolsey.

Jerrold.—"Cardinal Wolsey!—Linsey Woolsey!"

Evil Thoughts.

The fiends that lie in wait for us need no charm to raise them—no mystic wand—no wizard's spell; the wickedness of thought is power sufficient. How often to think evil is to call a devil up to act it!

The Sabbath of the Universe.

It was a lovely day; there seemed a Sabbath peace on all things. The drudged horse stood meek and passive in the fields, patiently eyeing the passer-by, as though it felt secure of one day's holiday; the cows, with their large, kind looks, lay unmoved upon the grass; all things seemed taking rest beneath the brooding wings of heaven.

We have climbed the hill—have gained the churchyard, the dust of the living dust of generations. The bell is swinging still; and, turning on every side, from distant hamlets we see men, women, and children—age with its staff, and babyhood warm at the breast—all coming upward—upward to the church. Still they climb, and still from twenty opposite paths they come to strengthen and rejoice their souls in one common centre,—by bigotry's good leave, a fore-shadowing of that tremendous sabbath of the universe, when all men from all parts shall meet in Paradise.

The Tree of Genealogy.

It is with the tree of genealogy as with the oak of the forest; we may boast of the timbers it has given to a state vessel, but say nought of the three-legged stools, the broomsticks, and tobacco-stoppers made from the ends and chips.

Certain Reform.

To reform man is a tedious and uncertain labour: hanging is the sure work of a minute.

The Devil's Cunning.

The devil is a better judge than to carry away gold. It will do his work all the better left behind.

A Forced Smile.

His face galvanized into a smile.

A Woman's Eye.

That luminous concentration, that world of eloquent light—for how it talks!—a woman's eye.

The Wine-God.

Oh, wine, wine!—Bacchus, Bacchus! How often does excess of wine prevent the spark that might otherwise have cast its radiance far around! How often has the genius, drenched with grape, done nought, when working hard to scintillate, but blindly strike his own knuckles!

A Spare Man.

Jerrold said to a very thin man, "Sir, you are like a pin, but without the head or the point."

Love in Death.

Death takes fear from love, and, as I feel it, makes love stronger. I loved her when she was here, and must I not love her—still more love her—now she is an angel?

When Jerrold was living at Boulogne, he caught rheumatism in the eyes. He was attended by a coarse, brutal French doctor, who blistered him severely, to no purpose. Jerrold was in a dark room for several weeks, under the ineffectual treatment of this unpleasant practitioner. One

day the doctor was dressing the blister roughly, when his patient winced :—

"*Ce n'est rien—ce n'est rien!*" said the doctor. Presently some hot water was brought in for the doctor's hands. The doctor dipped his fingers into the basin, but withdrew them rapidly, with a loud exclamation. The water was nearly boiling. Jerrold could not resist the opportunity—ill as he was, he said to the scalded doctor, imitating his voice,

"*Ce n'est rien—ce n'est rien!*"

"The Lane" and the Law.

Chancery Lane! Behold a gentleman in glossy black, with pale and contemplative face, with half-closed lids, and eyes, hare-like, thrown back; he glances at an opposite arch, the entrance to a solemn hall, where nothing is heard save notes of sweetest sound—justice tinkling her golden scales! The arch, to common eyes, is built of coarsest stone: it is a piece of purest ivory, worthy to frame the looking-glass of Truth, whose silver-voiced sons pass rustling in and out, arrayed in her sable garb; for Truth, a milk-white virgin in the sky, became an Ethiop when she touched the earth; albeit, that these her children ofttimes deny the change, vowing the blackest black to be the whitest white. And in and out these goodly creatures pass—wisdom on their brows, hope in their eyes, and peace and love upon their lips. Their awful heads bear curled treasures, snatched from the manes and tails of steeds of Araby, whitened with powdered pearls, which Venus' self might weep for. The phœnix might nestle in one of these—by the profane illiterate denominated wigs—deeming it his chosen spicery.

A Picture of Misery.

With but one sixpence—and that begged from an old

acquaintance—in his pocket, houseless, hopeless, his coat in tatters, a ventilating rent in his breeches, melancholy eating his heart, a November sky, a November rain, and a hole in either shoe! Is not this an hour in which a man could lie down in a coffin as in a bed?—in which he could gather himself to sleep—wrap even a parish shroud about him, as he would wrap a warm great coat, compose his arms upon his breast, and then fall smiling off into death—smiling at the running, scraping, stamping, shuffling, still to continue over his head, by the lackeys, the flatterers, the debaters, the jugglers, of the world above?

Sleep.

Man sleeps. Oh, ye gentle ministers, who tune our dreaming brains with happy music—who feed the snoring hungry with apples fresh from Paradise—who take the fetters from the slave, and send him free as the wild antelope bounding past his hut—who make the hen-pecked spouse, though sleeping near his gentle tyrant, a lordly Turk—who write on the prison-walls of the poor debtor "Received in full of all demands"—whatever ye may be, wherever ye reside, we pray ye, for one short hour at least, cheat poor mortals!

The Ardent Admirer of Philosophy.

We will not roundly assert that he always understood the object of his admiration; but his devotion to it was no whit the less from his ignorance—nay, we question if it was not heightened by imperfect knowledge. Philosophy was his idol; and so the thing was called philosophy, he paused not to pry into its glass eyes, to question the paint smeared upon its cheeks, the large bead dangling from its nose, and its black and gilded teeth—not he; but down he fell upon his knees, and lifted up his simple

hands, and raised his pullet voice, and cried, "Divine philosophy!" What a fortunate thing that philosophy is so musical a word!

Luck.

Luck—mere luck—may make even madness wisdom.

"Jack's" Definition of the Height of Pride.

Proud as a mermaid with a new gold frame to her looking-glass.

"Breach of Promise."

A lady, being deserted by one man, has no other remedy than an appeal to twelve.

Bird-Catchers.

Mercenary naturalists.

"Seeing his Way."

The snail, that carries its eyes at the end of its horns, had not a more projective look. Seeing nothing, he could, to his own satisfaction, peer into the very essences of things.

The Broker.

The smooth-faced sworn functionary—he with universal judgment, who, on the sanctity of his oath, philosophically and arithmetically proves the worth of all things.

Stage Angels.

Happy, guileless little creatures—promoted from the vulgarity of mortal childhood to spirits of a heavenly order! Not banished to bed with the rooks and the lambs, but kept awake, curled and painted, to receive at

midnight the cheers and loud applause of an adult, discerning public.

The Law's Uncertainty.

Nothing is certain in this world, and more especially in that part of it known as Westminster Hall.

The Parish Doctor's Lamp.

Mars may have his planet, but give me what, in the spirit of the old mythology, might be made a star in heaven,—the night-lamp of the apothecary, who fights disease beside the poor man's bed, his only fee the blessing of the poor!

The Confidence of the Times.

Jerrold said, speaking of a young gentleman who had dared the danger of print before he could hold a razor,—

"Nowadays men think they're frogs before they're tadpoles."

True Beauty.

Beautiful are queens on thrones; but is there not a beauty (eternal as the beauty of the stars) in placid want, smiling with angel looks, and gathering holiest power, even from the misery that consumes it?

Cup and Saucer.

A gentleman, who was remarkable at once for Bacchanalian devotion and remarkably large and starting eyes, was, one evening, the subject of conversation. The question appeared to be, whether the gentleman in question wore upon his face any signs of his excesses.

"I think so," said Jerrold; "I always know when he has been in his cups by the state of his saucers."

Lucky and Unlucky Dogs.

I have often been struck by the inequality of fortune suffered by dogs. Here is one couched upon a pillow, fed with chicken, sweet biscuit, and new milk, caressed and combed, and decked with a silver collar—yea, sheltered like a baby from the wind and rain; and here is another, harnessed in a truck, fed with offal, or fed not at all—beat with the stick of a cruel master, or kicked with his iron heel.

The Accidents of Fortune.

Men often flourish for the very want of those merits for which they are accidentally rewarded.

Law Books.

Here, the stricken stranger, bleeding with his wrongs, may pause and read his glorious remedy. Here, the wan widow gathers hope for her just cause; and here, the orphan dries her sorrow, comforted by strong assertion. And here, the man hurt by some neighbour's tongue may learn if he be surely hurt or not. Survey the shelves—they bend with the weight of grave opinions,—and learn this further good, that to a single point there run a hundred opposite lines. Talk of venders of romance! Give us the window of a law-bookseller for the bloody tales of iron life.

A Reason for the Fall.

Jerrold said, "Eve ate the apple, that she might dress."

Caudle in the Veins.

Every woman, no matter how divinely composed, has in her ichor-flowing veins one drop, "no bigger than a wren's eye," of *Caudle*. Eve herself may now and then

have been guilty of a lecture, murmuring it balmily amongst the rose-leaves.

Maids of Honour.

Hapless images of ceremony—poor moving anatomies, with eyes that must not wink, tongues that must not speak, and, hardest tyranny of all, with mouths that must not yawn at the dull discipline that consumes them. Had I been a fairy wand, I would have changed them straight, have bestowed upon them the paradise of a three-legged stool, with a cow to milk beneath the odour-breathing hawthorn.

Poverty's Divinities.

Unseen are the divinities that, descending from garrets, tread the loud, foul, sordid, crawling highways of London. There is a something—a look of service in the aspect of some; a depression that elevates, a dogged air of courage, that speaks the fighting-man in poverty's battalions—an honourable, undisguised, threadbareness, that marks the old campaigner! Has not such poverty its genii—its attending spirits? Yes; a bloodless victory is its body-guard, and the tatter-bearer an angel.

Vanity Unmasked.

If dim-eyed Vanity would use the spectacles of Truth, she would at times see blood on her satins—on her brocades—on her lace—on every rich and glistening thread that hangs about her—blood. She would see herself a grim idol, worshipped by the world's unjust necessities, and, so beholding, would feel a quicker throb of heart, a larger compassion for her forced idolaters.

Unremitting Kindness.

"Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an

absent acquaintance; "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!"

"Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

The Little Great.

Poor small things, infinitely small in their imagined greatness; men who, like the maggot in a nut, feed and grow gross in darkness, unwitting of the world of light and beauty, without that petty shell of self that circles them!

Warm Friendships.

Some people were talking with Jerrold about a gentleman as celebrated for the intensity as for the shortness of his friendships.

"Yes," said Jerrold, "his friendships are so warm that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again."

The Green Room.

Malice, envy, and slander may be there; but say where are they not, and what an amaranthine bank that will be — what a halfway resting-place to heaven for human weariness!

The Marks of Time.

We do not always trust to the seeming marks of Time, knowing that, like an unjust tapster, he is now and then apt to score double.

The Roses of Life.

There are some people who are so happy, smelling and plucking the roses about them, that they never think of the slugs and creeping things that may be at their roots.

Human Fallibility.

The very best of us soil, ay, sooner than a bride's riband.

A Black Spot.

A place whose shadows are as griefs—whose dews are as misery.

The Soul.

The soul is at best as a trained hawk; let it fly as high as it will, there is its master, for the time, with his feet upon the earth; and straightway it drops from the clouds at his feet.

Confidence.

The first time Jerrold saw Tom Dibdin, the song-writer said to him,—

"Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?"

Jerrold.—"Oh! yes; I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

Suspicion.

Woman—bless her!—a thousand and a thousand times softens the ruggedness of fortune; nevertheless, she has now and then a knack of making bad worse by the force of ill-timed suspicion.

A Rock in the Sea.

The world's almanac, with ages in it, printed after ages; Time, solemn in the granite of a dead world, yet wearing on his sunny brow the flowers of the morning.

The Widow's Cap.

To kiss a woman in a widow's cap! Excuse human infirmity as we may, is there not very great presumption

in the act? Is it not greeting the handmaid of death?—Again, is there not something awful, freezing, in that white, chilling muslin, that sometimes surrounds the face of Venus with a frame of snow—that ices beauty for a twelvemonth? In the superstition of custom, we are prone to think the dead has yet some lien upon her—a year's hold at least.

The Delights of Jesting.

Take a sulky fellow with a brow ever wrinkled at the laughing hours, let them laugh never so melodiously—who looks with a death's-head at the pleasant fruits of the earth heaped upon his table—who leaves his house for business as an ogre leaves his cave for food—who returns home joyless and grim to his silent wife and creeping children—take such a man, and, if possible, teach him to joke. 'Twould be like turning a mandril into an Apollo. A hearty jest kills an ugly face.

A Poor Player.

The actor—that is, the mere word-speaker, who brings no great original mind to his task—is the jackdaw that, albeit innocent of the larceny, is always dressed in the feathered pens of authors.

The Impudence of Religion.

In the outside world of brazen brows, there is no impudence like the impudence of what men will call religion.

A Full Stop.

Even the tongue of a vain and jealous woman will stop—an invincible proof of the end of all mortal things.

Laughter.

O glorious laughter! thou man-loving spirit, that for

a time dost take the burden from the weary back—that dost lay salve to the feet, bruised and cut by flints and shards—that takest blood-baking melancholy by the nose, and makest it grin despite itself—that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present—that makest man truly philosophic—conqueror of himself and care. What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove, was nothing but a succession of laughs, a chromatic scale of merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus.

The Reputation of True Genius.

To some folks reputation comes with a gentle, divine approach. One has carved a Venus whose marble mouth would smile paralysis from Nestor; another has painted a picture and, with Promethean trick, has fixed a fire from heaven on the canvas; another has penned a book, and made tens of thousands of brains musical with divinest humanity—kings have no such music from cymbals, sackbut, and psaltery,—and to each of them Reputation comes silently, like a fairy through their study key-hole. They quaff renown refined, cold-drawn, cold as castor-oil; and, if they be true philosophers, they will swallow it as a thing no less medicinal.

Contentment.

Contentment is the prettiest thing in the world; it saves people such a deal of trouble. 'Tis an excellent thing—a beautiful invention for the lower orders; and then it's so easy for them to obtain—easy as their own bacon, milk, and eggs. But with high folks, who are constantly troubled with a thousand things, contentment would be as out of place as a gipsy in a court suit.

Advice to the Young.

Jerrold said to an ardent young gentleman, who burned with a desire to see himself in print, "Be advised by me, young man: don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

Beauty.

Beauty! it's like a guinea; when it's once changed at all, it's gone in a twinkling.

An Independent Voter and his Wife.

Mrs. Nutts.—Often when the children want things, Nutts will have the money for the taxes, to preserve what he calls his independent vote. And for years and years—no matter how I've been pinched—he has preserved it. And what's the good on it? Independence! I don't blame anybody for being independent when they can afford it; then it's right and respectable. Otherwise, it's a piece of extravagance beyond poor people.

Nutts.—Now, my dear, if you'll let alone my politics, I'll promise not to interfere with your turnip-tops: and I'm sure, if turnip-tops can speak, I heard 'em just now crying out for you to come and pick 'em in the kitchen. A cleverer woman at greens never lived; but for all that, my dear, you are not quite up to the House of Commons. —(*Mrs. Nutts looks an unspoken repartee, and whisks out.*)

Sisters of Charity.

Excellent women! Creatures preserved from all the hurry, all the sordid coarseness of life, to be the simple almoners of human-kindness.

A Purgatory of Fleas.

If all our faults, our little tricks, our petty cozenings, our bo-peep moods with truth and justice, could be sent upon us in the blankets, all embodied in fleas, how many of us with lily skins would get up spotted scarlet!

Indirect Motion.

I have found that, with some natures, it would pain and perplex their moral anatomy to move direct to an object. Like snakes, they seem formed to take pleasure in indirect motion: with them the true line of moral beauty is a curve.

Physiognomy in Bricks and Mortar.

There is a physiognomy in houses, at least such is my belief. Sure I am, I have seen houses with a swaggering hat-a-cock sort of look; whilst other habitations have seemed to squint and leer wickedly from the corners of the windows.

Poetry.

The poetic spirit—for what is hope but the poetry of daily life?—will touch the coarsest soul that answers, like a harp-string to the wind, unconscious of the power that stirs it.

Flowers.

The penny—the ill-spared penny—for it would buy a wheaten roll—the poor housewife pays for a root of primrose, is her offering to the hopeful loveliness of nature; is her testimony of the soul struggling with the blighting, crushing circumstance of sordid earth, and sometimes yearning towards earth's sweetest aspects. Amidst the

violence, the coarseness, and the suffering that may surround and defile the wretched, there must be moments when the heart escapes, craving for the innocent and lovely; when the soul makes for itself, even of a flower, a comfort and a refuge.

The Battle of Poverty.

Great are the odds against poverty in the strife. How often is the poor man, the compelled Quixote, made to attack a windmill in the hope that he may get a handful of the corn that it grinds? and many and grievous are his buffets ere the miller—the prosperous fellow with the golden thumb—rewards poor poverty for the unequal battle.

The Religion of Show.

There are a good many pious people who are as careful of their religion as of their best service of china, only using it on holiday occasions, for fear it should get chipped or flawed in working-day wear.

The Cap of Liberty.

The only cap of liberty, since in it men one-third of their lives visit the land of sleep—the only land where all men are equal—the veritable cap of liberty is the nightcap.

Respectability and Debt.

Respectability is all very well for folks who can have it for ready money; but to be obliged to run in debt for it—it's enough to break the heart of an angel.

Genius Groping in the Dark.

It is only the vulgar mind that thinks to win its fortune along the broad highway of life in clearest day; the nobler

genius, hugging itself in its supremacy, searches pits and holes, with this sustaining creed, that though the prize acquired be not really of half the worth to that picked up in open light, it has to the finder a double value, because obtained in secrecy and gloom.

A Short Cut to Popularity.

I am certain that the shortest cut to popularity of some sort, is to do something desperate. A dull, stupid fellow that pays his way and does harm to nobody—why he may die off like a fly in November, and be no more thought of. But only let him do some devil's deed—do a bit of murder as coolly as he'd pare a turnip,—and what he does and what he says: whether he takes coffee, or brandy and water; when he sleeps, and when he wakes, when he smiles and when he grinds his teeth—all of this is put down as if all the world went upon his movements, and couldn't go on without knowing 'em.

Manchester Men.

Two or three provincial gentlemen—I knew them at once to be Manchester men—were grouped together, staring at the giraffes in the Zoological Gardens.

"Handsome creatures!" cried the most enthusiastic; "very handsome; beautiful colours, too, arn't they?"

"Humph!" observed another, staring at the spots on the skin, "beautiful; but I—I wonder if they're *fast!*"

Profiting by the Dead.

Out upon the vile and sordid matters blighting this beautiful, this liberal world, that self-promotion should ever be sought upon the coffin-plates of our neighbours!

London out of Season

Is for all the world like a fine lady in an undress gown, with all her paint wiped off.

Soldiers.

Looked at as they ought to be, they are to the world but as poppies to corn-fields.

Patience.

Patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant Despair.

Bishop Philpotts.

What a lawyer was spoiled in that bishop! What a brain he has for cobwebs! How he drags you along through sentence after sentence—every one a dark passage—until your head swims, and you can't see your finger close to your nose!

The Cup of Patience.

What a goblet! It is set round with diamonds from the mines of Eden; it is carved by angelic hands, and filled at the eternal fount of goodness.

Exeter Hall.

What a blessing is Exeter Hall! What a safety-valve it is for the patriotism, and indignation, and scorn, and hatred—and all other sorts of public virtues—that but for it, or some such place, would fairly burst so many excellent folks, if they couldn't go and relieve their swelling souls with a bit of talk! As it is, they speechify and are saved!

An Exception to a Rule.

Whenever a man exclaims that all mankind are villains, be assured that he contemplates an instant offer of himself as an exception.

The Family of Stand-Still.

There's a sort of people in the world that can't bear

making any progress. I wonder they ever walk, unless they walk backwards! I wonder they don't refuse to go out when there's a new moon; and all out of love and respect for that "ancient institution"—the old one.

A Word with a Beggar on Horseback.

When a man gets to the top of the hill by honesty, he deserves to be taken by the neck and hurled down again, if he's ashamed to turn about and look at the lowly road along which he once travelled.

Theatrical "Stars."

I knew a pork-butcher who gave it out that he fattened all his pigs upon pine-apples; he sold them for what price he liked, and people, having bought the pigs, swore they could taste the pine-apple flavour. It's much the same with many of the "stars;" managers have only to declare that they give 'em ten, twenty, or fifty pounds a night, and the sagacious public proportion their admiration to the salary received.

A Railway Speculator.

He had as many lines in his face as there are lines laid down. Every one of his features seemed cut up, and all seemed travelling from one another. Six months since he hadn't a wrinkle, and now his face was like the map of England.

The National Gallery.

Corner-Cupboard Hall, a tenement known by courtesy as the National Gallery!

Not so Bad as She seems.

We slander Fortune; because the wise and bountiful creature will not let us at all times and in all places have

our wicked will of her; like unprincipled rakes, we take poor revenge by calling her naughty names.

Rapid Fortunes.

Fortunes made in no time are like shirts made in no time—it's ten to one if they hang long together.

Man's Blindness.

What a mole-eyed thing is man! How he crucifies himself with vain thoughts—how he stands upon tiptoe, straining his eye-strings, trying to look into the future, when at that moment the play is over—the show is done.

Nobility in Suffering.

Nobly suffered, injuries undeserved do sit as graces.

Beauty's Alloy.

Every rose has its thorn: you never find a woman without pins and needles.

Poverty's Darts.

Of all the arrows shot at our miserable nature, is there one that is not made the keener if whetted on the poor man's hearth?

Outward Signs.

The names of houses are for the world outside. When folks read "Rose Cottage" on the wall, they seldom think of the lots of thorns that are inside.

Post-Mortem Rewards.

It's a great comfort to great men, who, when in this world, are thought very small indeed, to think how big they'll be upon earth, after they've gone to heaven—a comfort for 'em, when they may happen to want a coat,

to think of the suit of bronze or marble that kings and queens will afterwards give 'em!

Death.

Death is a slow paymaster, but the surest.

"It will do you no Good."

How often is this belief the barren satisfaction of hungry virtue! How often does famishing innocence, watching the wicked feeders of the world—the gorbellied varlets, with mouths greasy with the goods of cheated worth—find comfort in the belief that it will do them no good! Lean virtue shakes the head and cries, "It will do you no good," and rapine still keeps greasy in the face, still grows "a finger on the ribs."

Billiard-Balls.

I have seen mountains of cannon-balls, to be shot away at churches, and into people's peaceful habitations, breaking the china and nobody knows what; but there's not one of 'em (thinks the ill-used wife) can do half the mischief of a billiard-ball. That's a ball that's gone through many a wife's heart, to say nothing of her children. When once a man is given to playing billiards, the devil 's always tempting him with a ball, as he tempted Eve with an apple.

The Struggles of Genius.

There is a golden volume yet to be written on the first struggles of forlorn genius in London—magnificent, miserable, ennobling, degrading London. If all who have suffered would confess their sufferings—would show themselves in the stark, shivering squalor in which they first walked her streets—would paint the wounds which first bled in her garrets—what a book might be placed in the

hands of pride! what stern wholesome rebukes for the selfish sons of fortune! what sustaining sweetness for the faint of spirit! How often should we find the lowly comforting the high—the ignorant giving lessons to the accomplished—the poor of earth aiding and sustaining the richly-endowed!

Great Things from Small.

A learned philosopher, at the cost of some words, sets forth the useful lesson he acquired through "an augmenting-glass, or microscope," showing how a certain vilest animal, "setting himself to wrestle with a flea, was so incensed that his blood ran down from head to foot, and from foot to head again!" True philosopher! who from the bickerings of small despised animals, extracts bitter wisdom, learns surer self-government, than the unthinking million carry from a dog-fight, yea, from a bull-bait!

Union is Strength.

When some women get talking, they club all their husbands' faults together; just as children club their cakes and apples, to make a common feast for the whole set.

Something to Love.

The human heart has of course its pouting fits; it determines to live alone; to flee into desert places; to have no employment, that is, to love nothing; but to keep on sullenly beating, beating, beating, until death lays his little finger on the sulky thing, and all is still. It goes away from the world, and straightway, shut from human company, it falls in love with a plant, a stone—yea, it dandles cat or dog, and calls the creature darling. Yes, it is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.

The Oldest Inhabitant.

There is something solemn in the oldest inhabitant: he is the link between the dead and the living; in the course of nature the next to be called from among us; his place immediately supplied by a second brother. Generations have gone, passed into the far world, and left him here their solitary spokesman—the one witness of the wonders that had birth among them. He remains here to check the vanity of the present by his testimony to the past. Where would be all human experience without the oldest inhabitant?

The Perils of Authorship.

Books! their worth is a matter of fancy, say of weakness, to the weaker part of mankind; they have no standard value, none at their birth. Hence the unknown maker of a book—I speak especially of the time when I first sinned in ink—is a sort of gipsy in the social scale; a picturesque vagabond, who somehow or the other contrives to live on the sunny side of the statutes; but is nevertheless vehemently suspected of all sorts of larceny by respectable householders.

How to Know a Man.

The sharp employ the sharp. Verily, a man may be known by his attorney.

Diamonds.

A diamond is a diamond, though you shall put it on the finger of a beggar. Only that on the finger of a beggar, nobody would believe it to be a diamond. Does not mendicant genius every day offer the "precious jewel in its head" for sale, and yet, because the holder is mendicant,

does not the world believe the jewel to be of no value? Men have died with jewels in their brains; and not until the men were dead, were the gems owned to be of the true water.

Wordsworth—Poet Laureate.

Sad work this! Very melancholy, that bay leaves should be pinched from the garland of the poet, and only to give flavour to a court-custard!

The Debtor.

In England, Hesperian soil! the debtor wears no slavish yoke, loses no limb, is fixed to no stake, bears no ignominious impress. No, in this our happy country, where Law is the bright babe begotten by Wisdom upon Justice, the debtor is only—skinned alive!

The London "Directory."

The riches of India—the spices of the Moluccas—blaze and are fragrant in the pages of the "Directory." It awakens in us recollections of bold discoverers, hardy enterprise, cunning invention, patient toil; and all for the wide family of England, not for the tyrannous and haughty few, made tyrannous by the sense of exclusive enjoyment. The "forked animal" man cons the page of the "Directory," and sees a thousand merchants offering ten thousand triumphs won by the ingenuity, the skill, the labour, and daring of his kind. He reads the name and abode of a dealer in oil, and he thinks of the bold mariner, harpooning the leviathan amidst Polar ice. A "grocer" in the next line sends his thoughts far, far away among the mandarins. A "tallow-chandler," and he is riding in the Baltic, that the good folks at home may not go to bed without a candle.

Character.

Character flies. Yes, it has wings; and, of course, the lighter it is, the quicker it goes.

The Soldier's Death in Battle.

That soft delicious bed, with Death the maker—the bed of glory.

The Dignity of Costs.

The hangman flourishes his whip; the attorney scourges with costs. To make justice cheap would doubtless make her contemptible: she is therefore dignified by expense; made glorious by the greatness of costs.

Worth Nothing.

When a man tells the world he is worth nothing, the world always takes him at his own valuation.

Dead Trees.

Eloquently doth a dead tree preach to the heart of man; touching its appeal from the myriad forms of life bursting about it! Yes, the dead oak of a wood, for a time, gives wholesome check to the heart, expanding and dancing with the vitality around. In its calm aspect, its motionless look, it works the soul to solemn thought, lifting it upwards from the earth.

Everlasting Truth.

Beautiful truth! never young and never old; but keeping, through all change and all time, its bloom and grace of Paradise, even to the Judgment.

The Downfall of England.

Beautiful is the blending of the patriot with the stoic!

Whenever England is destroyed—and considering how often this calamity has occurred, the British lion ought certainly to give place to the British cat—her political Jeremiahs neither rend their Saxony nor sprinkle ashes on their bursting heads; but straightway ship their woes, and steam to a tavern.

"England, beloved England"—cries our modern patriot—"is wiped from the world! Waiter, some Burgundy!"

The Spirit of Wealth.

When people make money without earning it, it's like taking a lot of spirits at one draught. It gets into their head, and they don't know what they're about. There's a tipsiness of the pocket as well as of the stomach.

Confidence—taken from the French.

On the first night of the representation of one of Jerrold's pieces, a successful adaptator from the French rallied him on his nervousness. "I," said the adaptator, "never feel nervous on the first night of my pieces."

"Ah, my boy," Jerrold replied, "*you* are always certain of success. Your pieces have all been tried before."

Billiard Sharpers.

There are fellows who go every day into billiard-rooms to get their dinners, just as a fox sneaks into a farm-yard to look about him for a fat goose.

A Beautiful Child.

A lady one day spoke to Jerrold about the beauty of an infant. In the enthusiasm of her affection she said:

"Really, I cannot find words to convey to you even a faint idea of its pretty ways."

"I see," Jerrold replied, "it's a child more easily conceived than described."

Virtue with Claws.

Virtue 's a beautiful thing in women, when they don't go about, like a child with a drum, making all sorts of noises with it. There are some women who think virtue was given them as claws were given to cats—to do nothing but scratch with.

Painted Charms.

Of a celebrated actress who, in her declining days, bought charms of carmine and pearl-powder, Jerrold said, "Egad! she should have a hoop about her, with a notice upon it, 'Beware of the paint.'"

Bubble Schemes.

They're like treacle to flies: when men are well in them, they can't get out of them; or if they do, it's often without a feather to fly with.

The Ruling Passion.

Everybody seems for turning their farthings into double sovereigns, and cheating their neighbours of the balance.

A Suggestive Pair of Greys.

Jerrold was enjoying a drive one day with a well-known —a jovial spendthrift.

"Well Jerrold," said the driver of a very fine pair of greys, "what do you think of my greys?"

"To tell you the truth," Jerrold replied, "I was just thinking of your duns!"

The Most Finished Gentleman in Europe.

Every Englishman felt very proud indeed of this best-wigged monarch of history, when he assured himself that George IV. was "the most finished gentleman in Europe." He died; and having controlled the violence of our grief, we must even at this moment award him the like character, merely defrauding him, to speak in the slang of the day, of two syllables:—hence, for "finished gentleman," read "finished gent."

The River Styx.

He is the wisest man in the world who loves nothing. Did you ever hear of the river Styx? One dip in it makes a man invulnerable to all things; stones, arrows, bludgeons, swords, bullets, cannon-balls. It would save a good deal in regimentals, if the soldiers might bathe there. So much for Styx upon the outward man; but I have often thought it would be a capital thing if people could take it inwardly; if they could drink Styx, like the Bath waters. A course or two, and the interior of a man would then be insensible of foolish weakness. But you would never get the women to drink it.

Election Compliments.

How unfit must be the man for the duties of his office—for the trials that in the House of Commons he must undergo—if he cannot, properly and respectfully, receive at the hands of an enlightened constituency, any quantity of mud, any number of eggs or potatoes! No, I look upon eggs and potatoes as, I may say, the corner-stones of the constitution.

The Man of the World.

To praise a man for knowledge of the world is often to

commend him only for his knowledge of its dirty lanes and crooked alleys. Any fool knows the broad paths—the squares of life.

"How did you know I ever had a Wife?"

You look as if you had; there is a sort of married mark upon some people—a sort of wedding-ring mark—just like the mark of a collar.

Slugs and Slander.

Slugs crawl and crawl over our cabbages, like the world's slander over a good name. You may kill them, it is true; but there is the slime—there is the slime.

Music at an Election.

There is nothing like music to bring folks up to the poll. Fools are always led by the ears.

Mother Earth.

The earth, like dear old Eve, is always a mother to us; whereas when men deal with men, how often do they go to work like so many Cains and Abels, only they use thumping lies instead of clubs.

Money.

Scholars, when they want to raise man above the monkey—heaven forgive the atheists!—call him a laughing animal, a tool-making animal, a cooking animal. They have all missed the true description; they should call him a coining animal.

Lying in State.

Ostrich feathers,—Genoa velvet,—and an "unparalleled coffin!!!" Well, when we remember what coffin held at

the best, such a show is rightly named; it is "*Lying* in State," and nothing better.

May-day.

To-day is May-day. Did ever God walk the earth in finer weather? And how gloriously the earth manifests the grandeur of the Presence! How its blood dances and glows in the splendour! It courses the trunks of trees, and is red and golden in their blossoms. It sparkles in the myriad flowers, consuming itself in sweetness. Every little earth-blossom is as an altar burning incense. The heart of man, creative in its overflowing happiness, finds or makes a fellowship in all things. The birds have passing kindred with his winged thoughts. He hears a stranger, sweeter triumph in the skyey rapture of the lark; and the cuckoo—constant egotist!—speaks to him from the deep, distant wood, with a strange, swooning sound. All things are living, a part of him. In all he sees and hears a new and deep significance. In that green pyramid, row above row, what a host of flowers! How beautiful, and how rejoicing! What a sullen soulless thing the great pyramid to that blossoming chestnut! How different the work and workmen! A torrid monument of human wrong, haunted by flights of ghosts that not ten thousand thousand years can lay—a pulseless carcase built of sweat and blood to garner rottenness. And that pyramid of leaves grew in its strength, like silent goodness, heaven blessing it: and every year it smiles, and every year it talks to fading generations. What a congregation of spirits—spirits of the spring!—is gathered, circle above circle, in its blossoms; and verily they speak to man with blither voice than all the tongues of Egypt.

School Girls.

Dear little things! we never see their line of bonnets,

that we do not drop plump and fathom down in contemplation. We ask it of Time—sweet little girls! where, at this moment, are your husbands? How many of them are playing at top, wholly thoughtless of the blessings blossoming for them? How many trundle the hoop, and dream not of the wedding-ring that even now may be forged for them? How many fly their long-tailed kites, without a thought of coming curl-papers? How many, heedless of the precious weight of matrimony, are taught to "knuckle down," like boys at marble?

Evening.

The day is closed, for evening has stolen, like a pensive thought, upon us; the moon hangs, a silver shield in heaven, and the nurse nightingale sings to the sleeping flowers.

Boarding-Schools.

We know not how it is, but we have always felt a particular respect for boarding-schools for young ladies. We have a knack of looking upon such abiding-places as great manufactories of the domestic virtues—as the salt-cellars of a vain and foolish world. We are, moreover, prone to consider them as towers and castles—whence (as in the precious old times) young ladies walk forth, their accomplishments breaking like sunbeams about them, to bless, elevate, and purify ungrateful, wayward, earthy man.

The Smiling Sun.

The sun seems to smile more sweetly on truth flourishing in beauty.

Theory and Practice.

Man, as a lover, professes to admire the theory of knowledge in all its matters of filigree. As a husband, he

demands the sternness of practice. He who with his affianced will talk of mounting to the stars, when married will expect his wife to descend to the affairs of the kitchen.

Yes and No.

For good or evil, the giants of life.

Man's Vulnerable Point.

From the very weakness of woman may we expect the greater strength. The weapons to subdue man are not to be found in the library, but in the kitchen! The weakest part of the crocodile is his stomach. Man is a crocodile.

A Slight Difference.

Jerrold was describing the sordid avarice of a certain Hebrew bill-discounter. He said: "The only difference between Moses —— and Judas Iscariot is that Moses would have sold our Saviour for more money."

Flax and Laurel.

This fellow, with a lacquer look of false mirth, lived for a month and more on counterfeit half-crowns, his own base-begotten copper ones. He is badged, and chained, and stamped most infamous. Be it so. He wears in his cap the sprig of flax: his garland is of hempen make. And now we open the book of history. Here in a few years are twenty false half-crown coiners; but then their own crowns are gold—crowns, placed upon their consecrated heads by sweet religion. Yet only to think of the copper they have put off upon the unwary as the true metal—as coined wealth. But then, again, they poured it in a shower

upon thousands, and did not, with felon aspect, sidle to a counter, with one base bit to rob a baker of a roll. And so, one crowned counterfeitmonger shall be called the Great; he shall wear the laurel, and the half-crown felon bear the flax.

The Book of Glory.

The leaves smell of rottenness. And yet how beautifully they are written, and flourished over, and illuminated with colours celestial. Here is a man, crowned, sceptred, robed, and called the Great. And wherefore? Feigning a wrong, he broke into ten thousand thousand houses; and as no divine constabulary thought fit to arrest him, the mightiness of his mischief was the measure of his fame. He is crowned with laurel, and called the Great. Surely there is a school whereat angels might minister as teachers; a school with only one lesson to be taught, and that the proper way to spell that mis-spelt syllable "great." How many centuries have we boggled at it; the devils themselves enjoying our miserable dunce hood!

Babyhood.

We are profoundly convinced that the first year of a child's life is the most tremendously important of any succeeding twelvemonth, though the creature shall number threescore and ten. Consider the blank sheet of paper with which the head of every baby, according to the philosopher, is lined. Think of it, and shudder when you see nurses and nursemaids writing their pothooks and hangers upon it, as though they wrote with rolling-pins, or, at the best, wooden skewers! Poor human papyrus! How many after-scratchings and cuttlefish-rubbings it shall take to scratch and rub out the marks—that, after all, may never wholly be effaced, but remain dingy and dark under snow-white hairs!

England's Wooden Walls.

Did you ever, on a summer's day, rocked and dreaming on the shining sea, look upon those well-sung walls, until, the fancy working, they have returned to their first green life? The oak has budded, the masts have been hung and garlanded with leaves! Again, when the last autumn gust is blowing, the last ere winter strikes in, growling his rattling joy, and the oaks, like uncrowned kings, stand all new, yet proud in their disgrace—still steaming, have you, then, changed oaks to ships, that with a thought, the wood has swum? Once more: when spring has tipped the youthful oaks with green, have you, with fantasy leaping from your heart, wooed thence by the simple odour of the earth, smelling of unblown violets—have you felt the pagan thought, that haply with these tender leaves, born of the acorn, child of a parent, swimming in the sea, there went forth some strange intelligence with old forefather oaks, exiled and floating in the Indian main?

The Growth of a Ship.

This piece of ship anatomy was a few months since the home of singing birds; and its green leaves danced and twinkled to their music. And now, though stripped and seeming dead, it will live a gallant life; it will feel a noble sympathy with giant being; it will pulsate to the billow; it will be a portion of a living ship; a beautiful and fearful thing, full-breasted, robed in flowing snow; a thing where grace and mightiness marry, and are indivisibly harmonized. The growth of a ship! The growth of a human thing! Why, it is alike. The earth and sky—all the elements have done their ministering, nursing the primal germ. And then as the babe is to the man, so is the timber to the craft. The child becomes an honest

trader, or a sinful thief. The oak swims as a merchant, or plunders as a buccaneer.

Eve's First Sin.

How fortunate for the success of man that woman first pressed her pearls in that apple! For ever since—shocked by that original wrong inflicted upon us—we have eaten *our* apple with a proud defiance. Peeling it with a golden knife, and giving the mere outside—the tough dull rind—to the weaker creature, we have magnanimously remembered to take all the best of the pulp to ourselves.

The Strength of Woman.

Is it not wonderful that, down to the present time, women have really never discovered their own tremendous strength? They have only to be of one accord, and in some hundred years at most, the human race would fade clean from the earth, fade like an old multiplication sum from a schoolboy's slate. And this truth is either so profound, that, like a well sunk to the antipodes, woman is afraid to look into it—her little head would turn so giddy at the very brink—or, by some accident, it is one of the wells of truth (and she has many) that Rebecca has not yet discovered.

The Birth of a Prince.

Hark to the guns! A strange fashion to welcome a little wayfarer from the stars with such thundering music. Unconscious little traveller! but half an hour arrived at this caravanserai from a far-off home of mystery! An immortal jewel set in a piece of clay!—An eternal gem shut up for a while in a casket of red earth!

The Sculptor's Reward.

For two years his heart has been pulsating in that bit of marble, whence by degrees the wings of Cupid have unfolded themselves—that crystal lump of stone has warmed with his daily doings, into winged life. The arms and legs break from the block—the body throbs from it—the clustering ringlets are shaken out—and the soul dawns upon the Cupid's face, as light steals upon a lily.

Birthdays.

Men celebrate their birthdays as only so many victories over Time, with not a recollection of the many good and gentle hopes and thoughts they may have wounded or destroyed in the battle.

A Base One.

A friend was one day reading to Jerrold an account of a case in which a person named Ure was reproached with having suddenly jilted a young lady to whom he was engaged.

"Ure seems to have turned out to be a base 'un," said Jerrold.

A "Diamond in the Sky."

A new star is discovered—another diamond upon the frontlet of eternity, and unborn millions are inheritors of the glory of its knowledge.

The Height of Depravity.

A gentleman of a somewhat ardent temperament paid great attention to his pretty servant in the absence of his wife. The good wife, before leaving London, had made a store of pickles and preserves, that were to adorn her

table till the following year. But the husband, taking Time vigorously by the forelock, shared the sweets of the year with the temporary object of his affections. When the wife returned, the pickle-jars were empty.

"Conceive his baseness, my dear," said the injured wife to a female friend,—"he not only destroyed my peace of mind, but with a depravity that makes one shudder, he actually ate all my pickles."

In the following spring Jerrold met the husband and wife in Covent Garden Market, walking lovingly.

Jerrold—pointing to a sieve of young walnuts—"Going to do anything in this way this year?"

The Tongue of Rumour.

Tubal Cain must have turned pale when he first tried the scale upon the first trumpet made for Rumour, who, when the world was thinly peopled, could do all she willed by unassisted sound of mouth.

A Perfect Explanation.

Speaking of an ex-publican, a friend said to Jerrold:—

"My dear fellow, he has no head."

"That's easily explained," Jerrold replied; "he gave it all away with his porter."

A Pug Nose.

One of those charming, almost eatable pugs; dear little knobs, especially made for men to hang their hearts, like hats, upon.

Boz's Boswell.

Some friends were talking with Jerrold about an eminent litterateur, who was a devoted admirer, and constant companion, of Charles Dickens.

"In fact," said one of the friends, "he is to Dickens what Boswell was to Johnson."

"With this difference," Jerrold replied, "that —— —— doesn't do the Boz well."

A Poor-law Officer.

A worthy who holds the coin of the parish as "the instrumental parts of his religion;" a man who can nose a pauper as a bloodhound snuffs a runaway African.

The Author of "Ion."

"Well, Talfourd," said Jerrold, on meeting the late eminent judge and author one day near Temple Bar, "have you any more Ions in the fire?"

The Order of Literature.

Literature has its order; and bitterly, most bitterly, do those who, forgetful of its true dignity, seek for extraneous importance in the masquerade of fortune—bitterly do they expiate the treason. For to them it is but a masquerade; a finery to be worn too often with an aching heart; a finery to be in part paid for by misery and moral degradation.

The Estate of the Mind.

There are estates in this merry England held by single owners—estates which a good horseman could scarcely cover between sunrise and sunset. How glorious the scenes! What majestic woods—temples for time itself! What bright and bounteous waters! What hills, golden and waving with the triumphs of the sower! What varying richness of hill, dale, forest, and flood! And all this belongs to one man. But are there no other estates

as true (albeit not as tangible) as the earthly domain of the earthly noble? Give him a few sheets of paper, and in a few days or weeks a noble of another sort will create a domain which neither scrivener can convey nor usurer seize upon. Here are woods never to be overthrown by gambler's dice—corn-fields and meadows that defy the ace of trumps, ay, all the honours, let them be packed and shuffled with the rarest delight. Eternity alone can foreclose upon them.

An Honest Benedict.

He loved his wife in a plain, straightforward fashion; and as he was never lavishly tender to her before company, there is the greater reason to believe that he was neither savage nor silent to her when alone. For some married folks will keep their love like their jewelry, for the eyes of the world; thinking it too fine and too precious to wear every day at their fireside.

The Dignity of Letters.

There are men who in their souls would still wear the liveries of titled wealth; men who would degrade and falsify the glorious attributes which God has bestowed upon them, by aping the adventitious distinctions of the mere purse. It is not enough for them that they are endowed with the noblest, the proudest quality of the human intellect—a power to arrest and dignify the mind of the world—that they are enabled to hold a glorious communion with their species, making to themselves in ten thousand hearts, and from the solitude of their chambers awakening, the finest sympathies of life: this glorious prerogative is not sufficient; no, they must doff their *Prospero's* gown, lay down the charming-rod, and become —men of fashion!

A Young Lady's Description of a Storm at Sea.

The sun went down like a bale of dull fire, in the midst of smearing clouds of red-currant jam. The wind began to whistle worse than any of the lowest orders of society in a shilling gallery. Every wave was suddenly as big and high as Primrose Hill. The cords of the ship snapped like bad stay-laces. No best Genoa velvet was ever blacker than the firmament, and not even the voices of the ladies calling for the stewardess, were heard above the orchestral crashing of the elements.

A Runaway Knock.

Douglas Jerrold describing a very dangerous illness from which his daughter had just recovered, said—"Ay, sir, it was a runaway knock at Death's door, I can assure you."

Woman's Protection.

How beautifully has Nature, or Fashion, or whatever it may be, ordained that woman should never be without pins. Even as Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow woman with pins; a sharp truth not all unknown to the giddy and frolicsome.

A Happy Suggestion.

When Jenny Lind gave a concert to the Consumption Hospital, the proceeds of which concert amounted to £1,776. 15*s*., and were to be devoted to the completion of the building, Jerrold suggested that the new part of the hospital should be called "The Nightingale's Wing."

A Consoling Thought.

There is no trouble, however great, that has not in the

core of its very greatness some drop of comfort; for the human heart, like a bee, will gather honey from poisonous blossoms.

Local Acts.

The statutes are too often the beautiful fictions, whilst local acts are the wicked realities of English government. The law of the land is a fine, gracious, humanizing presence; but, unfortunately, there is a smart, shrivelled, malign-eyed imp, called Local Act, active and most potent in all sorts of mischief.

The Drum Drummed Out.

Mighty is the drum, raising as it does a lust of glory in the Christian's heart, stirring him to slaughter, and making bloodshed beautiful; sending him forth a terrible reaper in the fields of carnage, and smearing him with human gore as earth's best painting! And yet the drum —though beat by a destroying angel—sounds not so musical to us as the panting and snorting of the railway-engine. The piston is a more noble weapon than the sword—the whirl and rush and thunder of the train grander, more truly sublime, more suggestive of all that ennobles man in his purest thoughts and deepest sympathies towards his fellow, than the tramp and measured step of glistening thousands, shaking the earth they too soon are about to defile with fire and sword.

A Life of Repose.

An existence to which the tongue of woman becomes silent as echo, when not spoken to. Dear Echo! that, lady like, always has the last word.

A Pauper.

What a concentration of all human infamy is in the

word! What an object for English respectability to shun, to flee, to pluck its purple robe from, to look warily at its fine linen ruffle, lest the leper should have jostled against it and left some mortal abomination there!

The Engineer.

The engineer is in our eyes something more humanizing than the soldier: borne onward by the sublime energy of the thing of his creation; harnessing, so to speak, the very elements to his use, and checking and controlling them as might some magician of a fairy tale, he sweeps from place to place, distributing in his way all the gentler influences of civilization, and knitting more closely together the family of man, by teaching them the strength, the value, and what is more than all, the abounding peacefulness of a wise union.

The Virtues of the Kitchen.

In this our harlequin-coloured life, no young lady knows to what far land fate may call her. The first mandarin of the first peacock's feather—the sultan of both the Turkeys—the emperor of Morocco—each may be caught by his national dish; and therefore no young woman's education should be thought complete who had not made a Cook's voyage round the globe.

The Virtues of Brass.

The sympathies of human nature are mysteriously touched by the sounds of a trumpet; brass is the greatest essential to human civilization. The trumpet is at once the voice of pomp and of imposture. It cries forth the glory of a crown and publishes the whereabout of a fire-eater. It is in its excellence the music that keeps the civilized world together. It has a voice that calls upon

all hearts, whether the thing to be seen is a royal procession or a wax-work. What would be a monarchy without its trumpets? Verily, a dumb peacock.

The Charm of Progress.

We would go no step backward, but many in advance, our faith still increasing in the enlarged sympathies of men; in the reverence which man has learned, and is still learning, to pay towards the nature of his fellow-men; in the deep belief that whatever change may and *must* take place in the social fabric, we have that spirit of wisdom and tolerance waxing strong among us,—so strong that the fabric will be altered and repaired brick by brick and stone by stone. Meanwhile the scaffolding is fast growing up about it.

Triumph over Evil.

We are rewarded for every triumph we make over temptation. I will suppose there are many who have struggled against the vanity of vain pleasures; many who have put down evil thoughts with a strong will; many who, after a long, and it may be an uncertain, conflict with the seduction of the world, at length have triumphed. I will put it to them, whether, when they have combated and so prevailed against the evil, whether their hearts have not softened and melted within them, whether they have not felt within their bosoms a seraphic influence? They have so felt; and so it will ever be. No sooner shall they have driven from them the tempting demon of pride, of vanity, of anger—no sooner shall the devil have left them, than angels will come and minister unto them.

The Music of the Nursery.

It is an astonishing truth—a truth little considered by

man, when in his bridegroom lust he stands before the altar, for the moment manipulating the ring end of the chain ere he fixes it, that there is no household noise like the noise of a baby when determined to make a ruffian of itself. There was not a macaw in Noah's ark that could not have been silenced by Shem's baby, had the little one resolved to test its screams.

Steam.

Let the man who lives by his daily sweat pause in his toil, and with his foot upon his spade, watch the white smoke that floats in the distance; listen to the lessening thunder of the engine, that, instinct with Vulcanian life, has rushed, devouring space before it. That little curl of smoke hangs in the air, a thing of blessed promise; that roar of the engine is the melody of hope to unborn generations. But now, the digger of the soil looks moodily at that vapour, and his heart is festering with the curse upon the devil Steam; that fiend that grinds his bones beneath the wheels of British Juggernaut. Poor creature! The seeming demon is a beneficial presence, that, in the ripeness of time, will work regeneration of the hopes of men.

Man's Discontent.

From the very discontent and fantasticalness of his nature, man is apt to look backward at what he thinks the lost Paradise of another age. He affects to snuff the odour of its fruits and flowers, and, with a melancholy shaking of the head, sees, or thinks he sees, the flashing of the fiery swords that guard them; and then, in the restlessness of his heart, in the peevishness and discontent of his soul, he says all sorts of bitter things of the generation he has fallen amongst, and from the vanished glory of the

past, predicts increasing darkness for the future. Happily the prophesying cannot be true; but then there is a sort of comfort in the waywardness of discontent—at times, a soothing music to the restlessness of the soul, in the deep bass of hearty grumbling.

The Best Judge.

A lady said to her husband, in Jerrold's presence,

"My dear, you certainly want some new trousers."

"No, I think not," replied the husband.

"Well," Jerrold interposed, "I think the lady who always wears them, ought to know."

Nature's Clockwork.

Beautiful is the regularity, the clock-work of nature; and certain and severe the penalty on man for playing tricks with it. Though Bacchus himself lend you his thyrsus overnight, to advance the hands and post on the hours, it is ten to one that in the morning you will have a smart knock upon the head for your boldness; and even if the knock be delayed—why, it is only deferred, that it may pay itself with interest—all the knocks coming down in after-years as double ones; for Time, when it trusts at all, takes huge interest of intemperence.

Tea-table Talk.

Turning the tea-tables upon man.

A Joke with a Tax-gatherer.

The tax-gatherer once said to Jerrold—

"Sir, I'm determined to put a man in the house."

Jerrold replied, with a laugh, "Couldn't you make it a woman?"

Paternal Honours.

People sometimes speak of a baby as if it were a sort of medal bestowed by fate upon a man for early hours and good conduct.

The Measure of a Brain.

One afternoon, when Jerrold was in his garden at Putney, enjoying a glass of claret, a friend called upon him. The conversation ran on a certain dull fellow, whose wealth made him prominent at that time.

"Yes," said Jerrold, drawing his finger round the edge of his wineglass, "that's the range of his intellect, only it had never anything half so good in it."

The Timidity of Beauty.

It's a great comfort for timid men, that beauty, like the elephant, doesn't know its strength. Otherwise, how it would trample upon us!

The Zodiac Club.

On the occasion of starting a convivial club, somebody proposed that it should consist of twelve members, and be called "The Zodiac," each member to be named after a sign.

"And what shall I be?" inquired a somewhat solemn man, who was afraid that his name would be forgotten.

Jerrold.—"Oh, we'll bring you in as the weight in Libra."

Carlyle.

"Here," said Jerrold, having objected to Carlyle, that he did not give definite suggestions for the improvement of the age which he rebuked—"here is a man who beats a big drum under my windows, and when I come running down stairs, has nowhere for me to go."

Patience.

Patience is a virtue, peculiarly a female virtue; for though it is greatly encouraged, it meets with so little reward.

Red Republicanism.

A wild republican said, profanely, that Louis Blanc was next to our Saviour.

"On which side?" Jerrold asked.

A Drinker.

The man had a loose, potatile look. It was plain that his face, like hothouse fruit, had ripened under a glass.

An Awful Weapon.

Somebody told Jerrold that a friend of his, a prolific writer, whom we will call Scissors, was about to dedicate a book to him.

"Ah!" replied Jerrold, with mock gravity, "that's an awful weapon Scissors has in his hands!"

The Birth of a Prince.

Jerrold was at a party when the Park guns announced the birth of a prince. "How they do powder these babies!" Jerrold exclaimed.

Rapid Payment.

"Is the legacy to be paid down on the nail?" somebody asked Jerrold, referring to some celebrated will case.

"On the coffin-nail," Jerrold replied.

Railway v. Cannon.

We have always been of the opinion that a hundred-weight of iron, expended on a railroad, was worth a hundred times the value of the same metal used up in forty-pounders.

A Play Written to Order.

On being told that a recently-produced play had been done to order, Jerrold replied,—

"Ah! and it strikes me it will still be done to a good many orders."

A Happy Couple.

They were proud, delighted with their chains. And is it not a charming sight—a touching matter to think of—to see married love, like the *thief* in the "Beggar's Opera," dancing to the music of its own fetters?

Yoked Biographers.

Carlyle and a much inferior man being coupled by some sapient reviewer, as biographers, Jerrold exclaimed—

"Those two joined! You cannot plough with an ox and an ass!"

Proposed Epitaph for Charles Knight.

Good Night!

The Queen in State.

Her Majesty glistened with diamonds, as if she had

walked out of the centre of the sun; and as for her voice, it was as sweet and as clear as melted sugarcandy.

Commercial Glory.

A glory that wins the noblest conquests for the family of man, for its victories are bloodless.

Matrimony in the Cradle.

When one reads of the baby girls and boys sent yearly into the world, spangling the earth plentifully as daisies, it is a curious speculation to think how the wife lies in the cradle, thoughtless of the tyrant who is destined to enslave her; and how the despot himself takes his morning pap, his white sheet-of-paper of a mind yet unwritten with the name of her who may have in the far years to sit up for him; sitting and watching with the resolution to tell him what she thinks of him, when, at unseasonable hour, he shall return zig-zag home!

The Spirit of the Day.

The growing spirit of our day is the associative spirit. Men have gradually recognized the great social truth vital in the old fable of the bundle of sticks, and have begun to make out of what would otherwise be individual weakness, combined strength.

Right.

Right is a plant of slow growth. You can't tell how long Justice herself was a baby at the breast of Truth, before Justice could run alone.

A Grave Reflection.

How small it is for what it has to hold! Nothing packs so much, so closely as a grave, Lotty. Nothing in

the world so big, nothing so fine, that it will not swallow. All Job's camels and flocks, when Job flourished again,—nay, all Solomon's Temple—in so far as Job and Solomon were touched, all went into a hole called a grave; a hole that, always swallowing, is for ever empty!

Happiness.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

Fairy Tales.

Nothing can be truer than fairy wisdom. It is true as sunbeams.

The Wheel of Fortune.

Fair is the morn, happy the bride and bridegroom. They depart rejoicingly upon their pilgrimage, one money-bag between them. How the sun laughs; and how the very hedge-flowers smile and twinkle as the pilgrims go onward, onward! The money-bag hangs over the wheel. Lovelier and lovelier shines the day, and bride and bridegroom, lapped in sweet contentedness of heart, see and think of nothing but themselves. They are all alone, alone with their happiness. The flowers beneath them send an incense-offering to their blissful hearts; the glorious skylark, ever above their heads, scatters music down upon them. The day wears; the sinking sun glows with a solemn good-night; and the hearts of the lovers are touched and softened, yea, glorified by the hour. The resting-place is reached. The wheel stops! The money-bag is light; the money-bag has a hole in it; for still and still, turning and turning, the hole in the money-bag has been ground by the wheel. And thus, thoughtless, careless of the future, insolent in our wealth, we may travel

onward, the hole in the money-bag, whilst we sport and jest, and play the wanton—the hole in the money-bag being worn by Fortune's Wheel!

The Workhouse Test.

What may be called a workhouse test is very often like the test of an air-pump—an invention to test the duration of vitality, and not to aid it.

Woman's Mission.

Woman's mission may be admirably indicated at a husband's fireside; in the rearing of children; in those offices of household wisdom, those noiseless unobtrusive activities of domestic life, that make the home of the man a temple consecrated to the affections; a place of quiet, cheerful happiness, let the world flounder and bluster as it may without. This we take to be a part of woman's mission, whether the woman rule in a palace or sit at her own sweet hearth.

A True Patriot.

Talk of your O'Connells and Smith O'Briens! The truly great illustrations of Ireland's genius are men like Dargan—men who work more than they talk; who promise sparingly and perform prodigiously; who appeal to no prejudice and rouse no evil passion; but go calmly on with the daily task, offering everywhere the example of industry covered with success, and developing on all sides the energies of the people and the resources of the soil.

The Reward of Self-Sacrifice.

Luther, in the depth of his disappointment, declared the whole Protestant world to be nothing in action but the Ten Commandments reversed. Had he known the

greatness of the struggle, with the smallness of the reward, he would, he says, have remained a monk. And all political and social history from time to time shows the same spectacle: the old reformer, grey-headed in the cause of truth and justice, lamenting, almost at the last, the short-comings of stiff-necked generations. The man has hoped and looked for self-sacrifice—total abnegation of all that is personal, and sees nothing but a wind-puffed, strutting vanity. He has yearned for simple earnest men, and found human peacocks.

Corruption in a Dockyard.

Corruption is as common to, in fact a part of, a dockyard, as corruption is common to a dead dog, with the full sun of patronage breeding all sorts of crawling things for the benefit of place and political power. Corruption is the common character of dockyards, even as vilest odour is the common character of common pole-cats.

The Irish Priesthood.

In speaking of the classes of men from which the Irish priesthood are chosen, they have been called hodmen. Truly they are hodmen, with this further evil about them, that they never seem so happy as when, in their function of hodmen, they are helping to build some new Tower of Babel.

The Anatomy of Funerals.

A man's funeral may be morally anatomized, even as a man's dead clay may be materially dissected. After this fashion a dead duke may in his ashes be almost as useful as the duke alive; his Egyptian sarcophagus as instructive as his robes and ermine.

A Happy Bride.

How unsuspecting, beautiful she looks, in her tears and smiles, April gliding into May, as the bride turns from the altar to cross the threshold, a rejoicing married woman!

The Tree of Knowledge.

A tree that should yield a common food to all men. Taxes on knowledge are so many government dragons chained about the tree; monsters to guard the very fruit that, by the confession of the state, is so sustaining, so purifying, and having in it even celestial, immortal flavour.

Useless M.P.s.

They are like clucking fowls upon chalk eggs; they sit week after week, but hatch nothing; and having eaten daily barley, will doubtless cluck to sit again.

The Romance of the Broadsheet.

After all, the newspaper is the real romance. The reporter deals with droller materials than the novelist.

A Fellow of the College of Quacks.

His patient dies. What says the quack? "Die! of course. He took my pills, but forgot the great principle: he didn't take enough."—"Enough, doctor! Why he took—yes, five hundred."—"What of that? He should have taken a thousand."—"Now I think again, it was—yes, it was a thousand he took."—"Only one thousand! Only one! If he had really wished to recover, he should have taken *two*."

Pigs as seen by the Church.

Pigs were created, not to yield bacon for ploughmen,

but for the higher purpose of supplying little pigs to parsons.

The Swinish Multitude.

In the heyday of my time that was the name for the nobodies; but where are the pigs now? The swine seem to have been raised upon their hind-legs, and are called the masses — the million! The pigs have absolutely become the people; though certainly not a few of them are still made to wear rings in their noses, for fear they should grub up by the very roots, the British oak, the tree of the constitution.

Noise and Moonshine.

We have heard of a man, reasonable in all other matters, who declared that he had been ruined, all his vast property swallowed, by an earthquake. But when asked by strangers, "What earthquake—and where?" the ruined man, with a deeper look of injury upon him, would reply confidentially, "That's it, that's just it. That earthquake, sir, was most shamefully hushed up." In the like way the approach of an old Tory's democracy is very quiet; it may, like the sign of the *Red Lion*, have a very fierce aspect; but somehow it never roars, and it never strides on.

John Bull.

Somehow John Bull seems to have so broad a basis, with such a wholesome steadying quantity of lead in him, that he may be likened to a well-known Dutch toy, that, knock it to the right or left, or forwards, is sure fundamentally to right itself, after a little rocking and rolling; coming up and seriously sitting squat, the while it shows the same jolly countenance, the same red and white in its cheeks, and the like laugh at its mouth and twinkle at its

eye; in fact, in all its aspect the same erect thing as before the blow that sent it rolling and tumbling.

The Bishops.

We would relieve them from the duty of sitting in Parliament. We would take them from the House of Lords, that they might wholly devote themselves to the House of the Lord. And this removal is but a matter of time. The men, the elect, the chosen of the world, whose sacred task it is to teach their erring fellows the hollowness, the worthlessness of the world's possessions, against the besetting care for earthly substance—the very men who, with golden balance, should weigh our future hopes against our present lucre, these men are foremost to higgle and battle for the advantage, and, with the eagerness and hubbub of chapmen of a market, to grasp the market profit! Truly, thus worn, the black apron, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

The Established Church.

We know not—and we say it with grief, but with a profound conviction of the necessity of every man giving fullest utterance to his thoughts—we know not in this world of ours, in this social out-of-door masquerade, a more dreamy short-coming, a greater disappointment to the business and bosoms of men, than the Established Church. Its essence is self-denial; its foundations are in humility, in poverty. Its practice is self-aggrandizement and money-getting. Could the Apostles, in their old-world attire, enter a London church, the beadle, with a big look, would waive them from the pews, and motion them down upon the benches. And the Apostles would sit there, pitying the sleek pluralist in the pulpit, to

whom even Jacob's ladder has its rungs encased with purple velvet to make the footing softer.

Mr. Drummond's View of the Spheres.

What, to the philosophic organ, is the music of the spheres? Why, no other than *Tantara-rara-rogues all!* It was in the original Adam; not entirely composed—not he—of fine red earth, but with a liberal admixture of mud to temper his clay, and make him a thorough-going rascal. As for Truth—if she ever lived—she has been long ago drowned in her own well; and only taints and makes noisome the waters, that fools, in her name, draw up in her long-relinquished bucket. Truth has taken refuge in the parish pump, and only appears—and that by proxy—when men are pumped upon.

The Game of Chance.

Of all diseases none so virulent, so fatal, as the fever of chance. And the pestilence walks alike on the course of Ascot, bosom companion of titled men, as it crouches even in doorways, bosom companion of beggars.

Dead Warriors.

Great warriors fight from their graves. Let war rage, and the very memory of a Wellington would be to us as half an army, his immortal spirit flashing along our ranks, and the battle-flag speaking with words whose every syllable would be the pulse of the nation's heart.

A Lesson to Would-be Orators.

It is told of a would-be French orator that, to give him confidence in the hour of trial, he was wont to rehearse his maiden speech in his garden to a large assembly of

cabbages. And he got on admirably. Calmly considering the lines of cabbages, and by a slight operation of the fancy, convincing himself that every cabbage was a solemn senator, he would pour forth his speech as freely and as limpidly as his gardener would pour out water. At length the hour of trial came, and our orator rose, not to cabbages, but to a human assembly. His lips were glued together; his heart beat thick; he was icy-cold and red hot; and at length confessed to his inability of speech in these words:—"Gentlemen, I perceive that men are *not* cabbages." A wholesome moral, this, for stump-orators!

The Instinct of Right.

When they themselves know it not, men's hearts will work; a sense of right will sometimes steal upon their sleep, and an instinct of goodness will gush forth like silver water from the rock.

Full-bodied Tea.

A gentleman, when the cholera was raging in London, complained to his landlady that the water with which she made his tea, had a strong and unwholesome flavour.

"Well, sir," said the landlady, "I can only account for it by the graveyard at the back of the house. The spring must pass through it!"

The lodger rushed frantically from the house, and presently met Jerrold, to whom he communicated his trouble.

Jerrold.—"I suppose your landlady thought you liked your tea like your port—with plenty of *body* in it!"

Moral Blackness.

Certain constituencies are to certain boroughs what certain maggots are to certain cheeses—born of corruption;—

they live and wriggle in it. Bribery is their inheritance; and to be bought and sold, their birthright. The white slave who sells himself has this distinction from the negro bondsman of Virginia—he drives his own bargain, and driving it, wears his black with a difference—being black *inside*.

Election Agents.

Agents of all sorts abound in merry England! Bold, unscrupulous, wary, jocose fellows—for there is a great variety—all of them, after their own peculiar style, able to manage an election; potent to bring in—stating the price in advance, and that too within a hatful of hundreds—"their man." Now, these adroit thriving chapmen, these purchasers of free-born Britons for the market of Westminster—are the continuing curse of the boroughs they trade in. They study the morals of the constituency as a matter of business; or rather, they contemplate the condition of the voters as the election approaches, with feelings akin to the breeders of cattle, as the Baker-street exhibition comes on.

Peace.

We love peace, as we abhor pusillanimity; but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets.

A Coincidence.

A celebrated barrister—a friend with whom Jerrold loved to jest—entered a certain club-room where Jerrold and some friends were enjoying a cigar. The barrister was in an excited state, and exclaimed—

"I have just met a scoundrelly barrister!"

Jerrold, interrupting.—"What a coincidence!"

Snapdragons.

Human, worldly life is a game at snapdragons! Reader, cast up a few of your acquaintance on your fingers and thumbs, and say,—have we not propounded a truth subtle as light, and "deep almost as life"? Have we not, by the magic of the sentence, brought to your memory the pushing, elbowing, scrambling, successful folks, who, intent upon the plums, have dashed their hands into the world's bowl, and clutched the savoury fruit? And do you not now remember the weak and luckless, who have been pushed and pushed away from the feast, who have now plucked up heart, and tried to scramble to the bowl —have now grasped the hot plums, have carried them within hair's-breadth of their lips,—and lo! they have been suddenly jerked, or pushed, or elbowed hence; the plums have dropped from their fingers, and, dejected, worn out, they have retired from the struggle, feeling that it was not for them that plums were gathered and the bowl was filled?

Wellington.

As known to the outside world—as contemplated in his public position by Englishmen—the Duke of Wellington stood nobly, majestically in the eye of his country; a man to whom every year added dignity and moral influence, for every year his practical mind made good some new claim to the regards of his countrymen. And thus, year following year, and claim following claim, the Duke became almost a living institution in the minds of Englishmen; and time touched him so lightly, it may be said so lovingly, that time, preserving him from decrepitude, crowned and clothed him with what was simply venerable. So for many, many years has Wellington been among men; so has he departed. So recently too has he been

associated in the mind of the country by his words as a senator, and his familiar daily habits as a citizen, that the Duke of Wellington seems not so much to have died as to have ceased. But such men die not, neither do they cease; for their examples, their deeds, are vital, and for all time beget a kindred greatness. The Duke somehow became symbolized in the English mind as the invincible genius of the country—the embodied assurance to all men of the might, the forethought, and the serene grandeur of Britain. The popular memory of the past was enshrined in him, and with the past the confiding hopefulness of the future.

The Duke almost appeared in his own person—quiet, unostentatious as he was in his citizen whereabout—a guarantee of destiny; the pledge of fate, that which had been, and was, would be; an assurance of the continuing genius that still and still developed with generations; the genius that has made England invincible and will keep her so. We admire men who are enthusiastic in their calling. It matters not whether the man be a Stephenson, mighty creator of tubular bridges; a Jeremiah Sneak, maker of pins; we admire men who are earnest, for being so unflinching in the vindication of the dignity of their business. The scavenger could admire his brother scavenger, strong and able at the rough work; but despised him when he neglected the nice delicacy of hand that "sweeps round a post."

An Ingenious Latch-key.

A popular writer began a series entitled "The Latch-key," in two or three new publications. But each failed before the series was half finished.

"Tut," said Jerrold, "that latch-key seems to be made to open and shut any publication."

Ill-used Merit.

There are some people who think public men very like oranges, with no self-renewing power; squeeze them well, and then fling them away.

Pig Wit.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him," says the old saw; now certainly the worst and the shortest name to give him is—WIT. Men of wit and genius, it is said, are incapable of figures—it is only dulness that can master arithmetical combinations. The only animal that becomes a genius by counting is—a pig.

Monuments.

Men in honouring greatness by erecting to it monuments, do not pay greatness a debt in full of all demands, so much as acknowledge their continuing obligation to it.

A Common Want.

In the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he began:—

"Gentlemen, all I want is common sense——"

"Exactly," Jerrold interrupted, "that is precisely what you *do* want!"

The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.

A Pattern of Benevolence.

He was so benevolent, so merciful a man, that, in his mistaken compassion, he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain.

Cheap Wedding-rings and Dear Divorces.

At how small a price may the wedding-ring be placed upon a worthless hand; but, by the beauty of our law, what heaps of gold are indispensable to take it off!

"I was Thinking."

An eminent artist, celebrated for his love of discussion, paused once in the middle of one of his speeches; then said,—

"I was thinking."

"Thinking! impossible! I don't believe it," Jerrold replied.

The British Oak.

Thank God! a British man-of-war is an ark of refuge! The British oak is sacred wheresoever it may float. Still a part of England—still it carries with it the blessings of the English soil that developed the forest giant from the acorn—in its slow growth, and vastness, and unbending strength, a glorious type of English freedom. Float where it may, produced by English earth and nurtured by English skies, it is a piece of England, a part and parcel of this glorious land, whose greatest glory is her protection of the hapless fugitive, and her stern, calm defiance of the blood-sucking pursuer. The British ark floating on the waters—how calmly defiant in its might—how serene in its pride!

The Luxury of Idleness.

There are many idlers to whom a penny begged is sweeter than a shilling earned.

Gold in the Dirt.

Men are apt not to care how low they stoop, so that

what they stoop for may be worth the lifting. Throw ingots and jewels into a cesspool, and what a crowd of even the nicest and whitest-handed folks would scramble for the scattered treasure!

A Christmas Conscience.

Surely Christmas is a time when, smitten, stirred by the great cause of Christmas, every man should cleanse every cranny of his soul; should—as housewives have it—dust his immortal part; brush down all the cobwebs that keep the light out from between heaven and it; kill all the nasty spiders that for the last twelve months have been spinning their sordid meshes to catch the "small gilded flies," the shining vanities of the world; and so having made sweet and wholesome the conscience that for the past year has been somewhat spotted and begrimed, have it fit to entertain Christmas in—to give it a blithe yet holy welcome.

Attorneys.

Men with consciences tender as the bellies of alligators.

Knowledge and Cotton.

Commerce is the teacher of civilization. Threads of thought, lessons of human advancement and human policy are spun at cotton-mills, and shipped to instruct and civilize the heathen. With a cotton shirt, the native Indian enrobes himself with lessons, although for a time he may have no knowledge of their influence. The cotton tree—we speak it not irreverently—might be cultivated as the Tree of Knowledge.

The Law of War.

The law of war between nations, a law illustrated in

every page of history, appears to be this—that wars are few or frequent in proportion to the destructive powers of the arms in use. When the club was the only weapon of attack and defence, there was no peace; every knave had his club, and club-law was universal. When the sword and buckler took its place, war came and went with the season. As soon as the harvest was sown, the Roman went out against his neighbour or his neighbour advanced against him. Gunpowder was a great peace-maker. If with that invention war became more destructive, it ceased to be the normal condition of mankind. It grew more and more terrible—more and more brief. Nations felt how great the loss must be of a collision, and statesmen began to ask themselves if the possible gain would equal the inevitable loss. No doubt, passion, ignorance, personal cupidity, often overleapt the bounds of reason, and plunged all Europe into horrors; but the violence never failed to obtain the reproach of public opinion—the brand of history. And no ruler, however powerful, can dispense with the moral support of public opinion; and hence, however warlike, the most passionate lover of war will hesitate long, and resort to a thousand tricks, as Buonaparte always did, rather than appear to Europe as the open aggressor, the wilful shedder of blood.

Vote-Buyers.

There would be few thieves, were there not those eager to buy the thieves' plunder. The purchasing receiver is held to be worse than the robber. In like manner, the gentleman candidate who buys the corruption of the moral felon, is guiltier, a far more contemptible object, than the salesman of his own independence. He may be a person of most scrupulous honour, he may have a chosen place in worshipful society; but if he has chaffered with

the self-respect of men, tempting, and finally purchasing them for his own purposes, like cattle, that man is a knave and a traitor to his fellow-men; and there is no amount of rent-roll, no breadth of acres, that can lessen his knavery —that can lighten his treason.

Wellington and Nelson.

The great ruling principle of Wellington was a sense of duty. This sense shines bright and cold as a sword, throughout his despatches, documents in which the inward mind and heart of the man are graven as with a pen of iron on a tablet of rock. As towards a soldier in the field, we have not the same feeling of affection for him as for Nelson on his quarter-deck. The popular ear has not been gladdened with so many anecdotes of the general as of the admiral. Wellington always seemed to be at the head of his army—Nelson in the heart of his fleet.

The Bishop of Vinegar.

Oil is very soothing—but how conservative is the property of vinegar! How good alike for pickles or for priests, for cucumbers or for churches! Hence is the bishop of Exeter the ecclesiastical vinegar-cruet. There is nothing he would not preserve in it—nothing, from a dead church mouse to a dormant church trust. And the acid is of the strongest—not vinegar that has been wine, not small-beer vinegar, but strong biting acid from the wood—acid that cuts the tongue as with an edge of steel. And how has this particular acid preserved the man and nourished the bishop! Look at him! What a monumental record of acidity! The very lines of his apostolic face seem cut, bitten in—as the engravers say of *aqua fortis*—with sharpness.

Betting-Houses.

Betting-houses we look upon as something worse than the wigwams of savages, where, in token of the victory (whether won by cunning or by skill), hang the scalps of so many victims, ripped from the yet warm skulls by the conquering barbarian. There is hardly a doorway of one of these betting-houses that has not—could we but see it—some horrid trophy—some bloody memento of the scalping of the English savage within—of the tribe of Blacklegs, a large tribe, and larger than the olden Chacktaws, and widely scattered throughout this our Christian London; yes, scattered—some in drawing-rooms, some in kitchens, and some in saloons. A betting-house is something like a den-of-ease to a gin-palace, staring with paint and glittering with Dutch metal letters.

A Misanthrope.

He enjoys the corruption of human nature, as an epicure enjoys venison long, long kept, and to his nose and palate all the more fragrant, succulent.

Cambridge Flower-Show.

The flower of all flowers at this exhibition was—Bachelor's Buttons!

Marriage of the Metals.

Scene:—Room in Royal Institution.

Professor Smith.—"Very extraordinary! I say, Jones, have you read this? No! Well, then, the *Post* says that the Duke of Wellington—the iron duke—is going to marry Miss Burdett Coutts."

Professor Jones.—"Nonsense—it can't be true!"

Professor Smith.—"But if it should be true, what would you think of such a match?"

Professor Jones.—"Think of it? Why, with the duke and the heiress, I would think it a most extraordinary union of iron and tin!"

Motto for Dramatic Translator from the French.

"Aut scissors aut nullus."

The Billet System.

Certainly the English publicans are apt to be rigorously treated by Parliament, as among the worst of sinners. What can be more unjust to a certain body of men, than to compel them, because they deal in victuals and house-room, to give lodgings to soldiers and militia-men? The publican is a licensed victualler only to the civil part of the community: to the army he is not a victualler licensed, but a victualler compelled. With him the place he lives in is always likely to be in a state of occupation, and his bar and tap-room given up to be sacked. Bad to the publican is chalk, but nothing so bad as pipeclay.

The Knowledge of Princes.

Princes always "evince considerable knowledge." If a prince were made king of M. Leverrier's new planet, just discovered, his majesty would at once "evince considerable knowledge" of all its plains and mountains, and a very intimate acquaintance with some of the principal inhabitants.

Court Fools.

In the good old times kings, and statesmen kept fools.

It was something that even, and in its most wayward hour, tyranny would listen to the rebuke of humanity, when uttered by an "innocent." The bitter truth was sugared with nonsense, and so swallowed. Had the words of such fools more prevailed, haply the page of history had been less stained with blood and tears.

The Best Rulers.

The kings and caliphs who in disguise have mixed with the people, sharing their amusements and listening to their sorrows, have made themselves acknowledged by their deeds as the very best and wisest rulers. They live enshrined in history, and their names through generations glow in story, and are melodious in ballads. In like manner, a future House of Lords, that, in its infancy, has known the sufferings, and above all, the heroism, of the working men, cannot but legislate in the noblest and most benevolent spirit for the sons of labour. The fine porcelain of the world will really know something more of the mere red Adam, and make juster laws for their brother accordingly.

The Bread-Tree.

Not without meaning is the beautiful superstition of certain Indians, who have so holy and so affectionate a regard for the bread-tree, that they have a legend that the first bread-tree was formed from the dust of the earth that made the first man. In this manner is exquisitely symbolized the nature of bread! It is a part and parcel of humanity; and he who would make bread scarcer and dearer to the labouring man, commits an offence against the very sacredness of man, persecuting him in his flesh, his blood, and his bones.

The Workhouse Prison.

A miserable sight—a hideous testimony of the thanklessness of prosperous man—is the rural Union, with its blank dead wall of brick; a cold blind thing, the work of human perversity and human selfishness, amidst ten thousand thousand evidences of eternal bounty. How beautiful is the beauty of God around it! There is not a sapling, having its green tresses of June, that does not make the heart yearn with kindliness; not a field-flower that does not, with its speaking eye, tell of abundant goodness. The brook is musical with the same sweet truth; all sights and sounds declare it. The liberal loveliness of Nature, turn where we will, looks upon and whispers to us. We are made the heirs of wealth inexhaustible, of pleasures deep as the sea, and pure as the joys of Paradise. And our return for this, our offering to the wretchedness of our fellow-creatures, is yonder prison, with its dead wall turned upon the pleasant aspects of Nature, lest the pauper captives within should behold what God has done for that world, in which, according to the world's justice, they have nothing!

The Glory of the Departed Great.

Great principles are the immortal heirs of great men, as wicked ones are the enduring reproach of the iniquitous. Light continually streams from some graves, as mists arise from others. The glory of a dead Romilly still darts along the path of living men, as the fogs from the grave of the doubter Eldon do still arise, for all we have done to purify and scatter them, and half suffocate poor wheezing Practice in Chancery.

Melting Moments.

It occasionally happens that a bear afloat on an iceberg

drifts into a warmer latitude than the latitude of eternal frost; and as the iceberg melts and melts under the increasing heat, the bear shifts and shifts, finding his footing passing from beneath him; and at length howls piteously, to know the dissolution of the iceberg must in time occur. We would not compare a minister of state to a polar bear, nevertheless, even a Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he finds Parliament melting, and a dissolution inevitable, will sometimes change his music.

The Turf.

The great plea for the turf is our breed of horses. The horse ought, indeed, to be both strong and generous, to bear and yet forgive the atrocities that are placed upon the noble animal's shoulders.

The People.

The millions that make the world, even as millions of ants make an ant-hill.

A Titled Magnifico.

He was a huge, gigantic nobleman! When he rose to his full height, his head almost, in his own belief—knocked against the stars. He was amongst ordinary peers what the fossil elephant of thirty feet high is to the live elephant, that, of ordinary stature, peaceably eats its carrot in the park. The duke woke and slept in his pride, armed in it like the rhinoceros in its coat of mail. In the opinion of his Grace, this visible world was expressly made for noblemen; and it was not mere Adam, but his Grace the Duke of Eden, that took possession of Paradise!

Pigs and Lions.

Let us for a moment consider the increased value of

pigs as placed against the worth of lions and eagles. Let us consider the superiority of the pig when considered with even a royal lion or an imperial eagle. Put pig in one scale and lion in another, and whilst every morsel of your pig is a morsel of some value, more or less, your lion, with the exception of his tawny hide, may be sunk as so much offal. And then turning to the cost of the keep of a lion. Consider the expense. How much beef will the beast, with that rasp-like tongue of his, strip from bullocks' shins, and what the use of him, when gone the way—the royal way—of even regal lions! A carcase—a foul, rank carcase—all his worth, and all his beauty, just skin-deep. Flay him, and he is good for nothing better than the imperial eagle that, living, lives a life of prey, and dying, is garbage, even as the leonine offal. How different the pig! In his life he is quiet—we mean of course when civilized, reclaimed from the savage kinship of wild swinishness—and in his death he is beneficent, beautiful! Consider the qualities of a dead pig: think of him in his great and luscious variety; in his power of hams; in his conservative phase of sides of bacon. His very blood is a fountain of plenty, and meanders into puddings.

In every way, in even every smallest manifestation, from bowels to bristles, what a worth and a blessing to a man is a dead pig—a mere vulgar, mire-rejoicing pig, in comparison with the stately, the terrible, the magnanimous lion!

Costly Funerals.

One of the great social evils is the foolish—in too many cases the wicked—expense forced upon people by the extravagant cost of funerals. The poor are made poorer by the practice; a calamity is made more calamitous by

increasing and perpetuating the privation that, with the first blow, it inflicts.

A Receipt in Full.

"Whatever promises a man may make before marriage," said Jerrold, "the licence is as a receipt in full."

Placemen.

The people have been to placemen what dolls are to scapegrace boys: things for wilful experiment, to be put up and flung aside, and now to have the bran poked out of them, and now to be cast in a corner, and now to be trodden under foot. But the times are changed. The doll has become flesh and blood, and resolute and earnest brain, no longer to be treated with the cold-blood, which marked the conduct of bygone statesmen.

Davidge's Death.

Davidge, the avaricious manager of the Surrey Theatre, died early one evening. A friend carried the news to Jerrold.

"Hang it," said Jerrold, "I should have thought he would wait till the half-price had come in."

A Small Poet.

He bears the same situation to *the* poet as the kitten with eyes just opened to the merits of a saucer of milk, bears to the lion in his majesty, glaring athwart the desert. There is the true Helicon, and there is such a thing as the smallest of small beer over-kept in a tin mug —with the dead flies in it.

A National Motto.

"Ask for nothing but what is right, and submit to

nothing that is wrong." This should be the motto of every wise and every powerful state. There is more true strength, more real and enduring power, in the end, in that sentence, than in the destructive roar of broadsides, in the mortal belchings of artillery.

Freedom.

A wise freedom is an attribute of God.

The Celt.

Talk not to us of the irreclaimable genius of the Celt: in his mud cabin, under the influence of his priest, and in the midst of ignorance, poverty, superstition, he is what most other men would be in such cabins and under priestly influence. But take him thence, throw light into his mind, put food into his stomach, give freedom to his thought, and a motive to his industry, and there is no better fellow in the world. With his belly full of food, his priest a thousand miles away, his wife happy at his side, and the morrow not yawning at his feet like a felon's grave, the virtues and genialities of the true Irishman come out brightly; and in a few years he is remarkable among his fellows for his warm heart—his ready mind—his sympathetic tear; for the love of his children—the steadiness of his industry—the freedom of his thinking.

"Born to Greatness."

Certain families only have been born to government; there is an acknowledged breed of statesmen, even as Lord Derby has an immaculate breed of game bantams.

A Sine Qua Non.

A Lord Mayor without the show must be like mince-

pie without brandy—turbot without lobster sauce—calf's-head without parsley and butter.

Pluralist Parsons.

Pluralists take the cure of souls as men take the cure of herrings, at so much per hundred—with this difference, that the soul-curers do nothing, and the herring-curers fulfil their contract. We have no faith in these *polypi* parsons; pulpit things, with many stomachs and no hearts: no faith in them, not a jot of reverence for them; and the sooner the things shall cease to exist, the better for the institution they deform and scandalize.

Philanthropy's Pets.

Every impostor rewarded, is a worthy poor man wronged. We do not respect the philanthropy that has its especial pets; and yet those pets abound.

Public Opinion.

A despised seed, which, although sown amid the scorn and laughter and derision of society, grows into a tree of strongest root and robust dimensions.

An Epitaph for "Protection."

HERE LIES

PROTECTION:

IT LIED THROUGHOUT ITS LIFE,

AND NOW

LIES STILL.

Danger to the State.

Weak and wicked is the principle that creates unnecessary danger, even if no evil come of it. A man may, if it

so please him, play tricks with a red-hot poker; but we would rather be out of the neighbourhood if he flourished it in a powder-mill.

Irish Angling.

An Irish patriot angling for martyrdom does not realize the Johnsonian picture of a fisherman. There is not the worm at one end and the fool at another. Nevertheless, the angling is peculiarly Irish, inasmuch as MITCHELL, to catch gudgeons, baits with—a pike.

The "Watery Element."

A certain number of emigrants having been presented, by a Teetotal Society, with a banner depicting the four quarters of the world, Jerrold wrote—"Europe, we are told, is represented by the figure of a horse; Asia, by a camel; Africa, by an elephant; and America, by an elk. We hardly think the selection very significant of temperance. The camel, it is known, will take at one drink enough liquid to supply him for days. The horse will not refuse toast steeped in ale, or, as Comines tells us, a pail-ful of wine; whilst the drunkenness of elephants, with the means and opportunities of obtaining arrack, is, for the outward gravity of the hypocrites, a scandal upon elephants in general. The elk, as representing America, is perhaps the best; inasmuch as we have never heard of elks addicted either to sherry-cobblers or mint-juleps. Still, in preference to the elk typical of America, the Temperance Society might have adopted the whole hog. We would suggest as figures for a future banner, neither elk, nor horse, nor elephant; but frogs—bull-frogs in a pond; for they only muddy where they stir, and their monotonous croak is of water."

Temperance Brawlers.

Temperance is an admirable quality, even as peace is a blessing; but somehow, as there are certain men who become public disturbers in the name of peace, so are there teetotallers who make more noise upon water than other men make upon wine. They have continual water on the brain, and, like an everflowing pump, it continually runs out of their mouths.

Time's Annual Shave.

Nutts, barber (loquitur).—As the clock strikes twelve on the 31st of every December, he takes up his scythe, which is Time's razor,—and what that's stropped upon 'twould make a man's fortin to find out—for what cuts like it, I should wish to know! Well, he takes up his scythe, and holding himself by the nose, begins the operation. His glass is the Frozen Ocean, and he shaves by the Northern Lights. Presently, like a new-born babby, Time hasn't a hair on his chin. No! I consider him a nice smart young chap, with a very clear face, a very straight back, a merry twinkle in his eye, a sprig of green holly in his mouth, and quite ready to draw, wherever he's invited, for Twelfth-cake, and dance with all the women afterwards.

Tamed Animals.

Not many years since, it was loudly declared that the people, as the mass, were not to be trusted in public museums and public gardens. Nevertheless there has been a gathering of thousands in the Zoological Gardens; and up to the present hour, Mr. Mitchell, the secretary (to whose high intelligence and remarkable energy may be solely attributed the present magnificent condition of the gardens), Mr. Mitchell has missed nothing. Not a

single lion has been carried off. The elephant and the elephant's little one are where they were. Every hyena, if called, would laugh and answer to the muster-roll, and every leopard purr to the voice of the keeper. No woman decamped with a live bird in her reticule, and no mischievous urchin left the gardens with a rattlesnake in his pocket. Nay more, with this gathering of upwards of twenty-one thousand, there was not a shrub despoiled, nor a rosebush broken. Such is the moral teaching of such visits.

Children of the Street.

Wretched untended creatures, almost seemingly come into life without human agency; animals swarmed from gutters and dunghills, even as, in midsummer heat, myriads of insects take their existence from stagnant pools. In their infancy, in their babyhood, is the ignorance that kills the soul of the future man—is the germ of the passions that make him grow up like a wild-beast, hereafter to prey like a winter wolf upon the society that in his infant need has despised and neglected him.

The Literary Fund.

It seems that in seven years the donations and subscriptions to the Literary Fund amounted to £6,703. 1*s*. Of this sum (not over-magnificent by the bye for a wealthy country like England, being less than £1,000 a year) not less than £5,397. 7*s*. 7*d*. were spent in the costs of collection and the annual dinners. Charity, it is said, covers a multitude of sins; but then, in the case of charity dinners, such as the above, the "covers" should be dish-covers.

Hats.

Advices from Munich speak of the constructive treason

of certain hatters, who have furnished sundry young men with Calabrian broad-brimmed hats; the depth of their disaffection to be measured by the circumference of the felt. The young men were taken to prison, not for what was in their heads, but for what was upon them; not for what they thought, but for what they wore. Hats have played a distinguished part in politics ever since men had heads. Switzerland owes something to Gesler's hat. After all, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," if the crown be in fear of the hat. For somehow, sooner or later, the crown—fine and glittering as it is—is sure to get the worst of it.

The Four Georges.

We have had four Georges, and can say nothing in favour of either. George the First and George the Second were average moralists of that corner-cupboard court, the small court of Germany. Each of them burned his father's will; an act that might have savoured of Tyburn in the case of vulgar mortals. George the Third was constant to a leg of mutton, and a pattern of the conjugal virtues; but, as a set-off to this, he was (could he help it?) the father of George the Fourth, *alias* Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband. Thinking of this royal ill-luck hanging about the name, let us not have another George.

Velvet and Fustian.

There can be no doubt that of late years noblemen have been more and more impressed with the belief that they, noblemen as they are, are nevertheless the same animals as workmen. Stars and garters are no amulets against typhus fever. Lords have learned that even they have an interest—yes a personal interest—in the comforts and decencies of labourers. There is no coat of mail, no

magic in the woof of the earl's velvet, against the malady slumbering under the fustian jacket. Disease and death are the most tremendous preachers, striking on all hearts with the affrightening force of a sudden knell.

The Ballot.

Give us the ballot, and the butchers' daughters will go unkissed; for how can you know how Mr. Chops will vote? Give us the ballot, and candidates will not go like licensed hawkers from door to door, humbly begging that they may make known the contents of their pack of principles, and be thereupon honoured with patronage. Give us the ballot, and you give the death-blow to a corruption that too often, throughout whole boroughs, walks the streets, poisoning—is it not so, O Canterbury? —even the sanctity of cathedral places.

Traitors in Effigy.

The Chief Justice of England having expressed his belief that a deputation of merchants, bankers, and traders of the city of London, who had been to Paris to offer their congratulations to the French Emperor upon a recent national event, had been guilty of treason, Jerrold wrote,—"Are we to have no satisfaction for the affront passed upon the English nation by the late visitors and worshippers who saluted the toe of the French emperor? Certainly, on reconsideration, we become less sanguinary, and should be sorry for the renewal of the time that should promote three heads—a merchant's, a banker's, and a trader's—to the height of Temple Bar. Nevertheless, we would have certain of the deputation punished, if not in the flesh, by effigy. For instance, we would require of three of them a complete suit of clothes each—a suit well known in the market and on 'Change—and

these clothes, duly stuffed with straw, should be surmounted by a mask, being a faithful likeness of Lord Campbell's traitors. These effigies—(think of the pain of pocket, the torture of the till, for the prince merchant and the warm trader to be represented by mere men of straw!)—these effigies should be drawn on hurdles from Birch's, where the authorities should take a basin of turtle (in historic imitation of the last tipple that was quaffed in the ride to Tyburn, at St. Giles's Pound), then straightway proceed to the site of Aldgate pump. There decapitation should take place, and the heads for the space of two months should be exhibited, even as in the olden times were heads of bone and flesh, above Temple Bar! There would be an especial meaning in this mockery; a sharp significance in this very flam.

An Enemy to Progress.

He would, no doubt, have opposed vaccination, as interfering with the marked privileges of the small-pox.

The Emperor Nicholas.

He was the incarnation of the Evil Spirit, permitted for some mysterious end awhile to menace human progress—to check and paralyze the force and freedom of human aspirations. At this age of the world, a sad and sickening thought that it should be so! To know that even the merest outbreak of temper of one man may call down misery and suffering on millions! Thus thought of, even the biliary secretions of a military ogre, such as Nicholas, are matters of consequence to Europe. The state of the world may depend upon one man's stomach; and thus it may be of the greatest importance to consider what an emperor eats, or what an emperor avoids, for supper. From pickled salmon and cucumber *may* break forth a

desolating war! Fearfully and wonderfully are we all made; but how fearfully, how wonderfully, when the nervous system of one man is so intimately bound up with a million of swords and parks of artillery.

Ready-made Wood Pavement.

When the Marylebone vestrymen were discussing the propriety of laying down wood pavement within their parish, and were raising difficulties on the subject, Jerrold, as he read the report of the discussion, said,—

"Difficulties in the way! Absurd. They have only to put their heads together, and there *is* the wood pavement."

This joke has been erroneously given to Sydney Smith.

Black and White.

A very pleasant sight to behold, those fair ladies who curtsey their homage to the Queen on drawing-room days, blooming and happy as though this world was to last for ever, and the grave-digger was as fabulous an animal as the unicorn. But grave thoughts arise from the array of finery displayed. How many lives does it cost? To trim up the duchess, how many poor girls—delicate, unformed creatures, in that transition state of girlhood when nature demands free development—are doomed, it may be, to an early grave? How many toil their sixteen hours a day? Nay—how many work, work, work, in close, contaminating air, throughout the night, in a stifling room, that the peeress may blaze in the perfumed atmosphere of a royal palace? Now, these are thoughts that *will* arise from a passing contemplation of the dresses at the drawing-room. We see the most fanciful, the most brilliant apparel; we behold female raiment in every beautiful form and

fashion. And looking a little deeply, we may see Death there—Death the milliner.

A Contrast.

The Church of England is a church of purple and fine linen, and a church of rags and tatters. Or we might paint the Church, as an old pictorial moralist painted Death and the Lady: one half all glowing plumpness and beauty, fresh to the eye and more than pleasing to the heart; the other an outline of bone, a gaunt, naked misery. Or we might give the real thing; for no fancy can improve upon the actual wretchedness of contrast presented by half-bishop, half-curate.

Conscience.

A man—so to speak—who is not able to bow to his own conscience every morning, is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

The Two Busts.

In a certain exhibition of the works of French artists are two busts placed side by side—so close together, we are informed, as almost to touch. One bust is that of our Saviour, crowned with thorns; the other is that of Louis Napoleon, crowned with laurels. After all, there is another and a deeper meaning in this juxtaposition of heads—a meaning too subtle for blundering sycophancy. We know that the Head crowned with thorns had at the hour another head on each side of it. Well, Louis Napoleon (with the mockery of laurel) supplies the one; but as to *which*, let the reader furnish the interpretation!

The Income-Tax.

The country puts up with the injustice, fed, not only by

hope, but by what makes a more tangible show—untaxed food. Hope, with her anchor, smiling at heaven, makes a very pretty picture for a mantel-piece; but is all the prettier for the eatables in the cupboard. The housewife enjoys her hope all the more, if with it she can have cheap sugar and cheap tea. And thus do we bear awhile with a manifest injustice, mollified by compensating good for the present; and by hope for future direct taxation.

Cœur de Lion's Heart.

It has been suggested that, should Baron Marochetti's statue of Richard I. be finally adopted as an enduring memorial of the Crystal Palace, Richard's heart—buried at Rouen—should be solicited of Louis Napoleon, to be re-interred in England under the statue. This may be accepted as the emperor's contribution; who—if he can find the relic—will no doubt very readily "down with the dust."

Martyrdom.

No sacrifice so easy as to endure the martyrdom of other people. Skin a martyr alive, and we can imagine a beholder who, with the highest admiration for the heroism of the sufferer, shall take a pinch of snuff and cry, "Noble fellow!"

The Saints' Sunday.

If it were given to these saints—with souls in black—to do what they list with Sunday, what *would* they make of it? They would surely mount even Jacob's ladder, to hang the Sunday heavens with Sunday sackcloth.

A Name for Nicholas.

No potentate better knew the value of time, and how

its loss to others became a value to him; no ruler ever knew how to make more despatch or delay. Certain kings have come down to us named after their habits, virtues, personal excellences, or defects. We have Philip the Bald, William the Silent, Louis the Fat. Now, Nicholas of Russia, by the political use he makes, now of celerity, and now of procrastination, may, in default of any other title, descend to posterity as the Nick of Time.

Worldly Success.

The face of the world is not apt to frown at success; no, it is too ready to break into smiles at any gigantic prosperity, no matter how darkened the means by which it was attained.

Maids of Honour.

Poor, inanimate, unreal dolls, with just will enough of of their own to open their eyes and shut them.

The Cat-o'-nine Tails.

Surely the devil himself sows the seed that grows the hemp, and the devil's demons twist it.

A Disconsolate Widow.

(*Described by her Hairdresser.*)

When her husband died, she vowed she'd go into weeds and her own grey hairs for life. That's barely a twelve-month ago; and now the weeds are gone, and she wears marigolds in her cap to catch the milkman. I don't know who'd leave a widder! Seven times have I curled that front in three weeks.

George the Third.

He was the anointed of obstinacy. Had he been born a farmer, he might haply have invented a new snare for weasels, or have successfully given his mind to the humane and dexterous treatment of boar-pigs at a critical time of pig-life. We had then escaped his statesmanship in the blunder and the debt of an American war; for which achievement he is immortalized in unchangeable bronze before the windows of Ransom and Co., his pig-tail pointing the way opposite to his head, the way of the wise—due East.

Queen Charlotte's Court.

Cold and dismal court! Why, the freedom of a white-washed garret must have been happiness, jollity itself, compared with it.

The Cabman's Sixpence.

Give a sixpence to a showman's elephant, and the sagacious animal—its small eye wide awake to money—at once knows the value of the bit of silver, and exchanges it for buns. How much more sensible is the elephant than the cabman! For lay a sixpence in the hands of a cabman, and his look of ignorance is almost affecting. It would seem that the coin was perfectly new to him; that he had no more notion of its value than if it were a shekel struck in Jerusalem.

A Court Noble.

To him the court of England was no doubt more sublime than the court of Solomon. Indeed to climb the back-stairs was to mount the true Jacob's ladder, that led directly to the stars—and garters!

The Limit of the Law.

Men will not be made temperate or virtuous by the strong hand of the law, but by the teaching and influence of moral power. A man is no more made sober by act of parliament than a woman is made chaste.

Power Grows.

The eaglet must have time. The beak that, in due season, will cleave a skull, at first has merely power to chip the egg.

Rowing in the Same Boat.

"We row in the same boat, you know," said a literary friend to Jerrold. This literary friend was a comic writer, and a comic writer only.

Jerrold replied, "True, my good fellow, we *do* row in the same boat, but with very different skulls."

Military Catechism for Young Ladies.

Q.—What is a soldier?

A.—If in the infantry, a dear; if in the cavalry, a duck.

Q.—Who, of all men, best deserve the fair?

A.—The brave.

Q.—Why should a woman prefer a soldier above all other male creatures?

A.—Because he wears such a very handsome dress; carries gold upon his shoulders; gold all over his coat; wears a sword at his side, and a love of a feather in his helmet or cap.

Q.—What is the noblest work of woman?

A.—The work in regimental colours.

Q.—And when does she appear to the best advantage, as the refining comforter of man?

A.—When, having worked the aforesaid colours, she, in an appropriate speech about glory, to the regiment, presents them.

Q.—Describe your notion of military glory.

A.—A review in Hyde Park.

Q.—And laurels?

A.—A ball, and supper afterwards.

"The Best of Husbands."

This is a very rare animal; but he is to be found. The existence of the unicorn has been successfully disputed; and that very handsome and graceful animal, instead of being harnessed to Her Majesty's state carriage, as assuredly the species should be, could eight of them be procured, is merely employed upon heraldic duty; namely, to support Her Majesty's arms. But the good husband—let all our virgin readers take heart—is not fabulous. We cannot, certainly, make out, with the degree of precision that in things of value we love, his *habitat*. We do not think the creature is to be found at public masquerades, or billiard-rooms, or in soiled boots dancing the polka at the Casino de Venus, de Bacchus, or any other casino of any other disreputable heathen deity. The habits, too, of the best of husbands vary with the best of wives. Some are best for one particular virtue—some for another—and some for virtues too numerous to specify. Some best of husbands are always buying best of wives new gowns; some best, again, are continually taking their better-best to the opera or play; in fact, in ten thousand different modes do the best of husbands show their superiority to the second-best, and the middling, and the fine ordinary, and those merely good for families.

But Mr. Brown, the best husband of the best Mrs. Brown, did—according to that excellent woman—in the most devoted manner, display the paramount excellence of his marital qualities. Mrs. Brown herself, only on Thursday last, informed her dear friend Mrs. Smith, of the peculiarity that blest her with the best of men. Mrs. Smith had dropped in to talk of nothing, and have a dish of tea. Mrs. Smith had left her bonnet, muff, and cloak, in Mrs. Brown's bed-room, and was seated at Mrs. Brown's fire. Mrs. Smith put her hands to her head, and softly sighed.

Mrs. Brown.—What's the matter, my dear? You don't look well; nothing particular, I hope?

Mrs. Smith.—Oh, no! nothing. Only SMITH again, as usual.

Mrs. Brown.—Poor thing! Well, I *do* pity you. What is it?

Mrs. Smith.—Oh! my love, *that* club. He wasn't home till two this morning, and I sitting up, and—yes, but you are a happy woman—'tis no doubt, now, that, Mr. Brown——

Mrs. Brown.—Bless you, my dear! He was reading the paper to me all the evening.

Mrs. Smith.—Ha! Mr. Brown *is* a good man.

Mrs. Brown.—A good man, my dear? If I were to tell you all, you would say so. In fact, he's the best of husbands; and one little thing will prove it.

Mrs. Smith.—What's that, Mrs. Brown?

Mrs. Brown.—Why this, Mrs. Smith. You wouldn't once think it of the dear, kind soul; but he's so fond of me, that all this bitter cold weather, he always goes up first to bed, to——warm my place! Now, I call that——

Mrs. Smith (*raising her eyes and folding her hands, exclaims*)—The Best of Husbands.

The Kit and Fiddle.

"Well, what do you think?" said Brougham to Sibthorp, "we shall be just overrun with Tom Thumbs and pigmies; Scotland even threatens us to send us a whole kit of dwarfs?"

"With all my heart," exclaimed the great colonel, "she may send us the *kit*, so long as she keeps the *fiddle*."

A Man of Doubtful Origin.

Of a mysterious gentleman who spoke many languages, and all equally well, and whose native country could not be ascertained, Jerrold said, "It's my faith he was born in a balloon."

True Patriotism.

The "new piece" was over, and the audience were delighted. Jones sat silent and motionless. "How is it, Jones," said Brown, "you do not applaud the new drama?"

"Brown," replied Jones, "I am an Englishman and a patriot: how then can I applaud these frequent successes of the French?"

An Obliging Offer.

(*A Chemist's Shop—Shopman and Old Lady.*)

Old Lady.—Now, are you sure this is carbonate of soda—not arsenic?

Shopman.—Quite certain, ma'am,—*try* it.

The Reason why Wellington waited for the Prussians.

The Duke of Wellington always likes to take his time.

At Waterloo he *would* wait for the Prussians; and only because, if he'd licked the French before, he didn't know how else to spend the evening.

A Morning in "The Barber's Chair."

Scene:—A Barber's Shop in Seven Dials.

NUTTS (*the barber*) *shaving* NOSEBAG. PUCKER, BLEAK, TICKLE, SLOWGOE, NIGHTFLIT, LIMPY, *and other customers come in and go out.*

Nightflit.—Any news Mr. Nutts? Nothing in the paper?

Nutts.—Nothing.

Nightflit.—Well, I'm blest if, according to you, there ever is! If an earthquake was to swallow up London to-morrow, you'd say "There's nothing in the paper, only the earthquake!"

Nutts.—The fact is, Mister Nightflit, I've had so much news in my time, I've lost the flavour of it—couldn't relish anything weaker than a battle of Waterloo, now; even murders don't move me—no, not even the pictures of 'em in the newspapers, with murderer's hair in full curl, and a dress-coat on him, as if blood, like prime Twaukay, was to be recommended to the use of families.

Tickle.—There you go again, Nutts, always biting at human natur. It's only that we're used to you, else I don't know who'd trust you to shave him.

Slowgoe.—Tell me, is it true what I have heard—are the Whigs really in?

Nutts.—In! Been in so long, they're half out by this time! As you're always so long after everybody else, I wonder you ain't in with 'em.

Bleak.—Come now—I was born a Whig, and won't

stand it! In the battle of the constitution, arn't the Whigs always the foremost?

Nutts.—Why, as in other battles, that sometimes depends upon how many are pushing 'em behind.

Tickle.—There's another bite! Why, Nutts, you don't believe good of nobody. What a cannibal you are! It's my belief you'd live on human 'arts.

Nutts.—Why not? It's what half the world lives upon—Whigs and Tories! 'Tell you what! you see them two cats: one of them I call Whig, and t'other Tory—they are so like the two-legged ones. You see Whig there, a-wiping his whiskers—well, if in the night he kills the smallest mouse that ever squeaked, what a clatter he does kick up—he keeps me and my wife awake for hours; and sometimes—now this is so like a Whig—to catch a mouse not worth a fardin, he'll bring down a row of plates, or a teapot, or a punch-bowl, worth half a guinea; and in the morning, when he shows us the measly little mouse, doesn't he put up his back, and purr as loud as a bagpipe, and walk in and out my legs for all the world as if the mouse was a dead rhinoceros! Doesn't he make the most of a mouse that's hardly worth lifting with a pair of tongs and throwing in the gutter? Well, that's Whig all over. Now there's Tory lying all along the hearth, and looking as innocent as though you might shut him up in a dairy with nothing but his word and honour. Well, when he kills a mouse, he makes hardly any noise about it. But, this I will say—he's a *little* greedier than Whig; he'll eat the varmint up, tail and all. No conscience for that matter. Bless you, I've known him make away with rats that he must have lived in the same house with for years.

Bleak.—Well, I hate a man that has no party. Every man that is a man ought to have a side.

Nutts.—Then I'm not a man; for I'm all round like a

ninepin. That will do, Mr. Nosebag. Now, Mister Slowgoe, I believe you're next. (*Slowgoe takes the chair.*)

Slowgoe.—Is it true what I have heard, that the Duke of Wellington (a great man the Duke, only Catholic 'mancipation is a little speck upon him)—is it true that the Duke's to have a 'questrian statue on the Hyde Park arch?

Tickle.—Why it *was* true, only the cab and 'bus men have petitioned Parliament against it. They said it was such bad taste. Would frighten their horses!

Slowgoe.—Shouldn't wonder. And what's become of it?

Tickle.—Why, it's been at livery in the Harrow-road, eating its head off, these two months. Sent up the iron trade wonderful. Tenpenny nails are worth a shilling now.

Slowgoe.—Dear me! how trade fluctuates; and what *will* Government do with it?

Tickle.—Why, Mr. Hume 's going to cut down the army estimates—going to reduce 'em—on Life Guardsmen, one of the two that always stand at the Horse Guards, and vote the statue of the Duke there instead. Next to being on the top of an arch, the best thing, they say, is to be under it. Besides, there's economy; for Mr. Hume has summed it up: and in two hundred years, two days, and three hours, the statue—bought at cost price, for the horse is going to the dogs—will be cheaper by five and twopence than a Life Guardsman's pay for the same time.

Slowgoe.—The Duke 's a great man; and it's my opinion——

Nutts.—Never have an opinion when you're being shaved. If you whobble your tongue in that way I shall nick you. 'Sorry to do it; but can't wait for your opinion. 'Have a family, and must go on with

my business. Anything doing at the playhouses, Mr. Nosebag?

Nosebag.—Well, I don't know; not much. I go on sticking their bills, in course, as a matter of business; but I never goes. Fash'nable hours—for now I always teas at seven—won't let me. As I say, I stick their posters, but I hav'n't the pride in 'em I used to have.

Tickle.—How's that, Nosey?

Nosebag.—Why, seriously, they have so much gammon. I've stuck "Overflowing Houses" so often, I wonder I hav'n't been washed off my feet! And then the "Tremendous Hits" I've contin'ally had in my eye!—oh, for a lover of the real drama—you don't know my feelings!

Nutts.—The actors do certainly bang away in large type, now.

Nosebag.—The worst of it is, Mr. Nutts, there seems a fate in it: for the bigger the type, the smaller the player. I could show you a play-bill with Mr. Garrick's name in it, not the eighth of an inch. And now, if you want to measure on the wall "Mr. Snooks, as Hamlet," why you must take a three-foot rule to do it. Don't talk on it. The players break my heart; but I go on sticking 'em, of course.

Nutts.—To be sure: business before feelings. Have you seen Miss Rayshall, the French actress, at the St. James's?

Nosebag.—Not yet. I'm waiting till she goes to the Aymarket.

Tickle.—But she isn't agoing there.

Nosebag.—Isn't she? How can she help it? Being of the French stage, somebody's safe to translate her.

Tickle.—Ha! so I thought. But all the French players have been put upon their guard; and there isn't one of 'em will go near the Draymatic Authors' Society without two policemen.

Pucker.—Well, I'm not partic'lar; but really, gen'lmen, to talk in this way about plays and players—on a Sunday morning too—is a shocking waste of human life. I was about to say——

Nutts.—Clean as a whistle, Mr. Slowgoe. Mr. Tickle, now for you. (*Tickle takes the chair.*)

Pucker.—I was about to say, it's sich encouragement to go a soldiering—this flogging at Hounslow.

Nutts.—Yes; it's glory turned a little inside out. For my part, I shall never see the ribands in the hat of a recruiting soldier again—the bright blue and red—that I shan't think of the weals and cuts in poor White's back.

Pucker.—Or his broken heart-strings!

Nutts.—What a very fine thing a soldier is, isn't he? See him in all his feathers, with his sword at his side, a sword to cut laurels with; and, in my 'pinion, all the laurels in the world was never worth a bunch of wholesome water-cresses. See him, I say, dressed, and pipe-clayed, and polished, and turned out as if a soldier was as far above the working-man as a working-man's above his dog. See him in all his parade furbelows, and what a splendid cretur he is, isn't he? How stupid 'prentices gape at him, and feel their foolish hearts thump at the drum parchment as if it was played upon by an angel out of heaven! And how their blood—if it was as poor as London milk before—burns in their bodies; and they feel for the time—and all for glory—as if they could kill their own brothers. And now the women——

Female voice (*from the back*).—What, are you talking about the women, Mr. Nutts? Better go on with your shaving, like a husband and a father of a family, and leave the women to themselves.

Nutts.—Yes, my dear. (*Confidentially.*)—You know my wife? Strong-minded cretur.

Pucker.—For my part, to say nothin' against Mrs.

Nutts, I hate women of strong minds. To me, they always seem as if they wanted to be men, and couldn't. I love women as women love babies—all the better for their weakness.

Nosebag.—Go on about the sojer.

Nutts (in a low voice).—As for women, isn't it dreadful to think how they do run after the pipe-clay? See 'em in the park, if they don't stare at rank-and-file, and fall in love with hollow squares by the heap; it is so nice, they think, to walk arm-in-arm with a bayonet. Poor gals! I do pity 'em. I never see a nice young woman courtin' a soldier—or the soldier courtin' her, as it may be—that I don't say to myself,—"Ha! it's very well, my dear. You think him a sweet cretur, no doubt; and you walk along with him as if you thought the world ought to shake with the sound of his spurs and the rattling of his sword; and you hold on to his arm as if he was a giant that was born to take the wall of everybody as wasn't sweetened with pipe-clay. Poor gal! You little think that that fine fellow—that tremendous giant—that noble cretur with mustarshis to frighten a dragon, may, to-morrow morning, be strip of his skin, and tied up, and lashed till his blood—his blood, dearer to you than the blood in your own good-natured heart—till his blood runs, and his skin's cut from him; and his officer, who has been, as he says, 'devilishly' well whipt at school, perhaps, and therefore thinks flogging very gentlemanly—and his officer looks on with his arms crossed, as if he was looking at the twisting of an opera-dancer, and not at the struggling and shivering of one of God's mangled creturs; and the doctor never feels the poor soul's pulse (because there is no pulses among privates)—and the man's taken to the hospital to live or to die, according to the farriers that lashed him. You don't think, poor gal, when you look upon your sweetheart, or your husband,

as it may be—that your sweetheart, or the father of your children—may be tied and cut up this way to-morrow morning, and only for saying 'Hallo!' in the dark, without putting a 'sir' at the tail of it. No; you never think of this, young woman; or a red coat, though with ever so much gold lace upon it, would look like so much raw flesh to you."

Nosebag.—I wonder the women don't get up a Anti-Bayonet 'Sociation—take a sort of pledge not to have a sweetheart that lives in fear of a cat.

Slowgoe.—Doesn't the song say, "None but the brave desarve the fair?"

Nosebag.—Well, can't the brave desarve the fair without desarving the cat-'o-nine-tails?

Nutts.—It's sartinly a pity they should go together. I only know they shouldn't have the chance in my case, if I was a woman.

Mrs. Nutts (from within).—I think, Mr. Nutts, you'd better leave the women alone, and——

Nutts.—Certainly, my dear. *(Again confidentially.)*—She's not at all jealous; but she can't bear to hear me say anything about the women. She has such a strong mind! Well, I was going to say, if I was a sojer, and was flogged——

Nosebag.—Don't talk any more about it, or I shan't eat no dinner. Talk of somethin' else.

Slowgoe.—Tell me, is it true what I have heard? Have they christened the last little princess? And what's the poppet's name?

Nosebag.—Her name? Why Hel-ena Augusta Victoria.

Slowgoe.—Bless me! Helleena.

Nosebag.—Nonsense! You must sound it Hel—there's a goin' to be a act of Parliament about it. Hel—with a haccent on the first synnable.

Slowgoe.—What's a accent?

Nosebag.—Why, like as if you stamped upon it. Here's a good deal about this christening in this here newspaper; printed, they do say, by the 'thority of the Palace. The man that writes it wears the royal livery: scarlet run up and down with gold. He says (*reads*)—"The particulars of this interesting event are subjoined; and they will be perused by the reader with all the attention which the *holy rite, as well* as the lofty rank of the parties present, must command."

Nutts.—Humph! "Holy rite" and "lofty rank," as if a little Christian was any more a Christian for being baptized by a archbishop! Go on.

Nosebag.—Moreover, he says (*reads*)—"the ceremony was of the *loftiest* and *most magnificent character, befitting* in that respect at once the service of that all-powerful God who commanded his creatures to worship Him in pomp and glory, *under the old law*"——

Nutts.—Hallo! Stop there. What have we to do with the "old law" in Christianity? I thought the "old law" was only for the Jews. Isn't the "old law" repealed for Christians?

Nosebag.—Be quiet. (*Reads.*) "The water was brought from the river of Jordan"——

Nutts.—Well, when folks was christened there, I think there was no talk about magnificence; not a word about the pomp of the old law. Don't read it through. Give us the little nice bits here and there.

Nosebag.—Well, here's a procession with field-marshals in it, and major-generals, and generals.

Nutts.—There warn't so much as a full private on the banks of the Jordan.

Nosebag.—And "the whole of the costumes of both ladies and gentlemen were very elegant and magnificent; those of the former were uniformly white, of valuable

lace, and the richest satins and silks. The gentlemen were either in uniform or full court dress."

Nutts.—Very handsome, indeed; much handsomer than any coat of camel's hair.

Nosebag.—The Master of the Royal Buck-hounds was present.

Nutts.—With his dogs?

Nosebag.—Don't be wicked; and "the infant princess was dressed in a rich robe of Honiton lace over white satin."

Nutts.—Stop. What does the parson say? "Dost thou in the name of this child renounce the devil and all his works, the *vain pomp* and *glory* of this world?"

Nosebag. (*Reads*). "The Duke of Norfolk appeared in his uniform as Master of the Horse. The Duke of Cambridge wore the orders of the Garter, the Bath, and St. Michael and St. George. Earl Granville appeared"——

Nutts.—That will do. There was no "vain pomp," and not a bit of "glory."

A Master or a Mistress.

Jerrold met a well-known picture-collector, whom he knew, on Waterloo Bridge. The collector was possessed with a passion for Richard Wilson's pictures, and on the occasion, in question asserted that the canvas he had under his arm was a veritable example of his favourite master, which he had just picked up in the Waterloo-road. Propping the picture against the parapet of the bridge, he drew Jerrold's attention to its evidences of authenticity.

"See, Jerrold—with those trees—that sky—it must be a Richard Wilson."

"Well," Jerrold replied, "considering the locality where you found it, are you sure it isn't a Harriet Wilson?"

English Characteristics.

We English are not a very emotional people; even when we do feel very strongly, we nevertheless think it good breeding to betray nothing of the matter. We are apt to treat even a great feeling as the Spartan boy treated the fox hidden under his garment, suffering it to prey upon our very bowels rather than by any word, gesture, or expression, to discover what we are harbouring. This is our insular characteristic. We all of us have it more or less, from the duke to the duke's footman; the excess of outward indifference being the allowed test of the highest breeding. Educate a man into the insensibility of a post, and you make him a perfect gentleman; render a young lady seemingly pulseless as a prize turnip, and she is the perfection of the very choicest female nature. This is the discipline of high life in its very highest: but the frost descends to the very roots of society. We button up our hearts as we button up our great coats, all the more resolutely if our hearts, like our great-coat pockets, happen to have anything valuable in them.

In Memory of Mr. Justice Talfourd.

Never did more fervent wishes for a long, and therefore honoured, enjoyment of a new dignity, accompany a man to the bench than went with Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd. Good men rejoiced at this elevation as at the reward of goodness; and the literary intellect of the country beheld, with grateful pride, that man in the judgment-seat who, of all men, had best vindicated the sacred right

of intellect to its own brain-work. Many years were wished, were confidently hoped, for Judge Talfourd; and with them, honours and happiness manifold. It has pleased Almighty God to rule it otherwise. That pure hand which held the balance, is now of the clod of the valley; and that tongue whose very last accents pleaded for the sacred rights of human nature to the compassion and brotherly sympathy of brother man—"that tongue is now a stringless instrument." Peace and the growing reverence of the world be with his ashes! No man was ever wept by a greater number of friends, and no man ever died bequeathing to those of his name and blood a more sacred treasure in a reputation for goodness, gentleness, unswerving truth, than the poet judge Thomas Noon Talfourd. May his memory remain and flourish green as his laurels, as his life was spotless as his ermine.

The Debt of All.

All have a debt to pay that it is allowed to us to put off, as long as human foresight and human providence may enable us to defer; seeing that, defer, and postpone, and procrastinate as we may, the debt must and will be paid—for Death is the creditor. Therefore, assuming to the full, our privilege of putting off, when prudence and knowledge can effect the postponement, the payment of the inevitable debt, it is the solemn duty of every man to "set his house in order." He may sleep under gilding, or under thatch; he may dwell in a palace or a cabin; nevertheless, it is alike onerous upon him to set his house in order; for otherwise — nay, even in despite of his best prudence, his most vigilant watchfulness,—who shall secure to him the enjoyment of the tenancy of such habitation, be it of marble or of mud?

Schism and Repentance.

A young author, somewhat too proud of a religious work he had written, entitled "Schism and Repentance," wrote to Jerrold, begging him to subscribe for a copy. Jerrold replied that "he might put him down for 'Schism' by all means, but he would advise him to keep 'Repentance' for his publishers and readers.

The Gospel and the Bayonet.

Let us pay all honour to fighting men; all needful honour. In our transition state, they are our best guarantees of national freedom. But let us hope that the Gospel has a brighter light than that which gleams from bayonets. Gunpowder is not the *best* frankincense.

Merit, and not Favour.

"Merit, and not favour, should be the ground of advancement." How beautiful in their justice are these words, recently put forth by a public officer high in position; and how excellent for the country if made applicable to all public men of all conditions! Merit, and not favour! Let this golden rule be the rule of government, and great indeed must be the change. Why, the backstairs themselves would vanish like sunset clouds, and merit only tread the broad and open path to sure preferment.

Saint Success.

The Roman calendar is very full of saints, full as the one-shilling gallery on the trial night of a pantomime. In their mortal day, too, not a few of the canonized have been as noisy—sometimes, moreover, about as sweet-mouthed—as the holiday gods at a shilling or sixpence a

head. Nevertheless, with a crowded calendar, the world still requires another saint—we mean Saint Success! We know that the virtue of success (for all success is virtue, vice being inevitably confined to failure) is, after a manner, canonized; but we would have a solemn beatification of success, as Saint Success, and no other; for he who can have success for his protecting saint may renounce all other influences, human or divine. Steep success in blood, and there may be found even bishops to kneel to it.

The Boy and the Man.

The relation of the man to the boy is a solemn matter. Helpless, and appealing for aid and teaching, the boy turns his baby face to the man, and bids him write good lessons upon the fair tablet of his mind. Very solemn indeed is the relation of the man to the boy; and appalling is the crime of that man who violates its sanctity, destroying God's truth that is in the boy, by precepts of wicked purpose.

Tea.

Tea, with the flowers and scents of the warm East in it, with something hearty and of a downright domestic quality in its vivifying effect! Of the social influence of tea, in truth, upon the masses of the people in this country, it is not very easy to say too much. It has civilized brutish and turbulent homes, saved the drunkard from his doom, and to many a mother, who would else indeed have been most wretched and most forlorn, it has given cheerful, peaceful thoughts that have sustained her. Its work among us in England and elsewhere —aye, throughout the civilized world—has been humanizing—good. Its effect has been, upon us all, something socially healthful; something that is peaceful, gentle, and

hearty. The passionate drinker may sit by his fire, watch his kettle, and in the stream of steam rolling away from it, see all the fallen idols of the East tumbling about; the long-eared, long-nailed goddesses unceremoniously bandied hither and thither; the gaudy temples broken up; the priests disbanded.

A Model Policeman.

The policeman stands in a peculiar position, and not in a very pleasant position. He may not mix unreservedly with his own class; he is not like a common labourer, who, his work being done, wends his way to the gathering at which he has a certain influence and standing. He may be the idol of servant-maids, but he is not welcome among most men. His temptations are great; he is offered bribes every day of his life. Upon his honesty depends the safety of thousands. He may wink at a burglary, turn his back upon any petty peculation, and his reward is at hand. He may not choose to observe brawls in public-houses; he may liberate drunkards nightly. And then how strong must be his nature to resist, when a fairy from the area railings whispers to him "roast goose," beckons, and vanishes! In truth, to be an honest policeman, he must be a model man.

Water.

Water, like wine and fire, is an excellent servant, but a bad master. An enthusiast may become quite as noisy, and, in his enthusiasm, as absurd, at a pump as at a wine-cask.

Legitimacy in France.

What is legitimacy at this hour in France but a worn-out Madame Saqui that would still profit by the

balance of power, and still, though palsy-shaken, dance on the tight-rope?

The Parrot of St. Paul's.

The following advertisement appeared the other day in a morning paper:—

"PARROT FOUND, on the dome of St. Paul's, July 16th. Full description of size, age, colour, and *sayings*, to be sent by letter to ——"

This parrot is no common thing in feathers, but a parrot of omen alighted, as in the olden days did storks and eagles, on towers and temples, in augury of good or evil. Our churches, in so far as birds are concerned, are for the shelter and comfort of honest, homely jackdaws—of birds of one plain, simple hue. Now, when gaudy parrots—parrots, like tulip-beds, of all colours—perch upon cathedral domes, we know too well what they are intended to symbolize, and do most earnestly pray that the warning may not be lost upon the episcopal mind, and upon all nominal Protestant parsons, sniffing, with Roman noses, towards the Seven Hills.

A Naval Review.

The stuff that makes navies—the bone and blood of Englishmen,—with the indomitable spirit that is their vitality, is still as constant to England as are the waves that hitherto have sanctified our shores. No man, let him be of the highest intellectual power and the most generous sympathies, or of plodding mind and selfish instincts, but must have acknowledged in that great sea solemnity a lesson elevating and assuring. The man's heart must have been no more than a pebble on the beach that did not palpitate with sympathy, as towards living things, towards those glorious ships, seemingly so instinct

with life, so majestic with the might of power—beautiful, terribly fascinating, as were the evolutions of those tremendous vessels — sublime manifestations of the working mind and working arm of England. When these ships blazed and roared with the lightning and thunder of battle, they uttered a lesson that, stirring to its depths, as with a terrible rapture, the human nature of the listener, was yet to be heard in prolonged, though whispering, dying echoes, in the back parlour of the smallest English shopkeeper—in the poorest cottage of the humblest peasant.

Mechanics' Institutes.

The Mechanics' Institute is the saving school for £. *s. d.*—a school alike for youth, manhood, and old age. In the Mechanics' Institute the scholars, who began and finished their lessons on the forms of the infant school, have lessons ever beginning, never ending—knowledge still widening like circles in water. In that institute the students, trained by early teaching, early prudence, may find that, whatever be the varieties, the inequalities of life, there is a common ground where all men may meet, may know and be strengthened with the assurance that there are intellectual pleasures, lights of knowledge, as widely open and as free to all men, as are the skies above them and the sunlight around them.

Self-Respect.

That a man should be just and respectful towards all mankind, he must first begin with himself. A man—so to speak—who is not able to make a bow to his own conscience every morning is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

Queen Maria of Portugal.

She was a good wife, an affectionate mother, and a weak, volatile queen. With no strength of character to vindicate the high dûties of her position, she suffered herself to become the tool of party; and with an admiration of constitutional liberty upon her lips, in her practice she held to the old bigotry of legitimacy. She had virtues for a private station, but wanted the qualities of a constitutional queen. Good at the fireside, she was a mere negation on the throne.

Economy and Waste.

When articles are too cheap, we squander them, and "where there's plenty, put plenty in the pot," says an old fireside adage, that has, we think, a comfort and jollity in the sound of it; plenty being as distinct from wastefulness as a whole sack full of wheat, and a sack with a hole in it for the wheat to run through. But fivepence, accord-to the theory of some—fivepence for a quartern loaf—produces waste, whilst elevenpence must engender thrift. Fivepence is a spendthrift, elevenpence is a careful economist! Therefore, up with prices; for with them up go the fireside virtues!

Diplomacy.

Negotiation between nations is, no doubt, for a time, wise, and good, and patriotic, but, too finely spun, becomes a weakness and a mischief. Diplomacy shall work as much calamity as a battle: a few ink-drops, seemingly innocent, shall cost a nation more misery, more eventual wretchedness and exhaustion, than a river of blood.

My Particular Friend.

Said an individual to Jerrold one evening in a green-room—

"I believe you know a very particular friend of mine, Mrs. ——?"

Now Mrs. Blank was remarkable for beauty, but it was the beauty of Venus, by no means that of Diana.

"I have met with an actress named Mrs. Blank," replied Jerrold, "but she cannot be *the particular* friend you allude to."

"I beg your pardon," said Individual, "it is the same person."

"Excuse me, sir," Jerrold replied, "the lady I speak of is not very particular."

Fireside Saints.

St. Patty was an orphan, and dwelt in a cot with a sour old aunt. It chanced, it being bitter cold, that three hunters came and craved for meat and drink. "Pack!" said the sour aunt, "neither meat nor drink have ye here." "Neither meat nor drink," said Patty, "but something better." And she ran and brought some milk, some eggs, and some flour, and beating them up, poured the batter in the pan. Then she took the pan and tossed the cake over; and then a robin alighted at the window, and kept singing these words—*One good turn deserves another.* And Patty tossed and tossed the cakes; and the hunters ate their fill and departed. And next day the hunter baron came in state to the cot; and trumpets were blown, and the heralds cried—*One good turn deserves another;* in token whereof Patty became the baron's wife, and pancakes were eaten on Shrove Tuesday ever after.

St. Sally.

St. Sally, from her childhood, was known for her innermost love of truth. It was said of her that her heart was in a crystal shrine, and all the world might see it. Moreover, when other women denied, or strove to hide their age, St. Sally said, "*I am five-and-thirty.*" Whereupon next birthday, St. Sally's husband, at a feast of all their friends, gave her a necklace of six-and-thirty opal beads: and on every birthday added a bead, until the beads mounted to fourscore and one. And the beads seemed to act as a charm; for St. Sally wearing the sum of her age about her neck, age never appeared in her face. Such, in the olden time, was the reward of simplicity and truth.

St. Betsy.

St. Betsy was wedded to a knight who sailed with Raleigh and brought home tobacco; and the knight smoked. But he thought that St. Betsy, like other fine ladies of the court, would fain that he should smoke out of doors, nor taint with 'baeco-smoke the tapestry. Whereupon the knight would seek his garden, his orchard, and in any weather smoke *sub Jove*. Now it chanced as the knight smoked, St. Betsy came to him and said, "My lord, pray ye come into the house." And the knight went with St. Betsy, who took him into a newly-cedared room, and said, "I pray my lord, henceforth smoke here: for is it not a shame that you, who are the foundation and the prop of your house, should have no place to put your head into and smoke?" And St. Betsy led him to a chair, and with her own fingers filled him a pipe; and from that time the knight sat in the cedar-chamber and smoked his weed.

St. Phillis.

St. Phillis was a virgin of noble parentage, but withal as simple as any shepherdess of curds and cream. She married a wealthy lord, and had much pin-money. But when other ladies wore diamonds and pearls, St. Phillis only wore a red and white rose in her hair. Yet her pin-money brought the best of jewellery in the happy eyes of the poor about her. St. Phillis was rewarded. She lived until fourscore, and still carried the red and white rose in her face, and left their fragrance in her memory.

St. Phœbe.

St. Phœbe was married early to a wilful, but withal a good-hearted, husband. He was a merchant, and would come home sour and sullen from 'change. Whereupon, after much pondering, St. Phœbe in her patience, set to work, and praying the while, made of dyed lambswool a door-mat. And it chanced from that time, that never did the husband touch that mat that it didn't clean his temper with his shoes, and he sat down by his Phœbe as mild as the lamb whose wool he had trod upon. Thus gentleness may make miraculous door-mats!

St. Norah.

St. Norah was a poor girl, and came to England to service. Sweet-tempered and gentle, she seemed to love everything she spoke to; and she prayed to St. Patrick that he would give her a good gift that would make her not proud, but useful; and St. Patrick, out of his own head, taught St. Norah how to boil a potato—a sad thing, and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few.

St. Becky.

A very good man was St. Becky's husband, but with his heart a little too much in his bottle. Port wine—red port wine—was his delight, and his constant cry was—bee's-wing. Now as he sat tipsy in his arbour, a wasp dropt into his glass, and the wasp was swallowed, stinging the man inwardly. Doctors crowded, and with much ado the man was saved. Now St. Becky nursed her husband tenderly to health, and upbraided him not; but she said these words, and they reformed him:—"*My dear, take wine, and bless your heart with it—but wine in moderation: else, never forget that the bee's-wing of to-day becomes the wasp's sting of to-morrow.*"

St. Lily.

St. Lily was the wife of a poor man, who tried to support his family—and the children were many—by writing books. But in those days it was not as easy for a man to find a publisher as to say his paternoster. Many were the books that were written by the husband of St. Lily; but to every book St. Lily gave at least two babes. However, blithe as the cricket was the spirit that ruled about the hearth of St. Lily. And how she helped her helpmate! She smiled sunbeams into his ink-bottle, and turned his goose-pen to the quill of a dove! She made the paper he wrote on as white as her name, and as fragrant as her soul. And when folks wondered how St. Lily managed so lightly with fortune's troubles, she always answered, that she never heeded them, for—*troubles were like babies, and only grew the bigger by nursing.*

St. Fanny.

St. Fanny was a notable housewife. Her house was a

temple of neatness. Kings might have dined upon her staircase! Now her great delight was to provide all things comfortable for her husband, a hard-working merchant, much abroad, but loving his home. Now one night he returned tired and hungry, and, by some mischance, there was nothing for supper. Shops were shut; and great was the grief of St. Fanny. Taking off a bracelet of seed-pearl, she said—"*I'd give this ten times over for a supper for my husband!*" And every pearl straightway became an oyster; and St. Fanny opened—the husband ate—and lo! in every oyster was a pearl as big as a hazel-nut; and so was St. Fanny made rich for life.

St. Dolly.

At an early age St. Dolly showed the sweetness of her nature by her tender love for her widowed father, a baker, dwelling at Pie-corner, with a large family of little children. It chanced that with bad harvests bread became so dear, that, of course, bakers were ruined by high prices. The miller fell upon Dolly's father, and swept the shop with his golden thumb. Not a bed was left for the baker or his little ones. St. Dolly slept upon a flour-sack, having prayed that good angels would help her to help her father. Now sleeping, she dreamt that the oven was lighted, and she felt falling in a shower about her, raisins, currants, almonds, lemon-peel, flour, with heavy drops of brandy. Then in her dreams she saw the fairies gather up the things that fell, and knead them into a cake. They put the cake into the oven, and dancing round and round, the fairies vanished, crying, "*Draw the cake Dolly—Dolly, draw the cake!*" And Dolly awoke and drew the cake, and, behold, it was the first twelfth-cake, sugared at the top, and bearing the images of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Now this cake, shown in the window, came to the king's

ear; and the king bought the cake, knighted the baker, and married Dolly to his grand falconer, to whom she proved a faithful and loving wife, bearing him a baker's dozen of lovely children.

St. Florence or St. Nightingale.

St. Florence, by her works, had her lips blessed with comforting, and her hands touched with healing; and she crossed the sea, and built hospitals, and solaced, and restored. And so long as English mistletoe gathers beneath it truthful hearts, and English holly brightens happy eyes, so long will Englishmen, at home or abroad, on land or on the wave—so long, in memory of that Eastern Christmas, will they cry—"*God bless St. Florence! Bless St. Nightingale!*"

St. Jenny.

St. Jenny was wedded to a very poor man; they had scarcely bread to keep them; but Jenny was of so sweet a temper that even want bore a bright face, and Jenny always smiled. In the worst seasons Jenny would spare crumbs for the birds, and sugar for the bees. Now it so happened that one autumn a storm rent their cot in twenty places apart; when, behold, between the joists, from the basement to the roof, there was nothing but honeycomb and honey—a little fortune for St. Jenny and her husband, in honey. Now some said it was the bees, but more declared it was the sweet temper of St. Jenny that had filled the poor man's house with honey.

The Most Important Post.

The gallows is, of all, the most important post: let that be carried, and the throne must capitulate. The Lapland

witch, with simple rope, ties up a tempest in a single knot. The English hangman, in *his* noose, makes sure the social safety of the nation; unfasten that, and the hurricane of anarchy will sweep all before it. Truly Jack Ketch is a very ill-used functionary; for, considering his great social utility, he ought to take rank with the most solemn authorities of the land: yet, somehow, we do not shrink from him—we do not award anything like the same respect we offer to a bishop, or even a curate; but then, poor human nature is so fantastical!

How Bishops take care of Themselves.

January, 1847.

"Know thyself!" This has been preached to simple man as the best, the noblest injunction of ancient wisdom. The Ecclesiastical Commission has, however, improved upon such primitive counsel; and the wisdom arrayed in purple and lawn says, "Take care of thyself!" And it is curious, instructive, to mark the obedience with which purple and lawn has followed its own monition. Never was virtuous determination entered upon, after long conflicting, moral discipline, carried out with greater strength and constancy of purpose. The bishops have triumphantly confounded the simplicity that believed in their ignorance of arithmetic as applicable to their spiritual functions, and have shown a knowledge of figures that, no doubt, in their belief, harmonizes beautifully with their sacred mission. If men may be compared with books, then are the bishops' *Ready Reckoners* bound and gilt in church-morocco.

When the Ecclesiastical Commission was issued, there is no doubt that all the bishops looked upon themselves—that is, their revenues, which are a part of themselves, the same as the golden tooth was deemed a part of the

Silesian baby—as in some sort of peril. And then, as it would appear from the result, what did these churchmen? Why they one and all took a vow. Let us not be misunderstood. We would not be thought to impeach their Protestantism: true sons of Luther are they, we doubt not, with a proper abhorrence of popery, even in its mildest form of scarletina (as shown in Pius IX.), and, therefore, the vow had no reference whatever to masses, or paternosters, or candles. The Bishop of London, we are sure of it, did not in the time of peril vow a new service of plate to Fulham Church; neither, we will answer for him, did the Bishop of Exeter promise himself a shirt of wolf's-skin, to be worn next his own for a certain period; nor did the Bishop of Durham vow a new stained window to his cathedral, to propitiate the saints in his perplexity. No; the vow that it is plain the bishops took was simple, and of easy — nay, pleasant, fulfilment. It was, we say, a vow to take care of themselves—a vow that they have faithfully fulfilled as men and bishops.

The Sword of Glory on Hire.

A peasant, with sickle and scythe, seeking work, is an honest, honourable object. He would assist, however humbly, in the great work of this working world. He goes "amid the alien corn," and reaps the food necessary to man. He is a worthy son of toil, and truly fulfils his mission.

A gentleman, with a sword to let—with so much cold steel, to rip, and gash, and stab withal—is, we think, another sort of person. He works in a very different field; and his labour—hireling, as he is of blood—brings in another sort of harvest. A soldier of fortune, a mere day-worker in the field of glory—letting himself out to a foreign master, to do devil's mischief upon his fellow-

creatures—is, in our opinion, a Cain in uniform, upon so much a day.

The Rigmarole of Louis Philippe.

January, 1847.

The season for royal speeches is begun. Louis Philippe has already said his little nothing to his faithful Chambers; and next week the queen of England will address her loyal Parliament. Under very different circumstances, however, do the two sovereigns harangue their several assemblies. Louis Philippe is his own cabinet—his own speech-maker; Queen Victoria is merely the harmonious state instrument, giving utterance to the voice of her ministry. On Monday last, his majesty of France stood at the bar of public opinion. The eyes of Europe—eyes, by the way, too often said to be directed upon very small people, and very small doings—looked full at the royal offender, who, if we may believe in the impartiality of the English reports, seemed to feel the scrutiny, and to pause and stammer at certain points—places to be marked "dangerous," like flawed ice—in his defence, or, rather, in his avoidance of defence.

Very fair, indeed—right royal, it is said—was the appearance of the Chambers. There was the good queen, with her handsome daughters, and the guards and equerries, and the national and municipal guards, "presenting a most brilliant display of crosses, embroidery, and glittering uniforms." And there was that pretty piece of stolen goods, the duchess of Montpensier, dressed in a dark-coloured dress, and a yellow bonnet, lined inside with pink (from which darkness of hue and blush-colour, fancy might symbolize the policy that blessed her with her father-in-law). And then the trumpets brayed and screamed, and a cry of "*Vive le Roi*" arose from all sides.

And putting aside this royal show and glitter—shutting our ears to the glorifying brass—what, in truth, do we behold? Why, in very truth, a most miserable spectacle. Royal falsehood crowned with grey hairs—an old, old man facing the world to slabber over treachery, and hide, as best he may, the foulness of falsehood with the robes of a king. He stands before the world crowned with knavish conquest; in the chicanery of diplomacy he has overreached an unsuspecting lady; and the glib-tongued victor of a queen—his ingenuous guest, be it remembered—has, in his own belief, become more of the king as he has departed from the man of honour and the gentleman. We doubt not that Louis Philippe's speech was looked for with some natural impatience at Windsor Castle. Curiosity must have been a little whetted to learn the state explanation given to the royal conference in the parlour of Eu. A loud-voiced, brassy-faced hawker of lies was one day bawling forth his marketable flams—"Let us wait, my dear," said one matron to another—"let us wait to hear how far this fellow's impudence will carry him." And some such fascinating curiosity may have been alive in Windsor Castle. But the state organ, unlike the tin horn, said nothing. The royal culprit avoided the weak parts of his defence, and talked abroad and at large. The royal speech, like a lapwing, piped and piped, but wide of the nest.

A Live Lord "honours" Manchester.

Lord Lincoln has positively appeared in Manchester! Yes, as Alderman Nield owns, his lordship has "honoured" the town of chimneys. The deputation—according to the *Manchester Express*—were now astonished, now in a flutter of delight, at the wondrous presence of his lordship. Like little boys who, contemplating the outside

of a pickle-shop, marvel how so large a cucumber should ever have got into so small a bottle, so must certain of the deputation have wondered how his lordship's greatness should have accommodated itself to the limits of such a small abiding-place as Manchester.

Reporters, we learn, were prohibited from taking notes. The report is therefore to be considered as only a leaf from the *Pleasures of Memory*. Mr. Alderman Nield, bending low, as became him before a lord, "said a few words on the very great honour which Lord Lincoln had conferred on Manchester." This, however, was replied to by his lordship in the usual form of compliment—the honour was conferred upon *him!* His lordship, however, spoke of his return as quite an ideal event. "Should he ever be elected," he would, of course, devote all his energies and—but everybody knows the rest. And now, reader, take breath.

His lordship having finished the few remarks he had to make, the chairman intimated, that if any of the gentlemen present *wished to be introduced* to his lordship, they might now have an opportunity by coming forward. An awkward pause of about two minutes now took place, and a good deal of tittering, which was at last put an end to by Mr. Alderman Potter, who was the first to go forward and shake hands with his lordship.

We trust that no history of Manchester will be published without enshrining this heroism of Potter! That he should "put an end" to the suspense by such an act of devotion is only paralleled by the magnanimity of Curtius, who—very like Potter—shut up a large *hiatus* by jumping into it. Yes, we have in early days seen something like it at a country fair. "Take him in your arms, coax him, play with him, he has no teeth, and he wouldn't scratch if he could," says the showman, exhibiting a lion cub; and some dauntless Potter—setting an example to his

companions—lays his hand upon the furry majesty, or rather on the leonine Prince of Wales, and smiles and wonders at his own audacity.

The Tongue of Parliament—1847.

Under this head—having elsewhere considered the general principles of the opening debate—we propose to notice the isolated sentences and passages remarkable for their wisdom and sagacity, or for other qualities not at the moment to be specified. In the appalling nine-and-twenty columns of Wednesday's *Times*, a mass of type not "dark through excess of light," it is surprising, disheartening to those who value the precious staff of life to discover how very little there is remunerative of the indefatigable and constant reader. Column rolls after column, and how few the grains of gold carried along by the turbid stream. How very leafy the trees of parliamentary knowledge, and how few the pippins upon the boughs. What heaped-up bottles of hay, with only here and there a proverbial needle to reward the desperate searcher. We have somewhere read of a bird of the parrot tribe whose tongue is longer than its whole body, far deep in Indian forests; those birds, we doubt it not, compose the Parliament of Parrots.

In earnest seriousness we state our belief in the necessity of a parliamentary reform of tongue. We think the time is gone when speeches, like the great sea-snake, are to be considered astonishing merely with reference to their length. Why will lords and commoners run out their eloquence like interminable balls of twine? Why not give in substance what they spin in tenuity? Her Majesty was an early patroness of Tom Thumb, graciously rewarding that trifflest span of humanity. Now we most heartily esire, both for our readers and ourselves, the institution

of some Court reward—some new Order of Brevity—to be conferred from session to session upon two members, a peer and a commoner, whose speeches shall have contained the greatest wisdom in the fewest syllables.

The Hermit of Pall Mall.

Though it is my purpose to pour a stream of wisdom upon the town, no man shall precisely know its source. No man passing along Pall Mall shall be enabled, by outward symbol, to point to the garret window that frames and glazes Pall Mall's Hermit. No; it shall at times be to me a melancholy pleasure to think that the story of my death is repeated at the club; vouched for by the narrator who, fifteen years ago, saw me disappear in a jungle kicking in the jaws of a royal tiger. How I was rescued from death to marry the sister of a rajah, who again set me free by her decease, the reader shall never know, for a reason, possibly, not hidden to him. But I repeat it: I shall tenderly hug myself with the thought that I am every now and then returned killed at the clubs; whilst from my garret windows I behold the biped items of the fashionable world, a world not made of common loam, but of a happy mixture of custard and *blanc mange*.

Though no man or woman is permitted to see my hermitage—for with averted face I take in my chop and porter, my clean shirt, and so forth, at the smallest of wickets, whilst the *Post* is every morning pushed under my door—I shall scruple not to give some few hints descriptive of my cell. It is about eighteen feet by twelve, partly covered with a Turkey carpet, whose faded glories serve to recall to me the flaunting vanities of life. A small iron bedstead stands in a sort of alcove; the bed covered with a patchwork quilt, the needlework of one who—but no, that name shall never be blackened by printer's ink! An

arm-chair of crimson velvet, in my eyes ever bright and glorious, for it once held the exalted person of the Prince Regent when he did me the honour to win two thousand guineas of me, in a manner truly gracious and truly royal. A small table purchased when the Fraternal Chicken-Hazard Club was unhappily scattered. My duelling pistols—the scent of the gunpowder hangs round them still—adorn my mantel-piece; and in summer time I sit and moralize when I see and hear the big blue-bottle flies of Pall Mall bounce and buzz about the dusty barrels. And then I sometimes sigh and say, "Well, it was not always so."

I have a small collection of books, the very bloom and marrow of the choice library of the late Duke of York. Debrett, of course, is never off my table. My walls are decorated with prints—faded, faded!—of winning horses, when the turf was indeed a green spot; when gentlemen only robbed gentlemen, and swindling was not vulgarized by practising it with the low. And the horses are companioned by the portraits of pretty dancers in the lamented and tasteful times of short waists. Nevertheless, that pistols, pictures, and so forth should not wholly absorb me in the recollection of the vanities of the world, I have, like a true hermit, a skull, upon a shelf—a skull warranted the late property of a zealous sheriff's officer: and when I remember the profession of the man who sold me that valuable *memento*, I can have no reason to doubt its genuineness.

Of my personal appearance I cannot say much in particular. When I entered my attic, years ago, I broke my looking-glass, and have never beheld my face since then. To say the truth, I am of a bashful temperament, and had somehow fallen into a habit of blushing at a mirror. Indeed it was circumstances connected with this habit that induced me to shut the door of my garret in the

world's face, and to begin and moralize on the world below. I always shave, but shave without a glass. A hermit, I know, ought to have a show beard; but when so many masquerading hermits walk the streets, the real recluse should despise hair, and use a razor.

Wordsworth on Railways.

Wordsworth poured forth his indignant spleen lest Windermere and Rydal should be degraded by the presence of a thousand holiday-folks, freed from the steaming hives of Lancashire to enjoy one day with God's beautiful works among the lakes and mountains of Cumberland—astonishing obliquity in one so gifted. His great human heart, instead of growling, should have expanded with the thought, that thousands, by the aid of steam, would in one day's emancipation from loom and anvil, gain health, strength, and wisdom, as they luxuriated among the glorious scenery which has so long inspired his lofty mind, and fed his poetic fancy;—that thousands would be induced to read his works, who theretofore had hardly heard his name. Let us hope he has become wiser, as the peers have: but these are of the past—let us look at the present.

Poverty and Property.

We hold it as a principle, that the people of every country have an equitable lien on the property of the country, subject, of course, to the condition of their labouring to improve the value of that property, unless physically incapacitated. Now, before poverty can be punishable, the fact of willing idleness must be proved; for involuntary or compulsory idleness is no crime. Suppose an employer to say to an operative, "I would

give you work, but the legislature has passed laws which destroy or limit my trade, and, therefore, I cannot engage your services." If this plea be a true one, it is the government, not the labourer, who is the criminal, and the penalty should fall on the government—that is to say, the government is bound to find the work and wages which its own acts prevent the private capitalists from finding. Before, therefore, we punish the pauperism which springs from compulsory and unwilling idleness, we must be satisfied that nothing exists to obstruct the employment of labour; for it is an aggravation of cruelty to make bad laws and then punish the people because the laws are bad; yet such is the system that has been pursued. The new poor-law was enacted while the corn-laws were enforced; and while legislation was raising rents it was lowering wages, and driving labour out of employment. Then it declared the poverty of its own creation a crime, and established the unions.

The Irish Landlord—1847.

Look at the Irish landlord as we will—study him as we may, he is, on his own word, the most interesting and the most ingenuous of creatures. An Arcadian he—only an Arcadian holding the hat—at the door of England. All his past faults—for his errors are of the past—he is now regenerate and pure—we are to forget. We are to say no word to him, save the monetary two—"How much?" and then, in the blandest way, he will answer, "Some handful of millions:" and then we are to draw the cheque on the back and belly of England—and the money gone, there are to be no more questions asked.

The sensibility of the Irish landlord is even morbidly acute. Say one word to him about the sufferings of Englishmen, and you insult him. His compassion is

purely geographical, and does not cross the Channel. Sir B. Hall gibbeted the names of certain Irish landlords, to our mind denaturalized, made monstrous by their homicidal selfishness; for, with wealth sufficient to assuage the misery around them, they buttoned their pockets and let famine do its work of death. No matter how many graves are opened, the landlord's purse is closed.

Cambridge Chancellors and Cambridge Flams.

A Chancellor to a University is as a figure-head to a ship—of no real utility, but solely to satisfy a prejudice for ornament. If the figure-head, too, be well gilt, it makes all the finer show. The head of the late lamented chancellor was of this sort—gilt, inch thick—and, by the way, of like material with figure-heads in general. But the gilding was the thing—the ducal gold that hid the ducal wood.

The University of Cambridge is the well of truth. There in all her lovely nakedness she lives; and there, men in early, plastic nature contemplate her transcendent beauty, that her image may dwell in their hearts and minds, and be with them always. Such is the vulgar error preached by solemn men to gullible generations. But it is time that common sense should pull the grave mask of truth from conventional falsehood, that it should tear away the gown of the philosopher, and expose the quack.

A great golden lie is set up at either university, and the ingenuous English youth are commanded to bow down and worship it. Gessler set up *his* cap to be venerated; and, with like reason, with like justice towards the common dignity of humanity, Cam and Isis set up their caps, with this difference—there is a gold tuft to them, and in that gold there is an enshrined spirit com-

manding the veneration of untitled man. His soul is to veil itself at the wearer, and obediently say, "I am less than thou."

Alma Mater sounds well. But what does this good and gracious mother really teach? Has she equal love for all her children — does she incite them all alike in the path of knowledge — does she reward alike? Does she teach "that it is as impossible to be soiled as the sunbeam"? This Alma Mater ought to be the incarnation of wisdom and justice—dispassionate, serene, awful. She ought to reward in the spirit of truth; whilst her first prizes are nought but flams! This good mother has her special pets — the beautiful aristocracy; the rest of her children are swart, freckled, misbegotten hunchbacks. Hence Alma Mater, who somehow looms upon us, not with the mild looks of truth, but as a ruddled, jewelled, gold-bedecked dowager, eternally curtsying, and smiling venal smiles upon dukes and lords—teaches falsehood as the inevitable right of the nobility. They may wear college lies as diamonds—the rightful ornaments of their rank and station.

See Dowager Alma Mater—bosom friend and gossip of old Mother Church—with her aristocratic pet. She dresses him in finer clothes, that he may, at all events, have the outward and visible sign of worldly fortune, though he may lack the inward and spiritual grace of noble intellect. She dubs him, as a matter of course, M.A. He comes to the dignity with his beard, and with as much labour on his own part. He undergoes no examination for honours —why should he? In most cases he is an hereditary legislator—

> "—— the first time that he smells the air
> He wawls and cries——"

a lawgiver. Being, then, the elect of nature—written down in that Bible of the aristocracy—the *Red Book*—he, of

course, inhales learning on the banks of Cam or Isis, as vulgar beings inhale fever from the river mud. And then he is sent into the world with so small a spot of original sin upon him—in fact, so small, that, like a mole, it is almost a beauty-spot—that it is only needful for him to go to church on Sundays. Not so with plebeian scholars: but then there is good reason for this. It takes time to clean clay pipkins; whereas, porcelain is rinced for all purposes in a minute. And this is how Alma Mater and Mother Church make religion easy to the aristocracy. But a state religion would, if it could, turn Jacob's ladder into a backstairs to Heaven, with the first accommodation for the privileged classes.

How is it possible, then, whilst these unjust, these wicked distinctions are perpetrated at the universities, that the spirit of the times can continue to honour them? The abodes of learning, as they are called, are the abiding-places of sophistication. It is not their purpose to elevate human nature, but to make it bow down and worship the golden calf that lows from the *Court Guide*. Their real object is to cocker in the few a morbid and insolent sense of the advantages of rank, and to make the many "crook the hinges" of the soul to titled wealth. There the young churchman learns in good season to duck as a tutor, that he may afterwards successfully crawl for a bishopric.

And the universities grant honours. But are they all true? Will they all bear the ring? How does M.A. always sound—true, harmonious? Or is it not too often a vile copper thing, a base medal, thickly gilt to stick in the cap that covers no brains—nothing but title? And then LL.D. How often might the letters, turning the sham inside out, tell the truth in L I E?

Whilst we write, justice—Cambridge justice—holds her balance. In one scale the Queen's husband, Field Marshal, &c. He has been invited by certain members

of the Senate upon these truthful grounds: That his Royal Highness the Prince Albert's exalted rank and high position in the state, his admirable virtues, with *his known love of literature, science, and academic studies*, mark him out as the person most fitted to be elected into the office of Chancellor of this University upon the occasion of the present vacancy.

We do not question Prince Albert's virtues. On the contrary, we believe him to be a very respectable young man; though at the same time, folks in his station have respectability made very easy to them. They must, in truth, go ingeniously wrong if they can miss it. Bishops, however, may think otherwise; for they know how bags of gold are apt, in men's hurried progress through life, to swerve them now and then from the right line. But about the Prince's "known love of literature." How has he shown it? Who are the men of letters patronized, made the companions of his more studious hours? Name! The Prince may, certainly, have a passion for letters; but like Shakespeare's maiden, it may be said of him—

> "He never told his love,
> But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
> Prey on his royal cheek."

And then, "academic studies!" To be sure the Prince did study at Bonn; and as there is a river at Bonn and a river at Cambridge, he is, upon such reasoning, "the most desertless man" for Chancellor. The Prince, however, declines to contest the honour—

"Did it not appear from the proceedings entered into by others in the university that there does not exist that degree of unanimity which alone would leave me at liberty to consent to be put in nomination, I should have felt both the greatest pleasure and pride in acceding to the desire expressed in this address, and so personally connecting myself with your ancient and renowned seat of learning."

But the Bishop of London will not take "no" for answer. He keeps to the Prince for Chancellor. At times the lawn holds a tighter grip than a terrier. Mark the tenacity of Blomfield:—

"That this meeting has heard *with feelings of deep gratitude* the terms in which his Royal Highness Prince Albert has been pleased to express the pride and pleasure he would have in filling the office of Chancellor of our university." And therefore the Bishop takes the Prince to poll. With a desperate admiration of the known literary love of the Queen's spouse, Blomfield carries his Royal Highness willy-nilly to the election; nay, were it necessary, would, we doubt not, carry a board through Cambridge with all the royal excellences printed in bold type: yes, bold enough even for a bishop. And in all this Blomfield only regards the interests of Cambridge; he has, of course, no distant thoughts of Lambeth.

For ourselves, we contemplate the election with, we think, an enviable serenity. It is said to be necessary to have a peer for chancellor, to answer for Cambridge in the House of Lords. Why surely there must always be a sufficient number of her late babes and sucklings to speak up for dear Alma Mater. However, whether Prince or Powis be chancellor, we care not, though Cambridge may; for Powis, if he speak truly, will be a very sorry figure-head to the university. He says—

"I cannot hope to fill that high office with such advantage to the university as accrued from the presidency of our late valued and respected chancellor."

Now, it was known that the figure-head could not be so thickly gilt as the last; but it was thought hardly possible that it could be of poorer wood.

The Curse of Game.

The white ant is the curse of its religion. It travels in

myriads, and suffering nothing to oppose its progress, consumes—say naturalists—huts and houses in its way. Now the game-laws are the white ants of rustic England. On the one hand they threaten the social being of the farmer, whilst, more destructive, they incite to crime. Hares run about like the fabled pigs, with knives and forks in them, crying to all beholders, "Come and kill me;" whilst the pheasant crows from the bough the doom of the poacher. And the landlords of England, with but few exceptions, refuse to abate the nuisance. A few noblemen, it is true, have given up the preservation of game; but many still worship it as a sacred part of their exclusiveness—an aristocratic god—and one too often served with human blood.

Teaching the Young Attorney.

'Tis a great place for morals—the playhouse, Peter. As I say, it quite drew me back into the paths of virtue. Old Simcox, my master, to keep me active, used to give me a shilling for every writ I served. He used to say, there was nothing like rubbing a young dog's nose in the blood to make him sharp after the game. Well, with these shillings I used to go to the Coburg gallery. That gallery was my salvation. When I used to see the villain, who'd been so lucky all through the piece, chopped down like chopped wood at the last, my conscience used to stir worse than the stomach-ache; and so, by degrees, I liked the playhouse more, and the writs less. And one day, when Simcox told me to go and serve a writ upon the very actor who used to do me so much good—for he was always the cock of the walk, as far as virtue went—I gave him such a speech about "Tremble, villain, for there is an eye," that the old fellow gasped again. When he had recovered himself enough to fling a ruler at my head, I put my cap on, and turned my back upon the law.

A Cabman on the Church.

All this noise in the Church has begun in the playhouse—I'm sure of it. Foolish people say and write, that we English folks don't care about plays. There never was such a mistake. In our hearts, all of us, and especially many of the bishops and clergy, dote upon the playhouse; but then, you see, it isn't thought quite the thing for the clergy to go there. The bishop of Exeter—I'm cocksure of it—has a consuming love for a pantomime; but then, he wouldn't like to be seen in the boxes of Drury Lane, giving his countenance to the clown, that takes his tithe of all sorts of things that come under his nose. The bishop of London, too—he, I've heard it said, got made a bishop of by some intimate acquaintance of his, that wrote plays in Greek. Well, he can't go and enjoy his laugh at the Haymarket, or have his feelings warmed till they boil over at his eyes at the Victoria (that was once the Coburg). So you see, as the bishops can't decently stir from the church to the playhouse, they've set their heads together to bring the playhouse to the church. And this accounts for all this fuss in the Church, about what the playhouse people call the "dresses and decorations." They seem to think that religion isn't enough of itself, unless it's "splendidly got up;" whereupon, they want to go back to the old properties of crosses and candlesticks, and so forth, to fill the pews. Well, when the bishops—the grey, sober men, the fathers of the Church—have this hankering after a bit of show, it isn't to be expected that the young fellows will refuse the finery—certainly not! whereupon, they're bringing in all sorts of fashions, it seems. They don't think it enough to belong to the army of martyrs, unless they've very handsome regimentals.

In some of the churches they've revived what they call

the offertory. It's this: at a certain part of the service they send round a bag, or a pocket, at the end of a stick, to all the people, to put money in. I have seen the same sort of thing used in the streets, to reach to the first-floors, when tumblers go about. Well, this money is gathered for many things; but John Bull doesn't like it. They say the crocodile has his tender part somewhere about his belly: John's vital part is in his breeches-pocket. Nevertheless, there's no doubt that the bishop of Exeter—for he's very strong upon the offertory—has introduced it to make religion, what is so very much liked in England, select and respectable. You see, the people who can't afford to drop their Sunday shillings and sixpences won't have the face to go to worship at all—or they may turn Dissenters—and so the Established Church, like the opera-house, will be made a place for what the *Standard* (I can tell you *that is* a religious newspaper, though you may never hear of it) calls the "better classes." Poor people may turn Anabaptists, or anything of that sort that's very cheap. Purple and fine linen a'n't for everybody! no—isn't there good, stout, sound cloth, and striped cotton?

A Habit.

Money 's a habit—nothing more.

Premiums on Babies.

DEAR MICHAEL,—When you quitted England, in the Hong-Kong division of police, I promised to write you all the news I could; at least, such news as I knew you'd like. The crimes and evils of population were, I know, always a favourite matter with you. I'm sorry to say, the evil 's getting worse every day—and no wonder! You'll hardly believe it, Michael, seeing what a surplus

of pauper flesh and blood respectable people have upon their hands, that there's a set of ignoramuses who absolutely offer a premium for babies, for all the world as they give away gold and silver medals for prize pigs. I take the bit of news I send you from the *Times*. You must know, that a few weeks ago, a "Mrs. Clements, of 21, Hunt Street, Mile-End New Town, had at once three children—two girls and one boy;" all, too, impudent enough to live. Well, the *Times* published an account of the misdemeanour, and—would you believe it!—some "generous individuals," as they are stupidly called, sent, among 'em, £5s. for the mother and little ones.

Now, what is this, as you'd say, but fostering a superabundance of population? It's no other than offering bribes to bring people into the country—already as full as a cade of herrings; and when every trade is eating part of its members up, for all the world as melancholy monkeys eat their own tails! Isn't it shocking to encourage the lower classes to add to themselves? There's nothing that money won't do! and I've no doubt whatever, that, for some years to come, all children at Mile End will be born by threes and fours. A shrewd fellow, like you, must have remarked how people imitate one another. You never yet heard of an odd set of sounds, or anything of horror with originality about it, that it didn't for a little time become the fashion, as if it was a new bonnet, or a new boot; and so, among the lower orders, it will be in the matter of babies. Now, if Mrs. Clements had been sent to prison for the offence, then the evil might have been nipped in the bud; but to reward her for her three babies, who could show no honest means of prevailing for themselves, why, it's flying in the face of all political economy! Three babies at once at Mile End is monstrous! Even twins should be confined to the higher ranks.

Churchyards.

Look at what is called the moral good these churchyards do in the middle of London. What wicked people we cockneys should be without 'em! Isn't it plain that they keep a check upon us—that they make us think of life and death—that they often give us, so to speak, a pull up when we are about to stumble? Look at the state of all the tradespeople in the neighbourhood of such churchyards as St. Giles's, and St. Clement's, and St. Bride's, and a hundred others, within a few yards of shop-counters—why, they're all pattern folks! They have all death so constantly in their eye, that it makes 'em honest to their own disadvantage. Think, too, what it is for folks from the tops of omnibuses now and then to see funerals going on in the highway of London. Do you suppose that it doesn't do them a world of good? To be sure; and that's the reason the rectors, and so forth, of the churches in London have set their faces against the new-fangled cemeteries, where people are buried in quiet, with nobody but the mourners to see the ceremony. Don't, Mrs. Chickweed, think it's for the fees: certainly not—it's all for the sake of the souls of the giddy, sinful people of London. It's true enough, that what is called the "effluvia" from these churchyards may poison the bodies of the living; but what of that, when it helps to keep their souls so sweet!

Doctor Wolff.

Doctor Wolff has come back safe and sound from the innermost part of India, where he went to try to save the lives of two Englishmen—Stoddart and Conolly. It was like going into a tiger's den to take flesh from the wild beast. And yet the stout-hearted man went! Such an

act makes us forget the meanness and folly of a whole generation. Captain Grover—a heart of gold, that!—has published a book on the matter, called "The Bokhara Victims." As, no doubt, the New York publishers—in their anxiety to diffuse knowledge—have already published it for some five cents, do not, Brother Jonathan, fail to read it. As for Doctor Wolff, I wonder what Englishmen will do for him. If he had come back from India after cutting twenty thousand throats, why he might have had a round of dinners, diamond-hilted swords, wine-coolers as big as buskets, and so on; as it is, I fear nothing can be done for him.

Exeter Hall.

What a blessing is Exeter Hall! what a safety-valve it is for the patriotism, and indignation, and scorn, and hatred—and all sorts of public virtues—that but for it, or some such place, would fairly burst so many excellent folks if they couldn't go and relieve their swelling souls with a bit of talk! As it is, they speechify and are saved. Only suppose there had been no place whereat worthy people could have abused the Maynooth grant—no place wherein to air their own particular Christianity to the condemnation of the religion of everybody else—what would have been the consequence? Why, they must have exploded—burst like the frog in the fable. Day after day Mr. Wakley and his brother coroners would have been sitting on the body of some respectable saint and patriot; day after day we should have read the verdict, "Died by retention of abuse." Happily, while we have Exeter Hall, we are spared these national calamities.

Weeding.

Dear Grandmother (in America).—It is not unlikely, grandmother, that you may have a few Highland families

sent over to America, as they are now being carefully "weeded out" from their native places by certain landlords, who think it better and more Christian-like to turn their lands into sheep-walks than to suffer them to be tenanted by mere men, women, and children. "Weeding" is a nice word, isn't it? It so capitally describes the worth of the thing rooted out. The poor man is of course the "weed," the rich is the "lily, that neither toils nor spins." And just now, it seems, certain places in the Highlands are overgrown with this rank, foul weed, this encumbrance to the soil, this one human thing, worse than thistle or nettle. What a beautiful world this would be, wouldn't it, if this weed of poverty was cut up, burnt, destroyed—got rid of any way? It's a dreadful nuisance; and yet it *will* spring up, like groundsel, or any other worthless thing. And, strange to say, the sun will shine upon it, and the dews of heaven descend upon it, all the same as if it was one of the aforesaid lilies, full of light and breathing sweetness. Odd, isn't it, that the sky should shine so impartially on both?

The Church in Danger. 1847.)

The Church is in danger again! I have myself known her twenty times in peril; but now she really is at the very edge of destruction. You know there's a place called Maynooth College, where they bring up Roman Catholic priests for the use of Ireland. Well, there's a lot of folks who will have it that this college is no better than certain tanks I've read of in India, where they breed young crocodiles to be worshipped by people who know no better. Sir Robert Peel intends to give 26,000*l.* a year to this place—it used to have an annual grant of 9,000*l.*—that the scholars may be increased in number, and that they may be better taught, and more comfortably

bearded and lodged. Well, the members of the Church of England, although here and there they have grumbled at the matter, and have called the Pope names that pass in small change at Billingsgate, have been mute as fish compared to the Dissenters. It is they who have fought the fight; it is they who have raised the price of parchment by darkening the House of Commons with clouds of petitions. It is they who have risen to a man, and have patted the British lion, and twisted his tail, and goaded him—as you'd set a bulldog on a cat—to tear Popery to pieces.

But, dear grandmother, don't be afraid. Before you get my next letter, with all this noise and bouncing, we shall have settled down as quiet as stale soda-water. And then for the Church being in danger, bless you! the very folks who are now holding up their hands, thinking it will drop to pieces (from its very richness, I suppose, like some of your plum-puddings), why, they'll sleep quietly in their beds, and take their glass of wine and slumber with their usual appetite, until the Church shall be once more in trouble, once more to give 'em a pleasant, healthful shaking; and then once more to let 'em easily down again. I've known some girls who've thought they best showed how tender they were by always going into fits: well I do think, that, just like 'em, some people believe they best show their religion when they scream and foam at the mouth about it.

Murderers' Portraits.

Dear Sister,—It gave me much pleasure to learn from your letter that yourself, husband, and baby got safe and sound to your present home. You ask me to send you my portrait. It isn't in my power to do so at present; but if I should be unfortunate enough to kill anybody, or

set a dockyard a-fire, or bamboozle the Bank—or in short do anything splashy to get a front place in the dock at the Old Bailey, you may then have my portrait at next to nothing. Then, I can tell you, it will be drawn in capital style—at full-length, three-quarters, half-length, and I know not what. I've read somewhere that, in what people call the good old times—as times always get worse, what a pretty state the world will be in a thousand years hence!—when there were dead men's heads on the top of Temple Bar, grinning down, what people call an example, on the folks below; that there used to be fellows with spy-glasses, and at a penny a peep they showed to the curious all the horror of the aforesaid heads, not to be discovered by the naked eye. Well, the heads are gone, and the spy-glass traders too; but for all that, there's the same sort of show going on, and a good scramble to turn the penny by it, only after a different fashion. Murderers are now shown in newspapers. They are no longer gibbeted in irons—no, that was found to be shocking and of no use—they are now nicely cut in wood, and so insinuated into the bosoms of families. The more dreadful the murder, the greater value the portrait, which, for a time, is made a sort of personal acquaintance to thousands of respectable folks, who pay the newspaper owner—the spyglass-man of our time—so much to stare at it as long as they like.

I am certain that the shortest cut to popularity of some sort, is to cut somebody's throat. A dull, stupid fellow, that pays his way and does harm to nobody, why he may die off like a fly in November, and be no more thought of; but only let him do some devil's deed—do a bit of murder as coolly as he'd pare a turnip—and what he does, and what he says, whether he takes coffee, or brandy and water "cold without;" when he sleeps, and when he wakes; when he smiles, and when he grinds his teeth—

all of this is put down, as if all the world went upon his movements, and couldn't go on without knowing 'em.

Sir Robert Peel's Manifesto to the Electors of Tamworth, July 24th, 1847.

It is well known that Tamworth is a pocket borough, and that Sir Robert Peel can return himself. The affected humility in soliciting votes which dare not be withheld is a refinement in hypocrisy truly sickening, for it is a deliberate mockery to ask as a favour or mark of confidence that which cannot be refused. We observe that Sir James Graham, following the example of his leader, has addressed a similar electioneering hoax to the nominal constituency of Ripon, though it is notorious that the franchise of that town is the private property of the Earl De Grey and his brother Prosperity Robinson. It has for long years been a political refuge for the destitute—a sure asylum for rejected candidates. Ever since Sir James was kicked out of Cumberland, he has had to sneak into Parliament through the smallest apertures. The contrast is great, and forces itself on the mind, when we see Lord John Russell preferring his claims to the metropolis.

The address of Sir Robert Peel, however, from the commanding station which he has occupied, is invested with all the interest of a State paper. It is intended as a vindication of his late Government, and is declaratory of his future policy. In reviewing the chief acts of his administration, he takes great credit to himself and colleagues for the pacification of our Eastern empire. We think him entitled to none; and should express the same opinion had the Sikh invasion been repulsed under the Whigs. Herein all the glory belongs exclusively to the troops, and it is gross presumption in any Minister to laud himself for the successful achievements either of the army or

navy. The fame of Wellington and the Peninsular heroes is their own—exclusively their own; so also the honours of our seamen are the unshared property of Nelson and his brave companions in arms. Indeed, it is notorious that our admirals, so far from receiving any useful co-operation from the civil authorities, have been constantly thwarted by ignorant instructions and a disgraceful favouritism in the promotion of aristocratic officers, utterly ignorant of the practical duties of a sailor. Sir Robert Peel simply happened to be in power when the victories on the Sutlej were achieved; the two events were merely contemporaneous, but the relation of cause and effect does not exist.

In speaking of the Church, the late Minister says, "I have resisted, and shall continue to resist, every proposal for appropriating any portion of the revenues of the Church, in any part of the United Kingdom, to other than ecclesiastical purposes in direct connection with the Church." From this declaration we conclude that in Sir Robert's judgment, the lands and tithes of the Church are a property belonging to its members; but this is an assumption without proof. They are nothing more than servants of the State. In early ages we find that all the functionaries of a government were paid in land, while in more cultivated periods they are compensated in money. But a territorial salary is no more a property than a pecuniary one. Services to the State are not incidents of property, but they are incidents to salaries. Rents are receivable for the benefit of the landowner, who is not bound to give any equivalent for them; not so with tithes, which are a payment made for the benefit of the cure of souls, and if the priest fails to perform that duty, his benefice may be forfeited: he may be unfrocked. It is, indeed, as absurd to argue that the officiating clergy have a property in the soil, as it would be to affirm that

our seamen could claim a property in the fleet which they manned, or soldiers a property in a fortress they may have garrisoned.

Further, bishops and mitred abbots did not originally sit in Parliament by virtue of their ecclesiastical functions, but as tenants in chief of the Crown, by virtue of their tenure in barony. They were compelled on this account to supply their contingent of soldiers, equally with the temporal peers. To this property, therefore, the discharge of duties was attached, as well as the cure of souls. The fact is, that the lands allotted to the Church are simply in the nature of securities, so that a fund certain may exist, out of which their salaries are payable, just as the Consolidated Fund is a guarantee for the payment of pecuniary salaries; but in neither case are the recipients proprietors of the fund, but simply public servants who may be dismissed by the State at the mere will and pleasure of the State, if they neglect their duties, or if their services are deemed no longer to be useful. Church and State is neither more nor less than a political convention, altogether unconnected with, not to say directly opposed to, Christianity; and if Sir Robert Peel chooses to cling to that alliance, his recent professions of Liberalism will continue to be suspected.

The greater portion of the Tamworth manifesto is devoted to a defence of the commercial policy adopted by Sir Robert Peel. That he broke the neck of protection is certain, and for that service we willingly accord him whatever praise he deserves; but we cannot forget the antecedents of his career in this time of policy. For very many years he used all his influence to uphold the monopoly of food, and when he turned out the Whigs, on the Corn Laws, we firmly believe that even then he had made up his mind to carry out their principles. He merely waited for a pretext or opportunity, and that was

afforded him by the potato blight. He played over the same game as he had done in the matter of Roman Catholic Emancipation. He delayed an act of justice in both cases that he might gratify his own small ambition, by identifying his name with those great measures; but the people will not forget his long opposition, nor will the future historian omit to condemn his apostasy.

Sir Robert boasts of finding the exchequer empty, and leaving it filled; but he does not state that the Whigs had to encounter three deficient harvests, and what is more to the purpose, that *his* factious resistance prevented his political rivals from carrying out those free-trade principles which they had enunciated. He admits that those free-trade principles recruited the treasury; why then did he not aid the Melbourne administration in their earlier enactment? Had he done so, then, on his own showing, no deficit would have arisen. The argument, therefore, on which he plumes himself as an administrator is his condemnation as a man. It must also be borne in mind that he received £5,500,000 from the Property and Income Tax, which he never would have allowed the Whigs to impose.

Besides enjoying plentiful harvests while he was minister, Sir Robert Peel had the advantage of all the railway expenditure laid out in wages. These vast sums enabled the labouring classes to consume more largely articles charged with customs and excise, and thus the revenue was benefited. But so far as he was concerned, that was a pure accident; he did not originate it or influence it; it happened during his administration, not through any effort of his administration. For these several reasons we consider this manifesto as a cunning attempt at self laudation, quite worthy of the individual who penned it, but utterly unworthy of any statesman who prefers patriotism to self.

He winds up with an outline of his future policy. He promises much, and that too which is valuable. But why enlarge on the protestations or pledges of a man who throughout a long career has proved himself a mere weathercock? What dependence can be placed in him? There is not an opinion which he once professed, that he has not abandoned. His friends say that these changes have arisen from conscientious conviction; be it so: the changes, nevertheless, show how imperfect his original ideas must have been, for perpetual vacillation is the unerring test of want of judgment. Wise men are slow to pin their faith on doctrines and systems; but they do not hastily abandon what they have maturely adopted.

No Popery in Politics.

Of the various electioneering cries with which the country is now ringing, one of the loudest is that of "No Popery." Now this may be the watchword of parties widely different: it may be the Shibboleth either of the friends or the enemies of civil and religious liberty; it may be the war-cry alike of the electors of Finsbury, or of the high-church constituency of Oxford; it may be the demand of reason and equity, or it may be the howl of bigotry and intolerance. Popery is the term commonly applied to the body of Roman Catholic doctrines. No Popery originally signified no toleration of those doctrines; it meant no transubstantiation, no purgatory, no auricular confession, no invocation of saints or veneration for relics, no belief in the Papal supremacy; and, further, the maintenance of the penal statutes against these dogmas and practices. No Popery, in act, was the hanging, drawing, and quartering of Roman Catholics for their religion. The spirit of No Popery became milder by degrees, and beautifully more humane. It exacted penalties less than capital; it was content with fine

and imprisonment; it stopped short of murder, and went no further than robbery. It next limited itself to simple injustice, by the exclusion of Roman Catholics from their political rights. Finally, it has dwindled down to a clamour against the extension of any encouragement or assistance by the State to the Church of Rome. But still "No Popery" is an outcry against the religion of that Church, considered as a system of error. Accordingly, it is one that must be confined to the domain of theology —should be altogether excluded from politics.

There is, however, a species of Protestantism whose sphere is legitimately political. There is a cry of "No Popery!" which is neither senseless nor bigoted. For there is a species of popery which is a national evil, a common nuisance, which should be abated for a common good. One item in the aggregate of what is called Popery, is the pretension to supremacy in the State. This kind of popery may exist independently of Catholicism. We may have such popery without a pope. It prevails wherever there is a dominant priesthood; a clergy possessed of exclusive privileges, whose support is compulsory on those who are not of their communion. It is this sort of popery with which we have a right to meddle; for it meddles with us: it comes home to our purses and pockets. This is the popery which claims to control legislation; which keeps bishops in the House of Lords, and excludes Dissenters from the universities; which asserts a divine right to tithes, and a sacred title to church-rates. This is the system of darkness and delusion against which is to be directed the animosity of the British lion. The political pre-eminence of a sect is the grievance for the abolition of which our free and independent electors should raise the shout of "No Popery." Yet, how many who cry "No Popery!" with one breath, exclaim, with the next, "Church and State for ever!"

Shakespeare's House. (1847.)

Amongst the sharp collision of election matters, it is pleasant to find that even so much of public attention has been given to a memorial of a poet. It is an agreeable signification of the improvement in public taste; and important as a recognition of that power which is carving out new modes of existence for the multitude. We shall not attempt to compete with the immortal Robins about his "immortal bard," nor seek with fresh flowers of rhetoric to discourse of "the heart-stirring relic." We rejoice in the movement hourly gaining strength, as an evidence of the universality of the principle, that mind and not force can henceforth alone govern nations. The preservation of this little butcher's shop, in a side street of an otherwise obscure country town, contains a moral that statesmen will read, and which an empire enforces when it demands its purchase. It is not that all who desire or who even subscribe for its purchase, may be able to visit it, or even believe in its being the birth-place of Shakespeare. It is that an opportunity is offered to testify a great feeling: and to acknowledge, no matter whether voluntarily or involuntarily, that such a poet, by the charm of his genius permeates and perpetuates a deeper philosophy and more practicable truths than any set code of laws or legislation could compass. The people feel the force of such genius; and his precepts, his illustrations, and his wisdom have made him reverenced on every hearth. He contains within himself a moral code and touches every phase of humanity: we at once love and revere our teacher. There has long been a public desire to testify this urgent feeling towards Shakespeare, and the sale of the house of his boyhood affords an opportunity. It is a better mode than a mere statue. Let the nation possess all that remains of his outward life and

mortal career, and in the decoration of the town of his birth, glorify the genius that has done so much for them. It is no longer the fashion to be guided by classic references; but had the Greeks known Homer's birthplace, would they not have lavished on it all that successive art and genius could bestow? It is not often, as a nation, that we indulge our enthusiasm; nor often that we have a good reason for so doing. It has been said that no legal proof exists of Shakespeare's being born in this house: but of what, that many venerate is there legal proof? It is indisputable that his father possessed this house in 1552; that William Shakespeare was born in 1564; and that in 1570 it was still in the possession of his father. It is certain that he received his education in Stratford-upon-Avon; that he passed his youth there; that he married there; that his family was brought up and lived there; and that he finally retired and invested all his property and died there. All which proves that his heart was set upon the place; that he loved it; and that he would wish it to be honoured. If any one, therefore, has doubts about the house, there can be no doubt about the town. Let us, therefore, purchase this house, restore and preserve it, inducting into it a curator, and thus commence a colony that may end in making Stratford-upon-Avon one of the handsomest and one of the most classical of English cities. The Indian merchants have their Cheltenham; the Londoners their Bath; who knows, if times mend, but that literary men may have their Stratford-upon-Avon, situate, as old Drayton says,

"In that shire which we the heart of England well may call;"

amidst some of the most truly pastoral and sylvan scenery in the kingdom. However this may be, doubtless the thronging to the town of an increased number of visitors must tend greatly to improve and enlarge it; and we trust

the local authorities will endeavour to maintain the predominance of a style of architecture of an Elizabethan character.

Shakespeare's Home preserved to the People.

If individual character is judged by the company it keeps, surely a nation may be judged by the tastes it indulges. The taste shown by the joint committees of London and Stratford in relying on the sympathy of the country to ratify their purchase of Shakespeare's house for £3,000, is a favourable symptom of the age. There are many persons ready to deride the feeling that induces any regard for inanimate matter, and think the indulgence of any kind of relic-worship a species of superstition. But if this be superstition, then is superstition a good thing; for it has its rise in the affections. We cannot dissociate the affections from the material objects which surround any beloved creature; and that tendency to personal contact, which, with magnetic force, sways every bosom susceptible of the human emotions, lies at the foundation of our regard for relics and memorials. The spurious fervency, or the ignorance that ascribes miraculous powers to any inanimate object, is indeed superstition; but to regard the objects that vividly recall any revered or beloved object is an indestructible part of our nature :—

> "Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
> Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."

Whoever is deeply imbued with any great writer's works, but most especially with those which are the greatest of all, cannot but feel admiration, gratitude, and affection towards their author. We delight that he is human, that we may love him; and as he is human we indulge a human affection. Anything, however remote, that can bring us into contact, gratifies this affection,

even though the intermediate agent be a little miserable tenement—a coarse flooring—a mere plaster wall. We are by these means sensuously informed of his actuality, and seem able to expand in affection towards him.

Not for these reasons alone, however, do we thank the gentlemen who purchased the small house in Henley-street, Stratford-upon-Avon. It is pleasing to have one's association vivified, as it were, by a visit to the birth-place of the poet; but it is more important to reflect that the legislators and governors of the land have felt it necessary to manifest their sense of the power flowing from the pen of a yeoman's son. The true fourth estate is the pen, and the respect due to it is manifested by the nation in the worship they pay to the humble dwelling of one who more than any yet born knew how to wield it. The instruction of adults is the destined work of authors, and everything that exalts them. The butcher's shop at Stratford has become more in the eyes of the nation than the palaces at Albert or Buckingham Gate; and the coarsest and dullest pilgrim to it cannot but have his ideas turned for the time with reverence to the literary power—a power the peculiar growth of modern and Christian society. If, however, so much homage is justly paid to this rapidly increasing power, if authorship is at last to be honoured and decorated with a priestly robe, let us not forget that its professors have also a more onerous and responsible office to fulfil; and the very exaltation that is felt in the involuntary homage paid to the literary character by this national eagerness for the hut where Shakespeare was born, should also teach a lesson of duty. Thus does genius ever permeate from its centre, fresh suggestions, teaching alike the many and the few—the gifted and the average mind—the nation and its writers—what is due to the one, what is owing from the other.

Game Laws amended. 1852.

A REASONABLE PROPOSAL TO GAME PRESERVERS TO HATCH THEIR OWN BIRDS.—We have a remedy for what is called the evil of the Game Laws. And whereas Wednesday last was the 1st of September, and whereas salvos of artillery are always fired in honour of a royal birth, so will we take to ourselves the discharge of every barrel, single and double, on the past Wednesday, as in honour of the birth of a new truth; albeit Truth, on her advent to the world, is not, like baby princes, ordinarily powdered with gunpowder.

It has been often said, that if the Game Laws commit a great wrong upon the vulgar many, it is at least for the exceeding delectation of the mostly few. If poaching-made-easy be the early lesson of the English peasant—if he graduate in a duke's preserves for her Majesty's hulks—society is still a gainer, inasmuch as game being made a guarded, almost sacred thing, noblemen and gentlemen are kept by it at the apron-string of their fond mother country—kept all the autumn, expending powder and shot in British stubble, and amid British turnips, when, with game made a vulgar, common commodity, they would haply be staking British gold at Baden-Baden. Thus, it has been argued, it ought to be a great consolation to the convicted poacher to know that he is punished by a system that, doubly beneficent, at the same time punishes wrong in him and rewards patriotism in his betters; for the Game Laws—with noble wisdom—make of British hares and partridges the best antagonists of continental *écarté*. Ought we then—for such has really been the question—ought we to complain of the operation of a statute that, merely destroying the morals of a peasantry, helps to keep from a foreign gambling-table the lord and the squire?

However, we trust to have done with all these sarcasms. We have fallen upon a truth—though we shall modestly veil it as a proposition—that by elevating the character of winged game, we shall obtain for it a newer and deeper reverence from all men. Herewith is our new discovery applied from old experience.

There is an ancient story of a poor, helpless crippled fellow, made prisoner by the hard-hearted Turk. He could not work; he had no intelligence for mental labour. But the prisoner was not to eat his rice and dates—allowing he got them—in idleness. No: the Mussulmans dressed their captive in a doublet of thick warm feathers, and compelling him continually to sit upon eggs, made him thereby hatch chickens.

We propose, then, that certain game-preserving nobility and gentry should perform incubation; that, in a word, being so devotedly fond of partridges and pheasants, they should hatch them. The duke of Marlborough, for instance, is an ardent preserver. No weasel can be fonder of partridge-eggs than his grace. Need we ask, wherefore? We think not. It is plain that his grace considers the eggs of game no other than the unhatched dignity of high society, and therefore is he wholesomely severe upon all men and all boys (the younger the victim the sweeter) who would feloniously handle them. Hence we think we may count upon the duke of Marlborough—if our proposition be entertained—as one of our best sitters. Imitating the example of the Christian captive, even his grace may be made useful; and thus game-preserving dukes and gentry, incapable of aught better, may at least be made to hatch their own birds. The prolonged sitting would keep them from worse mischief; and they would moreover have a greater right, in fact a tenderer interest, in every pheasant crowing from the bough, in every partridge, whirring from the turnips. Really the idea

enlarges upon us. The London public are familiar with the exhibition of an artificial mode of the production of poultry—a huge chicken-oven alive with chirping broods. Now we are convinced that if certain noblemen and gentry—fondly attached to the Game Laws, as, of course, a part and parcel of our venerable constitution—would, to vindicate their devotedness to the cause, consent, after the manner of the Christian prisoner, to hatch their own pheasants and their own partridges, the time of incubation would be a period of most pleasing interest to the public in general. And the birds fairly hatched, we would have the delightful event duly proclaimed by the silver trumpet of the *Court Newsman*. Imagine how the heart of every man attached to his native pheasants and partridges, would beat at announcements such as these:—

"Yesterday, his grace the duke of Marlborough, of eight pheasants,—three cocks, five hens. All (his grace included) doing as well as could be expected."

"On Tuesday, at Belvoir, his grace the duke of Rutland, of thirteen partridges. The birds are pronounced, by an experienced poulterer, to be among the finest of the season. The duke, we are happy to say, is quite well."

Of course we must make up our mind for ill news now and then. Peers and members of Parliament have, ere now, addled the best measures, and that too, by imperfect and inattentive sitting; therefore, even in the case of pheasant and partridge eggs, we must not always expect the full fruition of our first hopes. We must not disguise to ourselves the probability of an occasional disappointment. The *Court Newsman*, for instance, may now and then speak in a mild, melancholy tone, as thus:—

"It is with feelings of most poignant regret that we

acquit ourselves of a painful duty; but the melancholy fact can no longer be disguised, that the approaching season bodes very ill for birds. It is not for us to enter upon a discussion that might carry with it pain to the heads of many distinguished houses; we have only to make the statement, that it is feared pheasants and partridges will be lamentably scarce. It is, however, but just to observe, that other and conflicting duties may have occupied the attention of noble and distinguished sitters, to the compelled neglect of an object, it must be allowed, very near their hearts. Cases have come to our knowledge in which not three birds have been produced from fourteen eggs; and a noble duke—a most patient sitter—can scarcely trust himself with the hope of rearing one bird out of a dozen."

"The Hon. Mr. ——, whose ardour, whose vigilance, whose patience in the cause of game, has obtained for him the admiration of all sportsmen—even, it is feared, at the cost of his health—has addled all his eggs! This unfortunate circumstance, it is imagined by his best friends, is to be attributed to his frequent attendance in the House of Commons."

These disheartening announcements—for it would be worse than weak in us to deny or disguise a likelihood of their probability—may occur; but with every allowance for occasional failure, we see, in the general working of the scheme, a great social good; inasmuch as it will tend to subdue the present outcry against the Game Laws to a contemptible murmur. Lords and gentlemen being, so to speak, the producers of their own birds, will have an inherent, a more inalienable right to them than is now permitted to the nobility and gentry, by the envy and discontent of democrats.

We write without a list of game-certifiers before us; but without such a document we may at once put down

in round numbers a thousand of the nobility and gentry, peers and commoners, who, for their own satisfaction and for other advantages, to be named hereafter, would wish to hatch their own pheasants and partridges. Say that every nobleman and gentleman produced ten birds each, there would be ten thousand pheasants and partridges added to the stock of birds hatched by the vulgar parents of the eggs themselves. Would this be nothing? But to enumerate the many benefits of our discovery. As with the late chickens in Piccadilly, all the birds might be hatched in town; to be easily conveyed by rail to the preserve. Nay, as the mode of incubation is one of national interest, there might be a government grant for two buildings; or, what would be still better, Mr. Barry might even now apportion two places—a House of Lords' eggs, and a House of Commons' eggs—(for we are too great lovers of order to admit of any confusion of the estates) in some part of the new House of Parliament, where the members might continually sit, having timely notice to leave the nest, just one minute, for a division.

We really begin to be overwhelmed by the greatness of the proposition. We will, however, content ourselves by requesting the reader to reflect upon those two advantages—to begin with—of our system; namely, the increase of the number of birds by such process of incubation, and the decrease of the number of debates.

Again, the peculiar wants of the sitters would give a great fillip to the feather trade. Such sittings would become very fashionable, and the demand for feather doublets would increase with every season. Moreover, we espy a golden source of revenue. As government requires payment for a license to shoot, so should there be a purchasable license—and a costly one too—to sit; any person detected hatching without such license, to be

punished with all the rigour of some new and extremely rigorous enactment. To sit in contravention of the law, should be more than to poach: in fact, the offence should be as high treason compared with petty.

The loyalty of Englishmen having by some court philosophers been held an instinct—an instinct, we presume, developed by an Englishman's love towards crowned heads or crown-pieces—so is the love of Englishmen towards coronets an instinct, only of weaker development. True it is, we are a people who love lords. Every day of his life does John Bull, like *Caliban* before the drunkard, go down upon his knees to the aristocracy, crying, "Be thou my god; let me lick thy shoe." Therefore, taking wise advantage of this innocent and amiable idolatry, the hatchers of pheasants and partridges may, in proportion to their rank in the "Court Guide," demand a very handsome, and, for the time expended, a more than remunerative price for their nobly-hatched birds; for is it to be supposed that English poulterers—of all tradesmen—are less conscious of the noble weakness of their countrymen in their yearnings towards nobility and extreme gentility? Assuredly not. Therefore, let the poulterer be convinced—as dealing with noblemen and gentlemen he may be—that the game he sells was hatched by a duke or a baronet, and duly vending the same to his customer, let the tradesman obtain the additional price laid upon the commodity for its noble origin. Surely, this character of rank must add a new flavour to game. Next to having a duke himself at your table, will be the presence of a bird hatched by his grace. Why, this is more than to bring back the departed aristocracy of partridges.

The birds themselves may, for the nonce, be promoted to the *peerage*—"Shall I help you to a little duke?" "I thank you, I prefer a bit of the marquis." Would not

this sound musically at the tables of very—very genteel people? And would they not think the music well worth paying the poulterer for? Some very imaginative folks—whilst so dining—might really think they were eating themselves into noble blood.

When a nobleman had half-stocked his own preserves by his own hatching, he would of course have a dearer claim upon his own birds than those as heretofore produced. Hence, to poach one of these birds should be like a homicidal assault committed upon the nobleman himself, to be punished—since people are getting squeamish about one of the most venerable institutions of their country—need we say, the gallows?—punished with transportation for life.

But how, it may be asked, shall the nobleman's own birds be known from vulgar partridges or pheasants? The affirmation of the nobleman himself or his gamekeeper, who may judge as he pleases from the length of the spurs or the fulness of the crop, shall suffice—the punishment on the offender be pronounced accordingly.

Pheasants and partridges, so hatched, and so guarded,—the poacher would be either paralyzed by the terror of the law, and refrain to poach the offspring of the nobleman,—or (if human nature can be so wicked), offending would not, as now, engage the sympathy of false benevolence, cackling against the wholesome rigour of the Game Laws! However, be this as it may, we feel that we have laid claim to the especial gratitude of the game-preserving, the game-eating public, by this seasonable proposal, and shall sweetly repose upon the conviction that whatever be our reward, we have at least deserved well of our country.

The New House that St. Stephen built.—August, 1847.)

Mothers, in their devoted waywardness, have the tenderest love for their mischievous offspring. The scapegrace is ordinarily the maternal pet; the black-sheep of the family is the precious lambkin of the weaker parent. Now, if the like feeling animate the Lord of the Treasury, the bearers of bishops—what an increase of love must Lord John Russell feel towards the bishop of Manchester! The bishop, though really not a month old, has been most precociously mischievous, knocking down precious articles in his parent's cabinet; and yet so fantastic is parental love, it is quite possible that Lord John should love his bishop all the better for the vagary. It is a common and a touching sight to see a too fond mother kiss her babe for no other merit than that the dear little one has sadly disordered her. Thus, we doubt it not, Russell has a more intense, a more delightful affection towards the baby bishop of Manchester for all the mischief he has brought upon his begotten. "Did it break the sugar-basin—did it smash the soap-dish?" and the mother kisses the little destroyer with all a mother's heart. "Did he destroy Macaulay—did he turn out Hawes?" And Russell loves his month-old bishop with a new mysterious love!

"The result of the election, as a whole, is more than satisfactory. Intolerance and mountebank effrontery may, in some instances, have won success; but we recognize an improved tone of independence—an increased determination, in the electoral body at large, to substitute the truthful reality of government for its old, vested sophistication. We have no hope that the ensuing Parliament will have sufficient power to carry out the reforms in Church and State that the spirit of the times requires; but we have every expectation that such reforms will be

so agitated, will be so boldly put forth, and — from an increase of the liberal strength—so significantly maintained, that they will become the hustings cry of an ensuing election. Neither can we think the new Parliament destined to die full of days. All the better. "Whom the gods love, die young;" and Parliaments, like witches, certainly do not increase in goodness as they grow in years.

The tendency of the present election has been popular. Men who have spoken boldly to the national heart; men who, in their writings and lectures, have put forth that most dangerous language that significantly applies the proper words to the proper things; men who have torn aside the flimsy embroidered tissue of custom and conventionality, and shown the tawdry rags and uncouth trumpery that have formed the social idols of corrupting time—idols profitable only to the state-craft that ministers to them;—men of, and from, the people have been returned to the Commons, to give utterance to the feelings of many; to interpret in living words that want and weariness of the national heart, that, sickened and disappointed with old, worn-out forms and harlot mockeries of right, demands a truthful, honest government; a government that shall fairly apportion among all; that shall hold the balance truly between the rich and poor; and not with hypocritic formula of professing equity, cheat the scale of labour to heap the scale of wealth. Every day men—we mean the millions who make the true strength and true heart of the country—are becoming more and more assured of the social injury they suffer at the hands of the governing few. The national heart pines and heaves with a deep sense of wrong. The iniquity is anatomized, preached upon, made familiar to the million in a thousand ways; day by day the mass more keenly feel the evil, more bitterly contemplate the juggle; and

in no long course of time will assuredly remedy their suffering, and destroy for ever the delusion that has caused it. When the vampire fastens on his victim, it gently—very gently—flaps its wings, to make a soft and cooling air about the limb whose blood it takes away. Have we not here the tax-making and the tax-paying? The poorer man is made to coin his blood; but then what soft words, what balmy phrases, are prattled to him while he bleeds, of "equal rights"—and "equal payment"—and "equal services of high and low!" But he now knows better. Half the statute-book is to him *a Code of Lying*. He knows—and the knowledge bears to him bitter fruit—that the aristocracy, whether of the House of Lords or the Bank, have made all fiscal law in a cowardly, shuffling, selfish spirit; thousands are to club their shillings that the one may escape his pound. For instance, what is the over-tax upon the windows of houses of a hundred mechanics, that a duke, or any man of many thousands, may pay proportionately next to nothing for *his* light? And this hypocrisy, wedded to state-craft, has begotten a hundred laws, that are as so many robbers of the poor to heap the spoil of the rich. Aristocracy parodies Robin Hood, and drives merchandise even of rags to make its robes the costlier. It cries, "Stand!" to the mechanic, that it may have its home and foreign luxuries at cheapest price:—the tailor's beer pays for the Burgundy of the duke. And it has been the glory of the aristocracy—the peculiar dignity of the law-makers—so to arrange the national banquet, that they shall eat, drink, and be merry; and then shuffle upon the poorer wretches "below the salt" the chief payment of the feast. But the masses—praise be to the daily, weekly teaching of printers' ink—are learning the true arithmetic, and in due season will only pay their share.

It is to this growing feeling throughout the country,

that we attribute the improved popular spirit of the elections. Many mistakes have been made; but in how many instances has the mere money candidate been rejected? And even where the old huckster of votes—the old owner of voices—has been returned, he has at least been compelled to adopt a feigned respect for popular wants. The most hardened Tory—the trading corruptionist, his fingers made horny with public money, must yet have felt the quickened pulse of public opinion. "The great god Pan is dead." No more—oh, never more!—is Toryism, in body or spirit, to be the political deity of England. "And yet Toryism is still vital," cry a few. Why, yes; even as an eel, chopped in pieces, is vital; it is moving and curling in fragments in the very pan. But will the pieces unite? Will the Tory eel become one again, to twist and wind, and wriggle in the mud; whatever dirt it moves among, preserving still its precious silver, safe?

After all, there *has* been an election cry—the separation of Church and State. Wait awhile, and the cry will deepen into a roar. The Church has heard the distant muttering; and—if she take not good heed—the thunder will be rolling and breaking about her towers; for the truth is, public opinion has begun to contemplate the use and dignity—not according to act of Parliament, but according to the acts of the apostles—of a bishop. And—oh! Henry of Exeter and Charles James of London—and oh! lordly episcopacy of Rochester, enshrined in palace at the cost of only twenty-eight thousand pounds—the public mind, irreverent as a schoolboy with his little sister's doll, is taking the bishop to pieces. How public opinion rumples the lawn and twitches off the apron; and how—feeling for the meek heart of the lowly Christian—how the bran or sawdust runs out; and how—but the picture is too affecting; it is too much to meet with husk or deal dust, where we fondly hoped to find a living fount—

the beating pulses of meekness, self-denial, and fraternal charity to all men. To think that public opinion should ever contemplate a bishop of London as little other, for all apostolic purposes, than a bishop of bran!

Altogether we are not ill satisfied with the result of the present elections. It manifests the beginning of the end. There is an infusion of popular blood in the House: new men are sent there who will speak out. At the next election let the number be increased. Then the cry of separation of Church and State will be deep and loud. Already the wind is rising; so, Christian bishops, fix your mitres firmly on your apostolic heads; for as surely as you have bank accounts, there will be very, very, squally weather.

THE END.

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INDEX.

	PAGE
Acting Charades	10
Architectural Works	7
Arnold's (Edwin) Poems	9
[illegible] of Beauty	26
Ball Room [illegible]	11
——— Preceptor	11
Beattie and Collins	5
Bertie's Indestructible Treasury	21
Bible Gems	4
—— Women of the	4
[illegible]'s Tales	21
[illegible] and the Caravan	7, 20
[illegible]'s Archer's Guide	27
[illegible]'s Architecture	8
Book and its Story	20
—— and its Missions	2, 20
Boswell's Johnson	24
Boyhood of Great Men	6
Boy Princes	6
Boy's Book of Modern Travel	6, 19
Boy's Own Book	19
Brandon's Architectural Works	7
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress	3
Byron Beauties	3
Cayley's Poems	10
[illegible]	20
Cheever's Whaleman's Adventures	27
Child's Drawing Book	23
Child's First Lesson Book	20
Christian Graces in Olden Time	2
Christmas with the Poets	2
Colling's Gothic Architecture	8
——— Ornament	8
Comic Works	14
—— Almanack	11
Comical Creatures from Wurtemberg	13
—— People	13
—— Story Books	22
[illegible]'s Lovelin, and other Poems	10
Cottage Gardener's Dictionary	28
Cowper's Poems	4
Cracker Bon-Bon for Christmas	10
Crosland's Memorable Women	20
Cruikshank's (Geo.) Works	14
——— Fairy Library	21
Curiosities of Modern Travel	7
Dale's Poems	10
Dictionaries	13
Domestic Architecture	8
—— Hints	27
Drawing Books	23
Dreamland	1
Edgar's Boyhood of Great Men	18
—— Footprints of Famous Men	18
—— Boy Princes	18
—— History for Boys	18
Edgar's Heroes of England	18
—— Wars of the Roses	18
English without a Master	29
Etiquette for the Ladies	11
—— —— Gentlemen	11
—— of Courtship	11
[illegible]	24
Fables of Æsop	2, 15
Footprints of Famous Men	6
French Dictionary, Miniature	13
—— without a Master	29
Games for Christmas	10
German without a Master	29
Glenny's Handbook to Flower-garden	28
—— [illegible] of Gardening	28
—— Garden Almanac	28
Glossary of Architecture	8
Goldsmith's Poetical Works	9
Goldsmith's Works	24
Gourmet's Guide to Rabbit Cooking	27
Graces, Gallery of the	4
Grimm's Household Stories	11, 19
[illegible]'s Young Student	20
[illegible] Pocket Book	12
Handbook of Pencil Drawing	11
Harding's Early Drawing Book	23
Harry's Ladder to Learning	21
—— Book of Poetry	21
Health for the Million	24
Heath's Waverley Gallery	3
Heroes of [illegible]	20
—— of England	6, 18
Heroines of Shakespeare	3
Hervey's Meditations	24
Hints for the Table	27
History for Boys	7
Home Lesson Books	19, 22
—— Story Books	19, 22
How to make Home Happy	24
Indestructible Lesson Books	22
—— —— Pleasure Books	22
Introd. to Gothic Architecture	8
Italian Without a Master	29
Jerrold (Douglas) Life of	5
——— Wit and Opinions of	27
Johnson's Lives of the Poets	24
Julien's Studies of Heads	23
—— Human Figure	23
King's Interest Tables	24
Ladies' Drawing-Room Book	26
Language of Flowers	4, 11
Latin Without a Master	29
Lectures on the Great Exhibition	12
Lionel Fitzgibbon	27
Little Boy's Own Book	19
—— Mary's Books	21
—— Treasury	21

INDEX—*Continued.*]

	PAGE
Little Mary's Lesson Book	21
Longfellow's Poems	2, 9
——— Hyperion	2
——— Golden Legend	2, 9
——— Kavanagh	2
——— Prose Works	10
——— Song of Hiawatha	9
——— Miles Standish	3, 9
Lorrin, and other Poems	10
Loves of the Poets	1
Mackay's (Charles) Egeria	10
——— Town Lyrics	10
Manuals of Instruction	22
Massey's (G.) Babe Christabel	9
——— Craigcrook Castle	10
Burns (Robert)	9
Mayhew's Acting Charades	19
——— Peasant Boy Philosopher	18
——— Sandboys' Adventures	15
——— Wonders of Science	18
Memoirs of the Queens of Prussia	25
Men of the Time	5
Merrie Days of England	1
Merry Pictures	2
Mia and Charlie	20
Miller's Daughter	2
Miller's (T.) Poems for Children	21
Milton's Poetical Works	4
——— L'Allegro and Il Penseroso	2
Museum of Painting and Sculpture	4
Musgrave's Rambles in Normandy	7
National Magazine	20
Ogilby's Adventures	15
Oldbuck's Adventures	15
Old Faces in New Masks	19
Painters (The) of All Nations, History of	25
Panoramic View of Palestine	24
Parlour Magic	19, 20
Pellatt on Glass-Staining	4
Phillips's Etchings of Familiar Life	20
Poe's Poetical Works	9
Poetry of the Year	2
Portraits of Ladies of Distinction	5
Queens of Prussia, Memoirs of the	25
Raffaelle's Cartoons	3
Recollections of a Detective. Second Series	27
Reid's (Capt. M.) Desert Home	17
——— Boy Hunters	17

	PAGE
Reid's (Capt. M.) Young Voyageurs	17
——— Forest Exiles	17
——— Bush-Boys	17
——— Young Yagers	17
——— Plant Hunters	17
——— Ran away to Sea	17
Relics of Genius	6
Rival (The) Kings	19
Robinson Crusoe	11, 20
Romance of Modern Travel	7
Round Games	11
St. Leonard	26
Scott's Poems	5
Shadows	11
Shakespeare, Heroines	3
Shilling's Worth of Sense	11
Shreds and Patches	20
Sidney Grey	20
Smith's (Alex.) Poems	9
——— Sonnets on the War	9
Soyer (Alex.) Life of	27
Southey's Life of Nelson	7, 20
Spanish without a Master	20
Suggestions in Design	12
Taylor's (Jeff.) Young Inventors	20
Tennyson's Miller's Daughter	2
Thomson's Seasons	5
Timbs's Curiosities of London	16
——— Curiosities of History	16
——— Popular Errors	16
——— Early Days of Eminent Men	16
——— Things Not Generally Known	16
——— Curiosities of Science	16
——— Painting Popularly Explained	16
Traditions of London	19
Vegetable Kingdom	28
Wars of the Roses	6, 18
Waverley Gallery	3
Weather Book, the	11
Webster (Daniel) Orations	26
Webster's Quarto Dictionary	13
——— Smaller Dictionary	13
Williams's Euclid	24
Winkles's English Cathedrals	8
Women of the Bible	4
Wonders of Travel	7
Wortley's Little Drawing Book	23
Year Book of Facts	12
Young Lady's Oracle	11

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